

STORY OF COLONIAL DAYS

When the King's Men Make Trouble in New England.

A Marriage That Was Believed by the Girl to be Off Forever, Took Place on Time.

Well, as I was saying, this is the way it came about: I was a young thing then, just turned 18. Your grandfather had been my playmate, hero and protector from the time that I was old enough to go to school. I had never thought of marrying any one but him, and so when he asked me to be his wife, why, of course, I said "Yes."

Well, it was in the spring of 1775 that we were to be married. Mother and I spent the winter getting my things made up, and I had as fine an outfit as a girl could possibly have in those days. The day set for the wedding was the 19th of April—yes, the very day on which the battle of Lexington occurred, as I have good reason to remember.

Those were anxious days for us. I remember how serious my father and brothers used to look as they discussed the events which were then taking place. Their only conversation was about rights, taxes and taxes.

When the towns began to raise "minutemen," why, of course, we raised a company in our town, and your grandfather and my brothers were members of it. We girls could not stand guard, of course, so in order to show our patriotism we all signed a paper in which we agreed not to have anything to do with the men of the town who refused to join the company.

The 19th of April was a beautiful day, though a warm one for the season. We were all up early that morning, for there was a great deal to be done. It was about 9 o'clock in the forenoon when my mother, who had been looking over some linen, suddenly raised her head, exclaiming as she did so, "Why, Mary, was that the meeting house bell?"

"What can it mean?" I cried, and, running to the window, I caught sight of our neighbor's sons, Joe and John Eaton, running down the road with their guns. Across the way Harry Wright was plowing the field. The boys called out to him as they passed, and, without stopping to unhitch the horse, he seized his gun and was off across the fields.

"It is an alarm, mother," I cried. "The boys are down by the brook," she said. "The sound will not reach them. Run and tell them!"

Without delay I hurried to the kitchen, and, seizing the horn, I ran out of the house and started for the brook, which was some distance from the house. I blew a blast on the horn as I ran, and as the boys caught sight of me I pointed toward the road, where several men could be seen running with their guns. The boys understood, and, waving their hands to me, they were off across the field to the road.

"What do you suppose the matter is?" asked mother when I returned to the house.

"I do not know," was my reply, "but I am going to find out." And I ran out of the house and took a short cut across the fields to the meeting house, which was to be the gathering place if the alarm should ever be sounded. I, for one, had never expected to hear any alarm, for at home we hoped for a peaceful settlement of the difficulties. But when I reached the church and saw the whole town gathered on the green the men's stern air and the women's pale faces frightened me, and I began to fear that something serious was the matter.

"What is it? Where are they going?" I asked. And as I spoke the men came hurrying out of the meeting house, where they had heard a few words from Parson Smith, and, mounting their horses, rode off as fast as they could go. I looked for your grandfather, but he was not there. Catching sight of my father, I ran to him. "Have you seen Henry?" (that's your grandfather) I asked.

"Henry was at the tavern when the messenger rode through here," replied my father, "and, as he had his horse with him, he rode away without waiting for the company to assemble."

You may imagine my feelings as I turned to go home. This was my wedding day, and the man who was to marry me had ridden off without a word, knowing, too, that he might never return, if all they were saying about fights and resistance was true.

My father had reached home before me, and as I opened the door I heard mother ask, "Do you think it is anything serious, father?"

"I am afraid it may be," he said. "The messenger said that Governor Gage has sent some of the king's troops to destroy the supplies which have been stored at Concord. If the report is true, there will be resistance, and if it comes to that it will be very serious business for us."

My mother kept her fears to herself and did her best to make me feel that it would come out all right, but those

hours were the most anxious I ever spent. So through the day we watched and waited for news. The first news that came to us from the fight at Lexington and the other doings of that day arrived about 6 o'clock in the afternoon, when some minutemen from another town stopped at the tavern on their way home. They told the story of the day to the little crowd of anxious women who eagerly questioned them for news of some dear one.

My father would not let me go down to the tavern, but went down himself and brought us the news. I can see him now hurrying along the road.

"Something unusual has happened," Mary!" exclaimed my mother. "I never saw your father look so excited." I hastened down the path to meet him.

"Bad news, my child; bad news!" he exclaimed. "There has been an encounter with the king's troops." And then, reading the question in my eyes, he continued, "But they brought no news of our men."

The hour set for the wedding was 8 o'clock, but it began to look as if there would be no wedding, for it was now after 7 o'clock, and none of our men had returned home.

Mother and I sat in silence in the kitchen while father walked back and forth in the room above.

At last we heard steps outside, and then my brother Arthur, who was among the first to reach home, staggered into the room. I sprang up and ran to him. He sank into the nearest chair, and his gun fell to the floor with a thud. Arthur was only a boy of 15, you must remember, and the day had been a terrible one.

When he had recovered a little, my father spoke. "What news do you bring, my son?" he asked.

