

THE OUTPOST AT VALLEY FORGE

Well sung are they, who side by side Meet death with about and cheer; But what of him, who mutely died With never a comrade near?

Well sung are they, the first who fell Along their battle line; Their end—their children's children tell, Their grave—'tis grown a shrine!

But he who died by night, alone, An outpost in the snow, (Name, unknown, on bronze or stone) Fought better than we know.

Aye, he who watched thro' his long night, And unseen hosts defied— He fought and won the nobler fight, In the darker death he died!

He came into the presence of the bride party Nellie had to throw her arms around his neck, for there he was in the good old blue and buff of the Continental Army, with a black ribbon cockade and a cocked hat, the uniform in which he had planned and fought so many battles. He was fond of the buff and blue.

General's horse, with the empty saddle, holsters and pistols, the coffin borne by Freemasons, the twelve principal mourners of the household, the Masonic Lodge, the corporation of Alexandria, the farm hands, and other men and women of the neighborhood. The Rev. Mr. Davis read the service of the Episcopal Church and made an address. The Masons performed their rites, and minute



MARTHA WASHINGTON WATCHING HER HUSBAND'S GRAVE FROM THE ROOM IN WHICH HE DIED.

guns boomed from a schooner on the Potomac. When the body was carried into the vault the infantry and the cavalry fired three volleys, and eleven pieces of artillery were simultaneously discharged as the rays of the sun of a short winter day were turning into the shadows of twilight.

The news of Washington's death traveled rapidly over the country day by day. Wherever it went it produced an exhibition of public grief such as had never before been known in the Republic.

It was proposed on the part of the National Government that the body of the patriot should be taken from the vault at Mount Vernon and laid away in the new capital on the banks of the Potomac. The widow gave her consent to Congress, but the change was never made.

Only a little more than two years passed away and the tomb at Mount Vernon was again opened. There, in the white gown which the venerable little woman had set aside for her last dress, was tenderly, reverently and regretfully laid the body of Martha

COPPER KING'S PARADISE

MARCUS DALY HAS SPENT A FORTUNE ON HIS MONTANA RANCH.

In Summer the Place Has All the Charms of a Fabled Estate—Irrigation System Alone Costs \$250,000—Magnitude of This Model Farm.

While the world of speculators is occupied in guessing as to the future movement of Marcus Daly, the Montana millionaire, his family and friends know that in a very short time he will retire to the magnificent estate he has created in the Bitter Root Valley, the famous Bitter Root stock farm. This immense ranch comprises in the ranch proper more than 17,000 acres, with over 30,000 acres of mountain lands, used solely for pasturage. In summer the place has all the charms of a fabled estate, and even in the dead of winter it is full of interest. One reason so little is read of it is that it is quite a distance from the beaten track. Up to a little more than a decade ago nearly the whole ranch consisted of barren, arid bench lands, but when Mr. Daly acquired the land he made it blossom like the rose. The bottom lands were partially watered by a tiny creek, water being a scarce article; and Mr. Daly immediately inaugurated a system of irrigation, at a cost of \$250,000. There are numerous large ditches which divert the waters of Skalkaho and Gird's Creeks which supply water enough all the time, but to guard against every possibility a large canal over twenty miles long has recently been completed, which is connected with the river. When Mr. Daly retires to this home he intends to so extend this system of irrigation as to reclaim the whole unproductive area of the Bitter Root Valley.

EXPENSE NOT CONSIDERED.

The dwelling house is a model of modern architecture and not a convenience known to man, no matter how costly, has been omitted. The furniture is very handsome, suitable for a mansion on Fifth avenue, New York. The house stands in the middle of grounds that are parklike and is located about a mile from the railway station. Running in front of the house is a wide driveway, or boulevard, which crosses the entire ranch from south to north, over six miles in length and which has at intervals other similar driveways bisecting it and running transversely. These driveways are shaded on either side by Balm of Gilead trees and California poplars. Scattered about are wooded parks, where wild animals abound. In the busy season over 500 men are employed and in all the year around over 200 make their home on the ranch. To house these men and their families hundreds of cottages have been erected with more pretentious residences for the superintendents and foremen.

