ESTABLISHED 1855.

YORKVILLE, S. C., TUESDAY, MAY 25, 1909.

HERON'S WIFE.

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By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Three days later, the family tomb of the Ferrers, on a slope at Mount Auburn, opened to receive a new tenant; and the old judge was laid in its gloom and silence with all the pomp befitting his name and fame.

Graham Vivian was there, solemnly conducting the last rites. Francis Heron and his wife were there, chief mourners at the burial-both preserving a strict propriety of demeanor, an admirable calmness of look and manner. In the crowd of people who had gathered to pay their last tribute to the departed, nearly every one by this time knew something of Hazel's story; and many were the curious glances cast at the granddaughter whom Judge Ferrers had acknowledged only on his death-bed, and then solely through the

influence of Francis Heron. The ceremony over, Heron took his wife's passive hand.

"Come," he whispered, and assisted her into the carriage. Under the stately Cambridge elms they went back to the city and the Commonwealth Avenue house. During the ride, husband and wife sat like graven images in opposite corners of the vehicle. Speech there was none. The two seemed to have absolute nothing to say to each other-they had had nothing to say for the last three dismal days.

It was twilight when they reached the great house, over the wealth and splendor of which Hazel was now undisputed mistress. In a drawing room, sumptuous with fine grained rosewood and draperies of gold brocade, Graham Vivian came to take formal leave of Heron's young wife.

From a massive chair of gilded woodwork, like a throne, she arose to meet him. Some wax-lights, in a tall candelabrum of wrought silver, shed a soft lustre on her girlish, black-draped figure. All about her were rich, subdued colors-carving, mirrors, gleams of costly metals, cabinets enriched with panels of cathedral glass, webs from Oriental looms. And in the midst of her new luxury, Hazel stood,

"An alabaster woman, with fixed and held out her small hand to Vivian. "You return to Black River by the next train?" she said, as she looked

wistfully into his friendly face. "Yes," he answered. "It is now three days since Jael dis-

appeared, and, as yet, nothing has been heard of her." "I still believe that she is hiding somewhere in Black River."

"Then, sooner or later, she will appeal to you for help, Mr. Vivian. She must regard you as her best friend, for you were the first person to teach her right and wrong. Oh, I hope," with a little nervous contraction of her smooth brows, "that no bodily harm has come to the poor girl!"

By the look on his face she saw that she had but expressed his own anxie-

"Jael has played the part of a hero ine," he answered; "and it is possible that the Blackbirds may attempt to visit vengeance upon her. For that very reason I am anxious to remain within reach, should she need my help. Hazel nodded thoughtfully.

"I feel sure that Jael did not do m evil of her own will," she said; "but at the instigation, perhaps the direct command, of some other party. When she is found, Mr. Vivian, assure her of my full, free pardon, and, if you like, send her to me for safety. I not only forgive her-I will gladly take her into my service. Surely her foes could not

"No," answered Vivian. very kind, and Jael will be sure to receive your offer gratefully. Could we but find her, we might win her full confidence, and so induce her to name the parties who have used her as a tool. You-that is"-rather awkwardly, for as a nightmare," she protested, sadly. he felt that he was treading dangerous ground-"You will not return to Black think," with a sigh, "that I can ever be River, Mrs. Heron-I mean, for the present?"

"No," she answered; "but don't forconcerns poor Jael?"

"I will not forget," he replied, and pressed her hand warmly, and departed to take the evening train for Black

where he had been quietly waiting, Francis Heron advanced, and stood before his wife

"I, too, must say good-by," he began "For three days you have endured my we have done cannot be undone. Shall presence-I will now relieve you of it, we not part friends?" Hazel. Of course, I understand that you mean to make your future home head. here; but pardon me-alone?-will you

"Why not?" she answered, dryly. "For one thing, you are very young It is hardly customary for a girl in her teens to remain without a companion Have you no female relatives, no family connection, who would take you in again. I still retain a little self-res-

She looked at him defiantly.

