

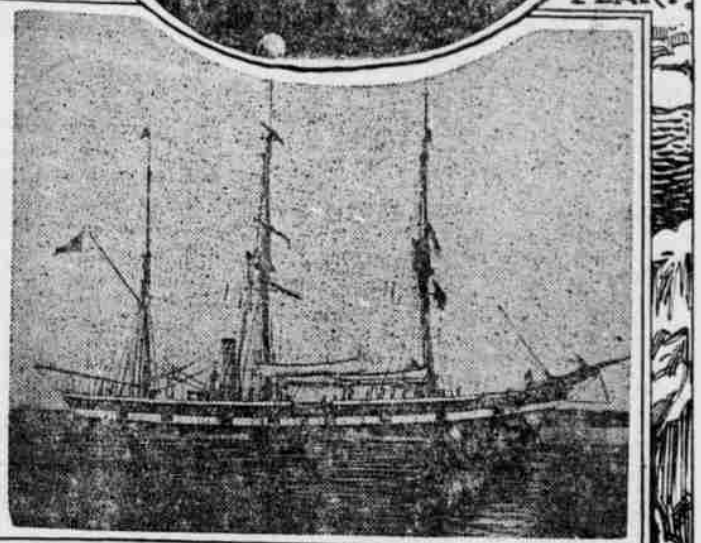
LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY AND FAMILY AND THE SHIP "WINDWARD."



Mrs. PEARY AND HER BABY.



LIEUT. PEARY.



THE "WINDWARD."



MAP OF THE REGION TRAVERSED BY PEARY.

The map shows the route taken by the explorer. Following is an explanation of the letters in the map: an, Nansen's farthest north; no other Arctic explorer has reached this point. b, Latitude reached by Lockwood and Brainerd. cc, Arctic circle. A, Whale Sound, where Peary's Eskimo attendants were taken aboard. B, Sherrard Osborn fjord, Peary's base of supplies. C, Depot at northern terminus of land.

"Are you of the same mind as in the summer of 1862? If so, I will go away, and when you wish an annulment of our marriage I will not oppose it."
"THEODORE."

In a few moments Barbara appeared at the door, and between hysterical tears and laughter held out her arms. Benton sprang from his horse to her embrace.

The first piece of news the husband received was that Mrs. Ritchie had died; the second was an explanation of the renunciation which had occurred when Benton had been there before. Mrs. Ritchie was a woman who, when her mind was made up, would stop at no means which she regarded legitimate to accomplish her object. She considered that her daughter had been stolen from her. Therefore she had a right to repossess herself of her own property. She would not lie. She had asked Benton, "If my daughter comes into this room and confirms what I have said, will you believe her?" Then she ordered Elizabeth to personate her sister. Elizabeth, without strength of character to resist her mother, had done as she was told. Barbara, on the arrival of her husband, had been locked in her room and had not known of the outrage that had been committed until after her mother's death, when her sister confessed and begged forgiveness.

Barbara, when she learned how she had been misrepresented to her husband, was in agony. She had resolved to go north in search of him when the Union troops appeared.

Benton sent a note to his commanding officer announcing that he had found a loving wife, and asking that a leave be granted. It was given, and that night the wedding was celebrated, not by the attendance of the neighboring planters, but by the rejoicings of the negroes for whom their new master the day of jubilee had at last come.

HOUSEHOLD ADORNMENTS.

Number of Odd Things Put to Practical Use.
It is astonishing what a great number of strange household and garden adornments are scattered up and down the country, from gateways made of sharks' jaws to the great numbers of figureheads of wrecked ships to be seen everywhere in the gardens of the Scilly islands and elsewhere.

In a Sussex village is part of a garden palling made wholly out of the swords of swordfishes. The lady who owns the garden got the strange palling from her brother, who had originally sported it in the tropics. Near Leeds is a summer house made wholly of buttons of every imaginable kind, and in the same county is a room, the walls of which are adorned entirely by the ribbons of cigars, nearly 20,000 of these being represented. From garret to basement the large house of a Leeds mineral water manufacturer is a gigantic scrapbook, every notable theatrical poster of the last twenty years being pasted on the walls, says the London Express.