Now, I had felt from the first that he had brought bad news, and by the way he hesitated and glanced from father to me and still did not speak, I felt sure of it. So I put my worst fears into words.

"Arthur," I said, "is it Henry?" "Listen," he said, speaking rapidly. "The king's troops were in full retreat when we reached the road. We did not keep with our companies, but each one found shelter as he was able behind trees, walls or fences. I met Henry as I was crossing a field, and we took shelter together and awaited the coming of the troops. We had just got settled when Henry caught sight of a flanking party coming right down on us. He called to the men near us to run for their lives, and at the same time we both jumped the wall and ran for a house which stood in the field just opposite. I reached the opposite wall in safety and turned round to look for Henry, but he was not with me. At that moment the troops came round a sudden turn in the road and sent some shots in our direction. At the risk of being shot at I stood up and looked across the road. He must have been hit by the flanking party, for he lay just by the wall."

"Are you sure it was he?" asked father.

"Yes; I knew him by the green on his powderhorn," replied my brother.

"You staid by and looked after him?" asked father.

"I tried to, sir, but the troops came down on us, and we were obliged to move on. I went back to the place as soon as I could, but I must have mistaken the spot, for I could not find him."

Meanwhile I sat in my chair, feeling as if I had just awakened from a bad dream. I did not fully realize what had happened, for it seemed impossible.

"Here are some people, Mary," said mother. "You would better go up to your room and lie down."

I did as I was told. There on the bed lay my wedding gown. I could not bear to look at it, and, picking it up, I placed it in the large chest in which my linen was packed and pulled down the lid; then I threw myself on the bed, and tears came to my relief. So I lay there thinking over the events of the day, my wedding day that was to have been. How different from what I had anticipated!

Suddenly I heard the sound of a horse's feet coming up the road at a furious pace. I sat up and listened. "Somebody is riding on an important errand," I said to myself. Nearer and nearer came the sound, and the rider, whoever he was, drew rein at our door. Then there were a murmur of voices and an opening and shutting of doors and then my mother's voice calling to me: "Mary, Mary; child, come down! Henry is here. He's come."

Scarcely believing that I heard aright, I got up and ran down stairs and into the kitchen, and there before me, his face pale as death, with a blood stained bandage bound about his forehead, stood your grandfather.

"Mary," he cried, holding out his hands to me. "I am in time! The clock has not struck yet!"

Then Parson Elder, who had come over to hear the news from Arthur, came forward and said, "Small I perform the ceremony now?"

So right then and there your grandfather, in his working clothes, all stained with dust and blood, and in my morning calico, were married. — Forward.

Chief of Mormondom. Lorenzo Snow, the head of the Church of Latter Day Saints, commonly called

Mormons, is perhaps the most influential man in Utah. He is very wealthy, and the church of which he is "first president," or virtual chief, likewise has great holdings of property in the state.

As one of the old school of Latter Day Saints President Snow believed in plural marriages. This fact is causing some comment now, for it is alleged that the venerable elder is neglecting three of the women who bear his name. They are said to charge that he is living with one wife in luxury in Salt Lake City, while they are neglected and treated in a niggardly manner in a small Utah town named Brigham. It is alleged that the elder is greatly under the influence of his latest wife, who is also said to be a younger and fairer woman than her predecessors.

The old man is nearing the end of his days, for he is about 86 years of age. His faculties and mental powers are, however, undimmed. He is of New England stock and Ohio birth and a graduate of the famous Oberlin college. When quite a young man, more than 60 years ago, he was attracted by the preaching of some of the founders of his church at Kirtland, O., and since then he has been one of its most devoted followers. He early grew into favor with the elders and was sent to Europe about the middle of the century to propagate the faith. Snow and his work soon attached him to Brigham Young, the late head of the Latter Day Saints, and he became one of Young's most devoted adherents and trusted lieutenants. He is enthusiastic in his praise of Young and devotion to his memory. Snow succeeded the late William Woodruff as head of the church in 1898. — Salt Lake Tribune.

Engaged on Sight.

He was a freckled faced, foxy looking boy of 13 or 14 and not more than about half as big as he ought to be, but he was wiry and his eyes were clear. The proprietor of the store was in his office when the boy entered.

"Do you want a boy here?" asked the youngster, with confidence.

"What do I want with a boy?" replied the proprietor, with an intent to have fun with his visitor.

"I don't know," was the unabashed response. "I guess they have boys around stores sometimes, and I thought you might want one."

"Well, since you have mentioned it, I do."

"What kind of a boy do you want?" The proprietor looked him over with a more or less suspicious eye.

"I want a good boy," he said slowly. "Then I won't do," said the youngster.

"Why won't you? Are you a bad boy?"

"Um—um—er," hesitated the caller; "I'm just a boy, that's all. There's something wrong with 'em when they're good."

He started out, when the proprietor called him back.

"Hold on," he said. "Maybe you are what I want."

"If you want a good thing, I'm it," said the boy, "and you won't have to push me along, either."

"How much do you want?"

"I want a million, but I'll take \$3 a week."

"When can you begin?"

"This very minute, if you'll give me my supper. I haven't had anything to eat for three weeks."

"Nothing to eat for three weeks!" exclaimed the proprietor.

"Nothing fit. I've scraped along as I could, but I haven't had a square meal, with pie on the side."

Appearances Against Them.

"It's time we were turning up the chaps who did that safe breaking job in the coal office the other night," remarked the chief of police. "Have you made any arrests?"

"I run in a couple of suspicious-looking fellows this morning," replied the patrolman.

"What was suspicious about them?"

"They wore plug hats and sack coats," said the patrolman, who had seen better days. — Ex.

PERSONALITIES.

One of the closest friendships formed at Washington during the present national administration has been that between Secretary of War Root and Adjutant General Corbin. The latter is an enthusiastic equestrian, and under his tutelage Mr. Root has become perfectly at home in the saddle. The two ride about a great deal together.

Miss Jennie Mather, Mrs. Jane Mather, widow of George Mather, a broker; Mrs. Eunice Mather and William Mather all members of the Mather family of Jefferson county, N. Y., have given \$10,000 to Union college for the purpose of establishing an agricultural department to teach scientific farming.

Lord Roberts has ordered from a London jeweler five watches of the kind known as "ironclads" for presentation to his Indian orderlies. The watches bear the following inscription: "Presented by Field Marshall Roberts to —, his faithful and unwearied personal orderly throughout the South African campaign, 1900."

"THEY SAY."

Have you heard of the terrible family, "They," And the dreadful venomous things they say? Why, half the gossip under the sun, If you trace it back, you will find begun In that wretched house of "They."

A numerous family, so I am told, And its genealogical tree is old; For ever since Adam and Eve began To build up the curious race of man Has existed the house of "They."

Jealous mongers and spreaders of lies, Horrid people whom all despise! And yet the best of us now and then Repeat queer tales about women and men — And quote the house of "They."

They live like lords and never labor, A "They's" one task is to watch his neighbor And tell his business and private affairs. To the world at large they are sowers of cares — Those folk in the house of "They."

It is wholly useless to follow a "They," With a whip or a gun, for he slips away — And into his house, where you cannot go, It is locked and bolted and guarded so — This horrid house of "They."

Though you cannot get in, yet they get out And spread their villainous tales about. Of all the recals under the sun Who have come to punishment never one Belongs to the house of "They." — Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Mrs. Leslie Takes a Rest.

Women publishers are not rare in the United States, but none among them enjoys so widespread a reputation as Mrs. Frank Leslie, until recently the head of the great New York publishing house. She has now retired from its management, according to some accounts by compulsion, and intends to devote the remainder of her life to leisure and authorship. Mrs. Leslie has surely earned a rest, for her

life has been filled with endeavor and work. Frank Leslie, to which name, without the "Mrs.," she is legally entitled, has been prominently before the public since 1880, when she took up the work of her husband, recently deceased. He left his publishing business to her in an insolvent condition with an injunction to clear his name by paying off an indebtedness of over \$300,000. She was, as she still is, a woman of marvelous business and executive capacity, and not only succeeded in paying off the debts of the concern, but in winning a new fortune for herself. Some five years ago she turned over the business to a syndicate, which failed, and about two years ago she again resumed its management. Her present retirement may be regarded as permanent.

It is scarcely necessary to state that Mrs. Leslie is a woman of wonderful ability and knowledge of men and affairs. She is a fluent writer and speaker and has written much for publication. — Ex.

Remarkable Contest.

Cincinnati, Dec. 11.—A remarkable contest over the \$5000 estate of Miss Mary Strauch, of Tacoma, Wash., began in probate court here today. Miss Strauch, who is 21 years old, is a daughter of the late Adolph Strauch, a famous landscape gardener. She is a member of a religious sect known as the "Church of the Living God," and was accompanied here by an elder. She declares she will turn all her estate over to her church. Her guardian, Leopold Burkhardt, objects as does her mother.

Tacoma, Dec. 11.—Mary Strauch left Tacoma in company with 30 others for the Shiloh Home, in Maine, in June last under the charge of Evangelist Sanford. The girl's mother strenuously opposed her going and there was a sensational scene at the depot in the mother's effort to keep her daughter back. It was charged that the girl was spirited aboard the train. Mrs. Strauch McCall, the girl's mother, claims her daughter was hypnotized by members of the Shiloh party. N. H. Harriman and others allege Miss Strauch went of her own free will, carrying out a choice she had held for three years.

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Just a Few of Our Retail Prices

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Flour, Oat Meal, Best Japan Rice, Meats (Roast Beef, Roast Mutton, Club House Sausage), Butter (Coldbrook, 1900, 24 pound can, etc.), Milk and Cream (Eagle Milk, Reindeer Milk, Highland Cream, etc.), and Fruits (Choice California 2 and 2 1/2 lb. extra, etc.).

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