Taking a bird's-eye view at the center of the ranch, all the homes, the immense barns, lofty paddocks, scattered here and there, make a scene that is picturesque and full of life.

The magnitude of operations may be guessed at when the monthly payroll is never less than \$7500, in the off seasons. Over 5000 cattle of the choicest breeds supply the finest cream and butter, much of it being consumed in Butte. While he has about 15,000 acres devoted to agriculture and 500 acres in fruits, Mr. Daly does not allow his products to in any way interfere with the markets of the farmers in the Bitter Root Valley. Much of it is shipped to Butte and retailed in the big Hennessey store, now the property of the Amalgamated combine. The balance finds its way to other mining centers controlled by Mr. Daly, affording better vegetables, milk, cream, butter, meat, etc., than the general market affords. Only cream is shipped to Butte from the dairy, no milk at all. The cream retails at fifty cents a quart. The ranch is so strictly up to date that every building from the mansion and cottages down to the smallest barn is lighted with electricity and water from Skalkaho Creek has been piped to every one. Mr. Daly for his head men employs only specialists.

The way the name of the Bitter Root ranch has become famous throughout the sporting world, both in America and abroad, is because of its famous horses, which have been bred on this ranch have borne away the honors on every racetrack of note. This is Marcus Daly's one hobby—horses and racing. His open and covered circular tracks, his vast training inclosures, are the admiration of every racing man. Mr. Daly went into the business systematically; he first visited the most celebrated stock farms and stables in this country; from each he purchased the choicest, the fastest strains of racing blood; then he sent to England, France, Persia and Arabia, where no horse was too high priced for him to secure for this Bitter Root ranch in the wilds of Montana; this blending of the blood of centuries of the most illustrious lineage has brought forth equine wonders whose achievements have amazed the racing world. No matter where these princes and princesses have been reared they can find no fault with their quarters here.

Over 700 acres sown with blue grass are devoted to the stud paddocks and to the brood mares and their colts. Nearly 1500 acres have been set aside for the thoroughbreds and for this purpose it has been cut up into hundreds of high-fenced paddocks. Near by is the residence of Sam Lucas, the genial Kentuckian, the famous expert breeder in charge of the thoroughbreds; grouped around are massive barns, cottages, orchards and gardens. Everywhere are shade trees and driveways, running water, making a veritable equine paradise.

A HORSE PALACE.

In the center of this thoroughbred department is the pride of Daly's heart, the famous "Tammany Castle," located on a plateau which rises gently fully 100 feet above the surrounding lands. Mr. Lucas designed the castle and will show the favored ones over it with a good deal of pride. It is a one-story brick building, fireproof in every detail. In it are only six stalls and an office. These stalls are eighteen feet square and have a brick ceiling twelve inches in thickness. Each stall is not only plastered, but wainscoted and finished in

solid oak, with ventilation at the bottom, brought from the roof. A perfectly equable temperament is maintained the year round.

At the rear of the barn is the immense granary of solid stone. A macadamized walk runs all around the castle, and this is all roofed over, forming attractive verandas; these verandas are literally enmeshed in summer with the choicest of vines and flowers. In the front is over an acre of green velvet lawn; all about are beds of flowers. In the front is over an acre of glittering sand, while fountains are playing in every available spot. (In this department are kept the finest stallions; Hamburg, valued at \$75,000; Tammany, Ogden, Bathampton and Inverness, costing Marcus Daly over \$250,000, but which no sum could purchase from him now. All are well known as royal stallions and winners of the largest prizes ever offered. Here are also quartered the cream of the brood mares—over 200 in all, together with foals, to whom the racing men of America look for world-beaters.

The standard bred or trotting department is located in the lower lands and over 1000 acres is devoted to it. Like the thoroughbred department, everything is in the most elaborate and convenient form. Paddocks, barns, all built with an eye to the greatest convenience, but still pleasing to look at, both outside and inside. There are about 100 brood mares and the foals there. The entire ranch, every department, is connected by telephone with the stock farm office, which is in Hamilton, in the rear of the Ravalli County Bank.