A north county banker living near Wakefield has a great dining room, the whole of the walls of which are the wooden and iron doors of eminent castles and historic buildings, and at Lisard, in Cheshire, is a room that contains hundreds of picture frames made of every imaginable substance, from leather to tigers' bones, one frame being placed within another according to size, so that the whole surface is covered with frames.

In Liverpool is a room—that of a dentist, whose grandfather occupied the same premises—that contains many mirrors and pictures, the frames of which are made entirely of sharks' teeth. Near Birmingham a manufacturer has a study that is lined, even to the roof, with nothing but chains of various thicknesses and padlocks of different sizes.

NONOGENARIAN WHO HAS CARVED HIS OWN TOMBSTONE.

Hugh Dewitt, a monogenarian inmate of the State Soldiers' Home at Lafayette, Ind., has carved his own tombstone and constructed a coffin to hold his remains. The shaft of the tombstone is six feet high and two feet square, and bears the following epitaph, composed by Dewitt:

A bachelor lies beneath this sod
Who disobeyed the laws of GOD;
Advice to others thus I give—
Don't live a "bach," as I did live.

Dewitt's name does not appear on the stone. A plain mound of earth lies at the foot of the simple monument, and beneath the mound is a grave constructed on original principles. It is of the ordinary size, and at the surface resembles any grave. Below, however, for a distance of three feet from the bottom, it is walled in with brick and cement, and the bottom is cemented. Two stone slabs fit over the top of the wall, leaving a cavity for the coffin, as Dewitt says he wants "room to turn around in" and wants no dirt about the coffin.

Could Not Teach Him More.
Binks—You're putting the boy, Dinky, early to work.
Jinks—Yes, he's a clever lad, for he's learnt everything the teacher knows.
"He has?"
"He has that. The teacher said, 'I can't hammer anything more into that head of his.'"—Detroit News-Tribune.

Any chronic borrower soon begins to wonder why every one he knows is broke.

OLD FAVORITES

LITTLE BREECHES.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free-will, and that sort of thing—
But I believe in God and the angels
Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe came along—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart, and chippy, and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd learnt him to chew terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And searched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck horses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft, white mound,
Upset, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
Of my fellow-critter's aid—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Laryl Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
So warm, and sleepy, and white,
And thar set Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels,
He could never have walked in that storm.
They jest stooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And fetching him to his own,
Is a durned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throug,
—John Hay.

FOR A HUDSON BAY RAILWAY.

Dream of Canadians Now Likely to Become a Reality.

The statement a few days ago that the Canadian government has equipped a party which will begin at once the exploration of the vast wilderness lying north of the Great Lakes seems to indicate that the project for a Hudson Bay railway, which has been a dream for many years, may become a reality in the near future. Little is known of the character of the country between the lakes and James' bay, but what has been heard from hunters and Indian guides leads to the belief that the section is wealthy, with deposits of coal and ore, with great forests, and with land suitable for agriculture.

The task of surveying these extensive tracts will be a stupendous one, and the Canadian government does not expect that the labors of the surveying party will be completed within two years.

Although Canadians realized the wealth of the Hudson Bay country, and talked about a railroad for it for more than twenty years, they finally were forced to stand aside and watch American capital do the business. The first step was taken something over a year ago, when a road was built north from Sault Ste. Marie into the forests in the Moose River country, chiefly to carry pulp to the mills at the "Soo."

While it is by no means certain that this road will ever get as far north as James' Bay, it is headed that way. From the "Soo" to Moose Factory, the southernmost point of James' Bay, is a distance of about 500 miles. The Moose river, from its headwaters at Brunswick Post, seventy miles north of the Canadian Pacific line, is 425 miles long, and the road would follow its course for the most part, not much allowance being made for deviations. The upper stretches of the river run for considerable distances through muskeg, or swampy land, and for a long stretch the surrounding country, though heavily timbered, is comparatively level.