"I do not care to be taken in charge by anybody, Mr. Heron. Of course, I have no relatives-you forget that I am ing"-However, the prospect does not daun me. It is likely that the friends of Judge Ferrers will in time find me out." "No doubt of it!" he replied, bitterly

"With your beauty and wealth, you will never lack for friends! I don't wish to appear meddlesome, but I must say colorless. again that to live entirely alone with hired servants seems hardly the proper thing for you-at your age, you will be sure to find it no end of a bore."

Her voice grew hard and cold people that one dislikes, is it not?" "Undoubtedly! I understand you gibe, Hazel-you have escaped from my and the rest does not matter."

TAN ANA MAN ANA MAN ANA MAN ANA MAN ANA MAN ANA MAN ANA The wax-lights shone down on he small head.

Bouvant, like a bell-flower on its bed, and over her black, slender figure, and the lovely, passive hands that gleamed pearl-like against the folds of her mourning gown. In all the future stretching dismally before him, would Francis Heron be able to blot the picture that she made from his memory? Fain was he to cry:

"Oh whitest Galatea, can it be That thou shouldnst spurn me off who love thee so?"

What he did say was this: "When I urged marriage upon you Hazel, I knew you cared absolutely nothing for me; but, just Heaven! how could I foresee that your indifference would at once take the form of positive hate? Being grossly ignorant of a woman's nature, I was foolish enough to fancy that Sir Griffin Hopewood's worthlessness-his cowardly desertion of you-would give the death-blow to your love-wean you forever from all thought of him."

Still she made no answer. He waited moment, then went on, in a choked

"You have entered upon a rich inheritance, but you lack one thing, Hazel -your freedom-and lacking that, it is possible-no, probable-that all these other possessions may become as apples of Sodom to you. If I could by any fair means restore your liberty. break your fetters, God is my witness, I would do so without a thought of myself."

"Oh, would you?" she queried, faint-

"Can you doubt it?" "But there is no way."

"True. Happy or wretched, in the eyes of the law we must remain one while we live." She glanced

drawing room. "At least, I have some recompens for my bonds, Mr. Heron," she falter ed, "and you have none for yours. This seems very unfair, and it troubles me to think of it. I want to offer-yes, to urge upon you one-half of the Ferrers fortune-my grandfather on his deathbed declared that you were not rich. Let there be a fair division of his right an equal portion of everything does not sound particularly generous

to make you his sole heir." A bright spark leaped into Heron's

zray eyes. "Is it possible you think I would touch a dollar of your inheritance?" he answered, scornfully. "If I were starving, I would not!"

-and she tried to smile-"for you re-

member that Judge Ferrers was wild

Her fair head drooped in a mortified "That is hardly kind," she replied

He set his teeth. "You talk of kindness-you?" Well, do not mean to be discourteous-I simply decline your proposal, Mrs. Heon-with thanks. It is my misfortune that, in trying to serve you, I have done you more harm than good. But take courage! I mean to dispose of Heroncroft and the mills immediately, and leave the country with Graham Vivian

You shall have no future occasion to tell me to my face that my present 'sickens' you. Great Heaven! how flattering to a man's amour propre! have heard the words ringing in my for support.

ears for three days!" "Did I say that?" murmured Hazel. 'It was rather rude of me."

"Plain, unvarnished truth often seems rude," he replied, in a softer tone. "Like it can cure. You see that your plans future meeting between us highly imseem to you always like a nightmare dream, but it is, happily, a dream n over and done with forever.'

"I was very happy there. I do not so happy again. Moreover, is not Sergia still at Wolfsden? Her presence would endear any place to me. I miss get to keep me informed of all that her sorely-with all my heart I long to see her again, if only for one mo

ment." Tears zathered in her eyes. clasped her white hands nervously, unconsciously together. Then, like a child who is anxious to soothe and appease

"Let us not quarrel. I am tired of reproaches-under the circumstances they seem worse than useless.