FAMED FOR ITS DOGS.

Another thing for which the ranch is famous is its dog kennels, which are all grouped around Tammany Castle. The different strains and breeds are well known to dog fanciers. One can almost pick out the dogs in Butte which have come from Daly's kennels, so superior are they. Another sight well worth seeing are the hatcheries and fowl coverts, also situated on the plateau. Every kind of pigeon is to be seen here; every kind of game cock flourishes and English and China pheasants abound. The pea fowls add a picturesque touch. As for domestic fowls not a breed can be named which is not here represented. A peculiar thing is the hundreds of quail in the fields all over the ranch. Mr. Daly imported them from California and they are multiplying beyond his most sanguine hopes.

From a very brief description some idea of the magnitude of operations on Daly's ranch may be gained. But no one can arrive at an idea of the beauty of the place unless he visits it. Weeks could be pleasantly spent visiting the different departments. It has so far, stock and all, cost Mr. Daly over \$4,000,000, but it will repay him a thousand fold, although that part he does not care about. He has turned the desert into a park and has built a home that might well be the envy of kings.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The wife of a New York merchant has paid \$300 for a cat.

Malleable glass was made in the Nile Valley years ago and the process lost.

Toads become torpid in winter and hide themselves, taking no food for five or six months.

An old man named Anton Kam, who died recently in an Austrian almshouse, was found to be worth \$5,000,000.

A sign of politeness in Tibet on meeting a person is to hold up the clasped hand and stick out the tongue.

The British soldier's dress was not always red. It was white in the reign of Henry VIII., and dark green in the time of Elizabeth.

A cobra that measured somewhat over seven and one half feet, taken at Jaffa, Ceylon, is stated to be by far the largest ever recorded.

The Icelanders will not burn ash for firewood, because of their curious superstition that those who sit about such a fire will become enemies.

A peculiar clock, of the time of Charles I., was the lantern, or birdcage style, which hung from the walls high up, with its works exposed.

The Sioux and Blackfeet will, at parting, dig their spears in the earth as a sign of confidence and mutual esteem. This is the origin of the term, "burying the tomahawk."

At the conclusion of a trial in a small Southern town recently the verdict gave such satisfaction to every one that a local laundry advertised it would give a week's washing free of charge to the jurors.

A most remarkable flower has recently been discovered on the isthmus of Tehuantepec. The tree which bears it changes its appearance three times daily, for in the morning the blossoms are white, at noon they are red and at night blue.

It is a curious fact that the roots and branches of a tree are so alike in their nature that if a tree be uprooted and turned upside down the underground branches will take to themselves the functions of roots, and the exposed roots will in time bud and become veritable branches.

Soldiers and Cross-Eyed Women.

All British soldiers share the common superstition against meeting a cross-eyed woman. A reservist who recently journeyed to Aldershot to rejoin his regiment under orders for South Africa, wrote to a friend on the eve of his departure from the front: "I shall come back this trip, old fellow; there was a cross-eyed woman in the train as I came down to join. She looked at me all the time, confounded her, and you know what that means. I shall get the knock this journey."

The poor fellow's gloomy forebodings came true—he was one of the Grenadiers who fell at Belmont, and his fate has strengthened in one of two minds at all events, the belief that the sight of a cross-eyed woman is inimical to the safety of a soldier going on active service.

An Engineering Triumph.

One of the latest triumphs in the engineering world consists in the construction, shipment by steamer and subsequent transfer to railway transportation of a steamer of 4200 tons displacement, which was finally put afloat in Lake Baikal, Siberia, not less than five thousand miles from St. Petersburg.

"DIED GLORIOUSLY."

Knights-Errent of Journalism Who Met Death at the Front.