It would not offer any more difficult problems of engineering in railroad building than have been solved satisfactorily in the pineries and swamp lands in northern Minnesota and Wisconsin.

It is not certain that the stories of the vast mineral wealth of the Moose river country are justified, for little prospecting has been done. But aside from the timber, a rich farming country undoubtedly could be opened along the valley of that river by a railroad. Men who have traveled through from the American line to James' Bay report abundant evidence of the rich fertility of the soil.

With a railroad, that section, now a desolate waste, would become one of the richest agricultural sections of Canada. The argument made against its agricultural development is that short seasons would make diversified agriculture impossible and that grain would not thrive. Those familiar with the country, however, report that the season along

the Moose river is not so much shorter than that of Manitoba, one of the greatest wheat belts of the world. Fifty miles south of James' Bay the climate is not affected by the changes of the sea. Every Hudson Bay post has its garden patch, where all kinds of vegetables are raised.

The development of these rich farming lands would, it is thought, be a big investment for any road. The Moose river drops 1,000 feet in 425 miles, and, being a constant succession of rapids, offers wonderful opportunities for manufacturing through the development of its water power.

WAS A FAMOUS FIGHTER.

Portrait of Gen. Clark hangs in the War Department.
In the office of the Secretary of War there hangs a fine oil portrait of Gen. George Rogers Clark, which is of interest just at the present time; as it is this Gen. Clark who figures prominently in a popular novel and play. Moreover, the painting attracts additional interest from the fact that its origin and how it reached its present place are questions which no one now in the War Department seems to be able to answer. The portrait shows the General in the old buff and blue uniform of our forefathers' times, says a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. His face is rather of the puritanical type, with a high forehead, close-set lips and a firm and rather sharp chin.

Gen. Clark was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, in 1752, but spent the greater part of his life in Kentucky and Indiana. In 1778 he raised a small volunteer force in Virginia, crossed the Ohio, reduced nearly all the British posts between the Mississippi and the great lakes and arrested the incursions of the Western Indians. His marches through the pathless wilderness were so rapid that he generally took the enemy by surprise, his prudence so great that he rarely lost a man, and his daring has never been surpassed. In attacking Vincennes in February, 1779, he was five days in wading his army across the valley of the Wabash, flooded with melted snows for a breadth of six miles, generally waist deep and sometimes up to the shoulders—an exploit that paralleled Hannibal's crossing of the Thrasymene marsh.

Gen. Clark was variously employed by the State of Virginia and the United States up to 1780 in maintaining possession of the western country and suppressing Indian hostilities. He died in 1818 near Louisville, Ky.

This conquest and armed occupation of the northwest territory by Gen. Clark was made the ground on which the Count de Vergennes and the American commissioners obtained for the United States, by the treaty of 1783, a boundary on the line of the great lakes instead of the Ohio River.

THEY OWN 700,000 ACRES, AND OVER 30,000 HEAD OF CATTLE ROOM ON THEIR LANDS.

It requires no small degree of financial genius and administrative ability to acquire and maintain a tract of land

700,000 acres in extent. On this area from 30,000 to 40,000 head of cattle are constantly roaming and fattening for market. Land and cattle are owned by the famous Turkey Track Cattle Company, which operates in

B. A. PACKARD, SONORA, MEXICO, and in Arizona. Its members are Burdett Aden Packard and W. C. Greene. Packard is a native of Portville, N. Y. At 23 he located in Pennsylvania and went into the oil business, remaining until 1882, when he located in Arizona, settling at Tombstone. There he took up mining, and later went into the cattle business.

All Sirloin.

Holman F. Day's "Pine Tree Ballads" tells in verse a number of stories that actually happened "down in Maine," and are remembered there today by old narrators. One relates to Barney McGauldric, a landlord of that State, at whose house famous men liked to stay, that they might enjoy a merry joke.