The dark blood mounted to his fore-

"Friends!" he echoed, in passionate nothing! Better your hate. Hazel, than such a miserable, luke-warm thing as friendship. You need not draw a way," with a short, mirthless laugh," I are not for his ears," have no thought of making love to you

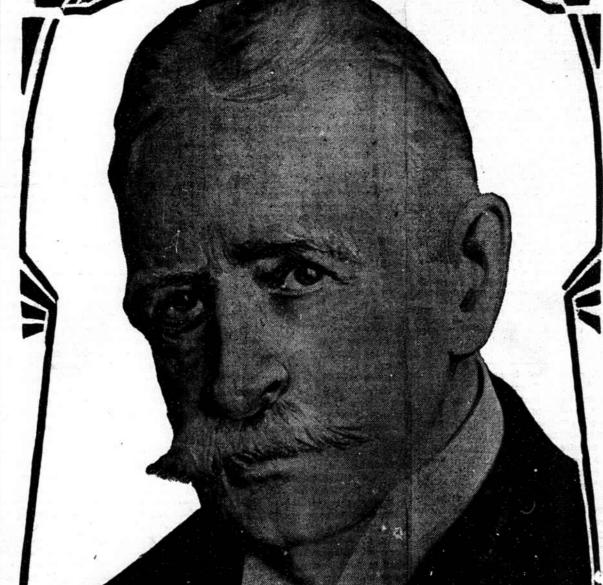
pect. She assumed an air of cold dignity. "Since you refuse my friendship, Mr Heron, we must, indeed, be as noth-

footman appeared at that moment un- lustreless silk and blackest crape, with

She glanced at the name and crest on the card, started-grew absolutely Heron moved promptly toward

"Let me bid you good-night"-he be-

"Stay!" she said, and then to her servant: "Show the visitor in."



HENRY H. ROGERS, STANDARD OIL MULTIMILLIONAIRE, WHO DIED SUDDENLY IN NEW YORK.

Henry H. Rogers, vice president of the Standard Oil company and active head of that gigantic institution, who died suddenly at his home in New York city, was born in 1840 at Fairhaven, Mass., where his ancestors lived from the colonial days. He was graduated from the Fairhaven high school and sold papers on the streets for a time for lack of more profitable employment. He then became a clerk in a store at \$3 a week, holding the place for five years, after which he went to work as a train baggageman on the branch railroad that ran through Fairhaven. In the early sixtles he entered the petroleum business in Pennsylvania, and his rise to fortune thereafter was rapid. He was the chum and almost lifelong friend of Mark Twain, Mr. Clemens at many times being his guest on yacht cruises. Their last trip together was to the Bermudas.

room, then paused irresolutely. Once your feet-I care not who looks or lis- By some cursed chance you have more Hazel was face to face with her lost lover.

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It was a frightful moment. The barnet's ashy pallor-his humble, hesitating air-betokened his deep abasement. He did not seem to see Heronhis eyes were fixed only on the slender face in her mourning dress. figure by the tall chair.

Speak to me!" "How did you find me here?"

were her first words. "By means of a paragraph in ar evening newspaper, which stated that the heiress and granddaughter of Judge Ferrers-aw-had come from Black River to reside at this house."

Her face was as white as his own She did not seem inclined to help him then stumbled on:

"My hotel is only a few streets away When I discovered you were so nearaw-I could not bear this sort of thing onger-by my soul, I could not, Hazel!' She put one hand on the chair, as it

"I am sorry," she said, and the voice

was quite unlike Hazel's. "Sorry that I have found you?" cried the baronet, with the blood rising to his blonde temples. "Don't say that! Ask why I haven't sought you out be- ful letter of farewell." She shuddered, had the face for that. So there was when I had no friends; he took it upon nothing to do but stay on at the hotel himself to prove my innocence, in spite where Heron's telegram found me-aw of all the evidence against me!" news from Wolfsden. All in vain, too- Heron knew how to seize opportuninobody has taken the trouble to write ties!" me a line: I call it deuced shabby of

Rivers! Who was the-aw-thief?" With tolerable composure, she an swered: "A servant of the house. Let me say at once. Sir Griffin, that I excuse you

from all apologies. Considering the evidence, it was not strange that you hould believe me guilty." "It's awfully good of you that," he murmured; and, as though gathering courage, he moved a step nearer her chair. Humble as his bear-

ing was, his ardent eyes betokened the lover, eager to plead his own cause, and confident of final victory. For the first ime he nodded to Heron-looked a him in a sort of resentful amazement as if to ask, "What are you doing here?" Then he burst out: "I was a dolt-a blind idiot, Hazel!- But-it despair; "never! It must be more or is impossible to talk to you in the presence of a third party. Give Mr. Heron permission to withdraw-he must know that I have many things to say, which

> "Pardon," she answered; "Mr. Heron must remain. You can say nothing

stood up in that magnificent room, not known only three days before at Wolfsden, but a marble woman, in a gown of comething in her pale, perfect face that was altogether new and strange to him. Fascinated, yet with a vague chill at were very happy, were we not? And I his heart, Sir Griffin realized uneasily that everything was now changed between them-that all the conditions lost to me forever. I must give you up and circumstances of the girl's life to this churl, this interloper"-

were changed. She was no longer poor or unknown; and with fortune and station she had suddenly assumed a dignity-an air of hauteur and reserve that alarmed and amazed him.

"Oh, I understand!" he fumed. "You fully at the husband. wish to humiliate me in the presence of Immediately the portiere was again a witness! Well, I accept the punish- Mr. Heron," he sneered. "Victory, don't pushed aside, and Sir Griffin Hopewood ment-I deserve it! I am ready to sue you know, is sometimes more disas-She set her lips in mutinous silence. He advanced a few steps into the world. Love! love! See! I am at very moment—not yours—never yours! Central America?"

tens! Here I am, and I will never rise until you grant my pardon, and mains in my keeping. But for you she lift me again to the level of your heart." Before she could make a motion to restrain him, he had flung himself on man she loves-thrust your insignifihis knees before her, and buried his cant self into my place; and"-waxing

fin, is it possible you do not know that I am now the wife of Francis Heron?" She snatched her gown from the abect, suppliant lover, and turned to her silent, frowning bridegroom. "Did you not tell him?" she cried,

with passionate reproach. "No." replied Heron, sullenly: "I did not consider it any affair of Sir Griffin Hopewood's."

Amazed, horrified, the baronet had eaped to his feet.

"The wife of Heron!" he echoed. Oh, cruel, wretched girl!" She pressed one hand unco

"Is it for you to call me cruel?" she said, as if goaded to some sort of defense "You never loved me. Sir Griffin. mies-to write that unspeakably dreadas if at the opening of a wound. "This man"-making a reluctant gesture toward Heron-"befriended me

"In short," sneered Sir Griffin, "Mr.

He looked keenly from one to the other of the two. Never did bride and groom wear such joyless, tell-tale faces. The baronet smiled bitterly. "To be off with the old love and on with the new in three days-aw-is that

quite possible, Hazel?" "A singular question for you to ask? she replied-"you, whose love died in a moment-as you assured me in your farewell letter.'

A swift change swept his handsome angry face. His breath grew thick and

"Love does not die in a moment, no yet in three days!" he said, hoarsely. 'What have you done? Perjured yourself-married this Heron in a fit of disappointment, or pique, or some other damnable folly. And you care nothing for him-you love me; you know, also that I love you-however I may have

wronged and insulted you." She made no attempt to refute his harge. Without in the street wheels were rumbling, lights shining brightly. bride, and the tragic faces of the husband and the lover. Sir Griffin went any Fourth of July oration we ever

"We are quits now, Hazel-I wrung were very happy, were we not? And I face of America and Europe and lap meant to have made you happy in all over on the toes of Asia? Or, if all the the years to come. But now you are

"That will do!" interrupted Francis Heron. "Spare her further torture, Sir

possession of her body, but her soul rewould have forgiven me at once. You have separated her forever from the furious-"she will hate-yes, loathe "Oh, stop!" panted Hazel. "Sir Grif- you for it to the end of her days!"

"Have you anything more to say? demanded Heron, in an ominous voice. For answer Sir Griffin extended his hand to Hazel. Mechanically she put out her own to meet it.

As the two palms clasped, he uttered cry, and caught her suddenly in his arms-strained her slender black figure

leased her and rushed to the door. She watched him go. To this sad and miserable end her summer idvl had come!

The portiere swung into place. "Hazel!" cried Heron, starting toward nis wife; but before he could reach her, she swayed and went down to the

floor of the drawing room. self lying on a deep sofa, with frightener servants ministering unto her. She started up and looked around. splendor of the great room mocked her on every side; the ghost of her cruel old grandfather, who had forced upon her a loveless marriage as the price of her birthright, seemed glowering from

all the shadowy corners. "Where-where"-she began could say no more. "Both gentlemen are gone, ma'am

rentured one of the maids, soothingly "Mr. Heron"-"He called us to your help, ma'am

hen took his hat, and left the house.' Hazel cowered down amongst the silken pillows of the sofa, and hid her What solace or joy could the be held. Ferrers fortune bring to her now? Verily she had paid a Shylock's price for t? Sir Griffin's frantic arms seemed nclosing her still; his last kiss burned her lips-in her ear rung his heartbreaking farewell.

"Oh!" she whispered to herself, wish that I was lying beside my grandfather, in the tomb of the Ferrers, with no tomorrow before me, for it is better to forget than to remember-to be dead

To be Continued. If It Were Only True,-"Hyperbo

s a figure of speech in which the orator has been wont to indulge from time immemorial. But we doubt if either the legislative halls or the political hustings have ever evolved the equal of this outburst of eloquence from an enraptured public speaker on the other side of the Savannah river," says the Atlanta Georgian. "It discounts heard. Exclaims the wonderful bugler:

"Has it ever occurred to you, Mr. Chairman, that the cotton cloth made in South Carolina annually would make sheet big enough to cover the entire cattle raised in each year were one cow tation along the equator, while her ta switched icicles off the North Pole and that her milk could float a ship load of first manual training school in Michher butter and cheese from Charleston igan, and probably the first in the to New York? Or, if all the mules market each year were one mule, it would consume the entire annual corn of North Carolina at one meal, erop of North Carolina at without and kick the spots off the sun without and kick the spots of shaking its tail? Or, if the hogs we raised annually were one hog, that animal would dig the Panama canal in three roots, without

Miscellaneous Beading.

COUNTY DISPENSARY GRAFT.

True Story of Crooked Dealing By

Liquor House. A few days ago this writer was told in interesting incident in connection with the management of the county dispensary of one of the counties that retains the system. The gentleman who related the story requested that his name be not used, if the story was published and for that reason neither names nor places will be mentioned. The story is a true one and every statement can be verified, the writer was assured, therefore it is too good to keep.

The facts are as follows, according to the relator, who said that the story was told to him by a member of the dispensary board of

A month or two ago the dispensary poard placed an order with a certain liquor house for a quantity of whisky, the proof and quality of which were guaranteed to be the same as sample submitted with bid. When the liquor arrived the board, for reasons not stated, suspected that it did not come up to sample, so it was submitted to a reputable chemist to be tested. The chemist reported that the whisky was not as good as the sample and that it was under proof. The liquor house was communicated with and the report of the chemist laid before them. They came down at once, like Davy Crockett's coon, without waiting for forcible measures. They left it to the county board to name the terms of settlement. The board decided to pay for the whisky on the check for the amount deemed fair and just. The liquor men promptly sent a receipted bill and a credit and in addition there was enclosed in the same letter, but without a word of explanation, a fifty dollar bill. It is said that the bill was returned to ed and punished. the liquor house by the next mail. The relator of the story also said that he had heard that the dispensary board of another county had had practically the same experience with Union army and to the leading pubthe same liquor house. Neither story refers to Sumter county, nothing of the kind having occurred here.

The story shows that the liquor nouses are still inclined to hand out and that they need close watching .-Sumter Item.

STATUES OF WOMEN.

How Some of Our Heroines Have

elled and dedicated a statue of It represents "Mother" Bickerdyke, "Aunt Laura" Haviland, a Quakeress famous army nurse, who went from and a tender touch, of whom General Grant once said that if he had a few more women like her he could dispense with half his generals and soldiers and put down the rebellion in a mark is inscribed upon the pedestal few months.

She was a woman of extraordinary executive ability and physical and and personal courage and the battlemoral courage, combined with a remarkable gift of oratory and a determination of purpose which never yielded to difficulties or obstacles which others would not have over-She had broad and noble views of life, a deep religious spirit her death, at Bunker Hill, Kan., Noand the most exalted conceptions of vember 8, 1901. This monument was duty. She spent fifty-three years in erected by popular subscriptions of the relief of suffering, in the rescue of from 10 cents to \$100 collected by the the distressed and in the correction of wrong. Towns have been named in her honor, portraits of her kindly face enframed in a Quaker cap, with broad ribbons tied under her chin, hang in hundreds of schoolhouses and thousands of homes on boh sil . of the Atlantic. Her dust lies beside that of Ball, the mother of George Washingher kindred in Raisin Valley cemetery, ton, and was born near Mount Vernear Adrian, where she died April 20, non, Knox county, Ohio, July 19, 1898, in the 90th year of her age. The 1817. She married Robert Bickerlast task of her life was to write an dyke April 27, 1847, and removed to autobiography which was published Galesburg, Ill., in 1856, where she under the title of "A Woman's Life lived until shortly before her death. Work," and it records many historical

events that are not printed elsewhere. A modest monument, corresponding to her simple dignity, marks the place late Senator Sanford, his wife and his where she sleeps, but the citizens of son. The posing of the figures and Adrian have collected funds by popu- the lack of artistic merit have prolar subscription to erect a tribute to voked a great deal of ridicule and saher memory that shall endure for the tire, and the irreverent students comages in order that all who come after them may know who she was and Father, Son and Holy Ghost." The what she did; that "the memory of the just shall not perish." Will Carleton, the poet, will pronounce the eulogy and appropriate ceremonies will

Laura Smith Haviland was born in Kitley, Ontario, Canada, on December 20, 1908, the daughter of Daniel and Sene Blancher Smith. Her father, a native of New York, was an approved minister of the Society of 15, 1781, between Lord Cornwallis, Friends, a man of strong convictions, deep spiritual feeling, but reticent of ish army in America, and General speech. Laura married Charles Haviland, Jr., of Lockport, N. Y., on Nov. 2, 1825, and became the mother of sevand are still living. In 1829 Charles and general of his campaign to subjugate Laura Haviland came to Michigan and North and South Carolina and the re-Lewanee county, within three miles of where her parents had settled two gia, which had been overrun and garyears before. Mrs. Haviland was a good housekeeper, a brave wife, a de- sought safety under the guns of the voted mother and the best kind of a pioneer, being capable of great endurance, easily adapting herself to all circumstances, having a clever faculty of overcoming difficulties and cheerful, helpful spirit,

Not long after she was settled she started a school in a little building taught the children of the neighbor-Smith, sold his farm of 160 acres and with the proceeds built what afterwards became Raisin Institute, west. It was intended for the educaparents who were not able to support Greene. them. The first pupils were nine children from the county poorhouse. The school became famous, was ul-

Haviland. She was one of the organizers of the first anti-slavery society of Michigan, and her home was the first "underground railroad station" in that state. She cooperated with Rachael and tempt at concealment, and did not he was soon able to rejoin his regi-

permit it to make any difference with ment. her work. She continued her zealous efforts to release men and women spot where the monument stands. She from slavery until the outbreak of the improvised a treatment which was as Civil war, when she went to the Union efficacious as the ice pack of modern army as a nurse, and with masterly energy and ability organized camp and headquarters hospitals, corps of rafters above his bed, and kept it fillnurses and dispensaries for medical ed with cool water from a creek near-

supplies. She worked under the Christian commission until 1864, when she was appointed agent of the Freedmen's Relief association at New Orleans to newly emancipated negroes. While in performance of this duty she visited the prison camps on Ship Island and Dry Tortugas in the Gulf of Mexico, and there learned of the treachery of Captain Attocha, formerly of the Con federate army, who, having surren dered and taken the oath of allegiance, was employed by General Banks basis of the chemist's report and sent as a spy. This gave Attocha an opportunity to practice almost unlimited blackmail, and upon his testimony many innocent persons were sent to nemorandum and a letter of thanks Federal prisons. Having learned of these facts, Laura Haviland quietly set about a work of investigation and succeeded in having Attocha convict-

She was frequently in Washington and was personally known to President Lincoln, the members of his cabinet, to all of the commanders of the lic men throughout the country.

voted her energies to relieving the distress among the pioneers in Kan sas and in doing other works of be little graft when opportunity offers nevolence throughout the nation. After she had passed her 80th year she made a visit to Europe and was lionized everywhere she went.

In the court house ground, at

Galesburg, Ill., upon a massive square

heroic size representing a bareheade woman supporting a dying soldier At the annual homecomers' festival with one arm and giving him water Galesburg to the battle front at the outbreak of the Civil war and served until the close of that struggle. She was one of the best known of the army nurses. General Sherman once said, "She outranks me," and that re-She was a large, powerful woman, with extraordinary executive ability field had no terrors for her. She went among the wounded fearlessly under fire, assisting the surgeons and comforting the dying. After the war she devoted her time to charitable works up to almost the very date of Women's Relief Corps and an appropriation of \$5,000 made by the Illinois

legislature toward the fund. The monument was designed by Theo Alice Ruggles Kitson. Mary Ann Ball Bickerdyke was descendant of the brother of Mary In the quadrangle of Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto, Cal., i a singular group, consisting of the

monly allude to the group as "The monument was placed there by the late Mrs. Sanford to remind the students and the public of the founders and benefactors of the university. The Stanford family is extinct, and the trustees have permitted it to remain until now, although its removal has

The battle of Guilford Court House was fought in North Carolina, March in command of the flower of the Brit-Nathaniel Greene in command of about 5.000 badly armed and equipped patriots. The result was the immediate en children, of whom five survived her and utter abandonment by the British took up a farm in Raisin township, storation to the Union by General Greene of those two states and Georrisoned by British troops. Cornwallis British fleet at Wilmington and deliberately allowed Greene to pass him unopposed, marching southward. In April Cornwallis marched northward to Yorktown, where he finished his American career.

The battleground at Guilford, consisting of about a hundred acres of adjoining her farm home, where she land, was purchased by an association of patriotic gentlemen in 1887 and laid one of his sermons there occurred the hood, there being no other person in out as a park. It is on the direct line the community able to undertake that of travel from New York to Tennes duty. Later her brother, Harvey see, Florida and New Orleans by the Southern railway, in the suburbs of the flourishing city of Greensboro. Twenty-seven monuments, five of which are crowned with statuary. have been erected, and a bill has been Little boys and girls run about the introduced in congress to appropriate streets cursing and swearing before tion of orphans and the children of \$25,000 for a monument to General they can either walk or talk!" But the

> happuck Norman Turner, erected in years ago, that a speaker exclaimed: 1902, which I am told is the first and "I find my time is already gone. There-

Adrian and the other for boys at though I am becoming rather scepti-Coldwater. Their existence is due to cal concerning such statements bethe labors and influence of Laura cause I am hearing of monuments and statues of women from every part of the country. Nevertheless I have heard of no others thus far, and we

TERMS--\$2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

will let it go at that. Mrs. James Turner lived in Mary land and was a planter's wife noted Levi Coffin in assisting slaves to escape for her intelligence, her courageous from the plantations of the south and spirit, her wisdom, tact and energy. helping them on to Canada. She made When she sent her sons to the defense frequent visits to points on the Ohio of their country in 1778 she exacted river to establish lines of communica- from them a promise that they would tion and "underground stations," and keep her informed of their wherebecome so effective in this work that abouts and needs, and when she learna reward of \$3,000 was offered any ed that one of them had received a one who would deliver her in Ken- fearful wound at the battle of Guiltucky, dead or alive. Shortly after ford Court House she came to him, this offer was announced she visited riding on horseback night and day, Louisville without the slightest at- and nursed him back to life, so that

> surgical science. She bored holes in a tub, which she suspended from the by, which, dripping upon the wounds allayed the fever and hastened the

One of her daughters married Joseph Moreland Morehead of North distribute supplies and relief to the Carolina, another married Charles Morehead, his brother, and went to Kentucky. Both families have become distinguished. Charles Slaughter Morehead and James Turner Morehead have been governors of Kentucky, and the latter was also United States senator from that state. John M. Morehead was one of the most famous and popular of the governors of North Carolina, the leader of the Whig party in that state, and an ardent advocate of internal improvenents. James Turner Morehead, his prother, was the leader of the North Carolina bar of his generation, and was a representative in congress for

several terms. The present generation of Mrs. Turer's descendants are scattered over the country, and are distinguished in the professions, in politics and in bus-The inscription upon the monument

A Heroine of '76.

frs. Kerenhappuck Turner, mother of Elizabeth, the wife of Joseph Morehead of North Carolina and Morehead of North Carolina and
Grandmother of Capt. James and John
Morehead, young N. C. soldiers under
Greene, rode horseback from
her Maryland home and at
Guilford Court House nursed to
health a badly wounded son.
—Washington Star.

reads as follows:

OUR LOST EMPIRE. block of granite is a bronze group of Whole Northwest Might Have

Been Uncle Sam's. granted, Astor would probably have the apathy or treachery of his British partners. If there had been a man of magination and courage in the White House in those days—a man like Roosevelt or like Jeffersononable measure of recognition would

have been granted. If they had been granted what would have been the outcome? With his large resources, his sea base, and his out the Hudson's Bay and the Northwest companies from all trade west of the Rocky Mountains; that controversy with England over the title to the Oregon region, then including everything up to the Alaskan line, which ended in 1846 by the compror gave us all the territory below the 49th parallel, would have been averted; the present British Columbia and Yukon, which were not valued highly by anybody in those days, would have been ours by the peaceable process of occupation and expansion; and then in 1848, and when Russia handed over Diego up to Point Barrow, in the Arctic ocean. In that event, restricted to the east side of the Rockies, as she would have been, Canada would probably long ago have asked for annexation; the Great Lakes and Hudson Bay would have been near the centre of our territory, and the United States' place upon the world's map and the United States' influence in the world's councils (large as each is at this monent) would have been much greater.

SOME FAMOUS BULLS.

have been expected, has contributed a fair share to a very amusing collection of "bulls." It was in one of the debates of that body that the late Col. Saunderson described Eastern Rumelia An Irish M. P. once declared that of the outrages reported from Ireland three-quarters were exaggerated and half had no foundation in fact-a statistical computation that reminds one of another Irish M. P. who declared excitedly to a group of fellow members: "I want to convince you that there isn't any truth in half the lies they are telling about Ireland."

The biography of Dean Hook recalls certain minor canon who used to reach at the Cathedral when Hook was a boy at Winchester school. In striking reflection that "what is impossible can never be, and very seldom comes to pass."

Another discourse was long remembered for its pathetic lamentation on the degeneracy of the age: ra! O mores! What times we live in! Church of England has no monopoly of these violent contrasts, for it was noble bronze statue to Mrs. Keren- at a City Temple meeting not many