Again the ranks of the knights-errant of journalism have been broken by death on the field of duty. George Warrington Stevens, of the London Daily Mail, has just died at Lady-smith. He was at his post when the Boers invented the town and shared the common lot of his companions. Although a non-combatant, he endured all the privations of the siege, but succumbed to fever at a time when the relief of the beleaguered camp seems to be assured. Now that he is dead, many a sage clubman in Pall Mall who never had an idea that he didn't flinch from the newspapers must cease to begin his wise talks about the South African campaign with the words: "I see that Stevens says."

It was so when the American, MacGahan, showed Kauffman and Burnaby the way to Khiva. And later, when he described, with a pen dipped in his heart's blood, the horrors of the Turkish massacres in Bulgaria, London listened, then as now. MacGahan's letters put a new face on the Eastern question. Though an Orientalist was then Premier of England and sent a British fleet to the Dardanelles, he dared not land a man or fire a gun. Just as the American correspondent had told the Bulgarians, amid the smouldering ruins of their homes at Batak, the Czar did come and avenge their wrongs. MacGahan rode with the Russian army up to the hour of his death at San Stefano. He breathed his last in sight of the mainwars of Constantinople, and the immortal Skobelev was chief mourner at his grave.

The brave O'Shea, of the London Standard, lost his life in Egypt. Ralph Keeler, of the New York Tribune, was mysteriously killed at Santiago during the Virginian campaign. Many other heroes of journalism could be mentioned.

For years in the Grand Army it was the custom at nightfall when the roll was called to have the name of Latour d'Auvergne read off in order that the sergeants of the Grenadiers might salute and say: "Dead, on the field of battle!" So in every newspaper-office to-day, when the name of Stevens is called let each working journalist give the salute to the dead and say: "Died gloriously at his post of duty!"—Philadelphia Times.

Primitive College Life.

Our quarters were of the simplest; two students had one room, with one bed, and there we lived and studied, says W. J. Stillman, in the Atlantic. At half past five the bell rang to wake us, and half an hour later for prayers, the sleepy ones returning to sleep after the waking bell and thrusting themselves into their clothes as they ran when the prayer bell rang, to get to prayers before the roll call was over. From prayers we again dispersed to the recitation rooms for the morning recitations, and then to breakfast, mostly in town. There were two boarding houses, one at each end of the college walk, known as North and South Halls, and forming part of the architectural scheme of the institution, and here board was provided at somewhat lower terms and very much inferior quality than that at the private boarding houses in town. The price at the Halls was, if I remember correctly, \$1.25 a week, three meals a day, that in the town ranging from \$1.50 to \$1.75; furnished rooms in the town costing 75c. per week more, and a few favored or wealthier students had permission to room in them, but as a rule the undergraduates of Union were men of very limited means, on which account the president, Dr. Nott, had planned the arrangements to facilitate the attendance of that class of students, and the rules were such as to closely restrict the students from any participation in the social life of the townspeople.

Manus Elephant Helps the Doctor.

The intelligence of the elephant is well known and is illustrated in an interesting incident, as follows, says the Chicago Times-Herald: A young baby elephant had received a severe wound in its head, the pain of which rendered it so frantic and ungovernable that it was found impossible to persuade the animal to have the part dressed. Whenever any one approached it ran off with fury and would suffer no person to come within several yards of it. The man who had charge of it at length hit upon a contrivance for securing it. By a few signs and words he made the mother know what was wanted. The sensible creature seized her young one with her trunk and held it firmly down, though growling with agony, while the surgeon dressed the wound, and she continued to perform this service every day until the wound was perfectly recovered.

Paris Plagued With Voracious Rats.

Paris is suffering from a plague of rats. Their ordinary resorts—the sewers—having been disturbed by the work connected with the 1900 Exhibition along the banks of the Seine, they took refuge in the neighboring houses, preferably the new ones. There are now streets near the river where the inhabitants are afraid to allow their children to cross the garden or the courtyard after dark.

The central markets are infested to such an extent that rat hunting has been abandoned in despair. As soon as dark sets in armies of rats attack the reserve provisions, to which they have burrowed their way beneath the masonry.

The cats, which are numerous at the central markets, live on the best of terms with the rats, and they are seen trotting about together.

Strength of the Boer Army.

An apparently well-informed correspondent of the Morning Post, of London, says: "The Boer strength, originally 83,000 men, is now heavily augmented by Cape Colonists, and the enemy's fighting forces may be estimated fairly at 100,000 men and 206 guns. The Boers are not compelled to guard their communications. Their grass is good, the crops are growing, vegetables, cattle and sheep are plenty, and game is abundant."

Population of Manila.

The census of 1887 showed that the population of Manila, P. I., was 154,062. Since that time there has been no accurate census taken.

"A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."

A broken stitch, like the "little rift within the lute," is the beginning of trouble. "I am tired, not ill." "It will soon pass away." "I don't believe in medicine." These are the broken stitches that lead to serious illness. Nature is wise and in Hood's Sarsaparilla she has furnished the means to take up broken stitches. Why? Because it starts at the root and cleanses the blood.

Bad Blood—"For years I was troubled with my blood, my face was pale, I never felt well. Three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made me feel better and gave me a healthy color." Mac Cross, 24 Cedar Av., South, Minneapolis, Minn.



Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and our favorite to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Dog as a Mail Carrier.

New York Times: A woman called at a house on Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, the other day, bearing a letter addressed to the lady residing there. It had been mailed the day previous, but the address was almost effaced. The woman explained that she had a young collic which was in the habit of picking up and playing with articles he found on the sidewalk. She had been out walking with him when she noticed that he was playing with a letter, which he had evidently found. She took it from him, and finding that it had not been opened, she called at the address and delivered it. It was found about a block away from its address, and had probably been dropped on the sidewalk by a letter carrier. The owner talks of getting a position as mail carrier for her collic.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

The best remedy for Consumption, Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, Smallpox, quick, sure results. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. Trial, 5c for 5c.

Value of Pictures.

Pictures do more toward furnishing a house and determining the status of its inmates than anything else. If you have a suspicion that you are not wise in choosing and hanging pictures, get advice from someone whose taste need not be questioned, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. Cheap pictures are not necessarily poor, but a poor picture is usually cheap. To be able to discern the difference is a quality with which every one is not blessed. A good plan is to purchase copies of famous pictures, etchings and engravings. These are almost sure to be good. In framing pictures remember that gold frames are for oil paintings and dark pictures, white frames for water colors, and black enamel or Flemish oak and modern oak for etchings and photographs.

The German accent with which Queen Victoria has always spoken English is said to have grown much more marked with age.

FOR MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN.

Two Letters from Women Helped Through the "Change of Life" by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I first wrote to you I was in a very bad condition. I was passing through the change of life, and the doctors said I had bladder and liver trouble. I had suffered for nine years. Doctors failed to do me any good. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health has improved very much. I will gladly recommend your medicine to others and am sure that it will prove a great blessing to them as it has to me."—MRS. GEO. H. JUNE, 901 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Relief Came Promptly

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had been under treatment with the doctors for four years, and seemed to get no better. I thought I would try your medicine. My trouble was change of life, and I must say that I never had anything help me so much as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Relief came almost immediately. I have better health now than I ever had. I feel like a new woman, perfectly strong. I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound all the credit, and would not do without her medicine for anything. I have recommended it to several of my friends. There is no need of women suffering so much for Mrs. Pinkham's remedies are a sure cure."—MABELA HETTER, Bridge-water, Ill.

Another Woman Helped

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during change of life and derived great benefit from its use."—MARY E. JAMES, 136 Coeydon St., Bradford, Pa.

TWO hundred bushels of Potatoes remove

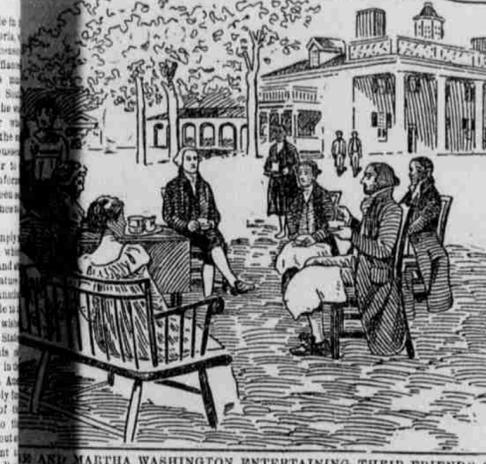
eighty pounds of "actual" Potash from the soil. One thousand pounds of a fertilizer containing 8% "actual" Potash will supply just the amount needed. If there is a deficiency of Potash, there will be a falling-off in the crop.

We have some valuable books telling about composition, use and value of fertilizers for various crops. They are sent free.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.



Is THE BEST INK.



AND MARTHA WASHINGTON ENTERTAINING THEIR FRIENDS ON THE LAWN AT MOUNT VERNON.

would pay him the compensation to him until after the death of his wife, or even of lighting him to a bedroom for the night. Washington at this time was pleasant and unostentatious, still showing the marks of a soldier, and with seldom a gleam of playing the role of a mistress of the arts, a gentleman, of courteous and of amusing her guests. She had great respect for making "cherry" on a mid-summer day in two pairs of breeches and a top hat, and the General felt that she was settling down to the Presidency, and she was in a position to do so in an old-fashioned, steady, a clock, and cheerful as a

farm for 1798 he found that he had made a clear gain, during the year, of about \$4500, and he studied with much exactitude as to how he could improve the management of his land and make it yield larger and more varied crops. It was in that same year that he executed his last will and testament. It was carefully written by himself, covering forty-two pages, including a schedule and

Washington as his own savior. It was in that same year that he executed his last will and testament. It was carefully written by himself, covering forty-two pages, including a schedule and



WASHINGTON AS HIS FORMER COMRADES IN ARMS AND NEIGHBORS VIEWING THE REMAINS OF WASHINGTON.

description of his estate, which he valued, or rather, perhaps undervalued, at \$550,000.

It was about this time that he spent his last Fourth of July at Alexandria. There he was received by the militia-men of the town, whom he reviewed, after which he dined with a party of citizens and was hailed as the "Cincinnatus of America."

The wish of Washington, which indicated the possible apprehension of burial alive, was scrupulously observed after his death. The body had been placed in a mahogany coffin lined with lead and inclosed in a case covered with black cloth. The rites of sepulture were short and simple. A little procession was formed to march from the house to the family vault. It consisted of the troops from Alexandria, musicians, four clergymen, the

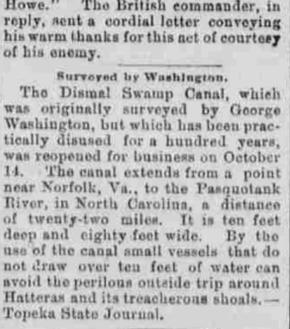
Washington and General Howe's Dog. While the British occupied Philadelphia and the American force lay in winter quarters at Valley Forge, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal, one day, as Washington and his staff were dining, a fine hunting dog, which was evidently lost, came to seek something to eat. On its collar was the name "General Howe." Washington ordered that the dog should be fed, and then he sent it to Philadelphia under a flag of truce, with a letter reading: "General Washington's compliments to General Howe. He does himself the pleasure to return to him a dog, which accidentally fell into his hands, and, by the inscription on the collar, appears to belong to General Howe." The British commander, in reply, sent a cordial letter conveying his warm thanks for this act of courtesy of his enemy.

Survived by Washington. The Dismal Swamp Canal, which was originally surveyed by George Washington, but which has been practically disused for a hundred years, was reopened for business on October 14. The canal extends from a point near Norfolk, Va., to the Pasquotank River, in North Carolina, a distance of twenty-two miles. It is ten feet deep and eighty feet wide. By the use of the canal small vessels that do not draw over ten feet of water can avoid the perilous outside trip around Hatteras and its treacherous shoals.—Topeka State Journal.

What Benny Knew. "Benny," said Mr. Bloombumper, "if George Washington is the first in the hearts of his countrymen, who comes second?"

"I don't know about that," replied Benny, "but Independence Day is the Fourth."—Harper's Bazar.

Life Mask of Washington.



Made by Houdon in 1785.