Barney was always loyal to his friends. At one time a new meat dealer came to town, and tried to secure the landlord's trade.
"I have always bought meat of Jed Haskell," said Barney, "and I guess I won't change."
"But," said the other, "old Haskell doesn't know his business. He doesn't even know how to cut meat."
"Well," drawled Barney, "I've always found that he knows enough about it to cut sirloin steak clear to the horn, and that's good enough for me."

Blindness Is Increasing.

The proportion of sightless to seeing persons has been watched with especial interest in Great Britain and the latest statistics indicate that it has fallen in a half century from about 1,020 in the million to some 870, or more than 14 per cent. This decline has been so timed as to show pretty conclusively that it is the result of better conditions of living, improved surgery and doubtless a decrease in the ratio of perilous to non-perilous employments for the masses of the people.

A woman gives birth to a boy, and, with care and devotion, raises him to years, and makes a man of him. After twenty-five or thirty years of her influence he marries, and in six months they are saying his wife "made" him.
It is as hard for a new husband to live up to expectations as it is for the chief mourner at a funeral.

TWO CAMPAIGNS

ON the James River some miles below Richmond is a plantation manor house that was built in 1690. About the middle of the last century the owner of the estate was a widow, Mrs. Margaret Ritchie, who had two twin daughters, Barbara and Elizabeth.

Mrs. Ritchie was very wealthy and very ambitious. She took her daughters to Europe with a view to their marrying noblemen.

A German baron proposed for Barbara and was accepted by the mother, who did not consult her daughter in the matter, intending, if necessary, to enforce obedience. The mother did not know that Barbara had a love affair with a lieutenant in the United States army, Theodore Benton, a fine young fellow, but without a cent in the world except his pay.

Had she been aware of this attachment she would not have brought her daughter back to America, which she did, thinking it proper that the baron should come for her at her own home. Soon after her return Barbara met Lieut. Benton at one of the houses facing the capitol over which soon was to float the Confederate flag. Already

there were mutterings of the great struggle to come. Benton was a Northern man, and both knew that this would be an additional reason why Mrs. Ritchie would never consent to their marriage.

Barbara told her lover of the contract her mother had entered into in her behalf abroad.
Benton urged her to marry him at once without her mother's consent, but she dared not. Soon after, while Benton and Barbara were still in Richmond, came the news of the firing on Fort Sumter. Benton hastened to find Barbara, told her that he must at once make his way north and again urged her to marry him.

She consented, a clergyman was called, and the two were made man and wife.

Benton reached Washington safely. Barbara went home to her mother and broke the news of her marriage.

The next summer those at the Ritchie plantation listened every day for a week to the distant boom of cannon in the battles about Richmond.
Then a sound, like a storm that had come, roared from the top of Malvern hill, but a short distance away. Evening had come and with it only the cracking of rifles on the picket line when a young officer rode up to the plantation, announced himself as Lieut. Benton and, upon being told that the family were there, demanded to see his wife.

Mrs. Ritchie came into the drawing-room and received him with a haughty manner by no means softened by the fact that he was an invader of her State and her plantation. She told him that Barbara was ill and that she did not wish to see him. When the war ended she would apply for an annulment of the marriage. Benton flatly refused to believe the statement. Since he was with an army, Mrs. Ritchie could not have him rejected. She therefore resorted to strategy.

"If my daughter comes into this room and confirms what I have said, will you believe her?"
"I will."

Half an hour later a young girl stood upon the threshold, pale apparently with illness. Benton seeing what appeared to be the shadow of his wife stepped forward. The girl motioned him back.

"Theodore," she said, "I did wrong in marrying you without my mother's consent. Go away. I wish never to see you again."

Benton staggered from the house, mounted his horse and rode away.
Two years later Grant laid a pontoon bridge across the James, advanced to Petersburg and besieged the place. During the passage of the Union troops across the river an officer rode up to the Ritchie plantation, and without dismounting handed a note addressed to Mrs. Theodore Benton. It read: