AMERICAN UNION.

VOL. 43. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1899. NO. 42.

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1899 JULY. 1899

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6:30 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8:07 a m; Q A R R for Points West.
9:45 a m; Q A R R for Points East.
11:45 a m; Steamer for River Points.
1:00 p m; Stage for Preston.
1:30 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
4:15 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:52 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:35 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:15 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
12:00 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
4:45 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
7:22 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
8:00 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Frederick Stump and William R. Martin, Associates. Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Charles W. Hobbs; Deputy, George A Deakyne; Recording Clerk, Charles E. Stevens.

County Commissioners—Willard C. Todd, President; Daniel J. Zacharias and William E. Lord.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners—Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; J. B. Orrell and A. R. Wright, Associates.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; H. Franklin Stevens and Henry C. Fisher.

School Examiner and Secretary—M. Bates Stephens.

State's Attorney—William H. Deweese.

Sheriff—Robert C. Rice.

County Constables—First District—J. Saunders, Goldsboro; John A. Comegys, Henderson; J. E. Faulkner, Marydel. Second District—Andrew Baggs, Greensboro. Third District—C. P. Dunning, Denton. Fourth District—W. T. Tuff, Preston. Fifth District—John H. Williamson, Federalsburg. Sixth District—A F. Murphy, Hillsboro. Seventh District—J. W. Simons, Ridgely. Eighth District, F. H. Beauchamp, Williston.

Denton Directory.

Town Commissioners—Harry A Roe, Henry R Lewis, Wm A Stewart, J D Downes and Geo H Berry, President, Harry A Roe; Secretary and Treasurer, Wm A Stewart.

Denton Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—N. G., G. W. Rolph; V. G., C. H. Stewart; Secretary, W. R. Scotten; Treasurer, Jacob Ghingher. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Choptank Conclave, No. 28, I. O. O. H.—Archon, H. R. Lewis; Provost, Z T. Hutchinson; Secretary, J. A. Trazzare; Treasurer, B. H. Johnson. Meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Caroline Council, No, 175, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor T. Fred. Towers; Vice-Councilor, C. H. Stewart; Recording Secretary, C. Harry Whitby; Treasurer, Wm. F. Murphy. Meets in Masonic Hall every Monday evening at 7.30.

Pride of Denton Council, No. 42, D. of A.—Councilor, Mrs. Fannie Shields; Vice Councilor, Miss Emma Richards; Secretary, H. N. Clark; Treasurer, Miss Mary Driggas. Meets every Friday evening at 7.30 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Temple Lodge, No. 128, A. F. & A. M.—W. M., J. S. Barnhart; S. W.; A. G. Towers; J. W., M. B. Stephens; Secretary, James Swann; Treasurer, William Stevens. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p. m, in Masonic Hall.

Christ P. E. Church.—Rev. George S. Fitzhugh, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:00 p.m. Friday evening service at 7:30 p. m.

M. E. Church.—Rev. J. S. Wickline, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. Prayer service every Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2.00 o'clock p. m.

M. P. Church.— Rev. J. M. Dickey, Pastor. Preaching Services every Sunday at 3.00 p. m., Christian Endeavor service at 7:30. Prayer service every Tuesday evening at 8:00 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 p. m.

Denton National Bank.—Thomas W. Jones, President; Ernest Downes, Vice-President; Thomas C. West, Cashier; J. Dukes Downes, Teller.

Peoples National Bank.— Joseph H. Bernard, President; Fred R. Owens Vice-President, Geo. L. Wallace, Cashier; Jas. A. Trazzare, Teller.

Hillsboro Directory.

St Paul's Church—Rev Geo F Beaven, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m.

M E Church—Rev T A H O'Brien, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m. Prayer services, Queen Anne every Tuesday at 7.30 p m, Hillsboro every Wednesday at 7:30. Sunday School every Sunday at 9 a m.

M E Church (South)—Rev T W Moore, Pastor, Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m Prayer services Thursday at 7:30 a m

Tri-County Council, No. 189, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor, C F Sparks, Vice-Councilor, E H Gale; Recording Secretary, L A Duffy; Treasurer, H M Thompson.

Postmaster—G W Ford.

Professional and Business Cards

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Denton, Md.

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State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE, FRED R. OWENS
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DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
PHYSCIAN AND GYNOICOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.
Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m.; 6 to 7 p.m.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton, Md.

Office at Brown's Drug Store.
Office Hours:—8 to 10 A. M.
1 to 3 P. M.
7 to 9 P. M.
Residence Cor. 7th and Main Sts.

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EARTH'S BLOSSOMS.

Oh, you husband, when you grumble at your wife's dressmaker's bill,
And about a costly bonnet fret and stew,
Did you ever stop to reason how this world would take a chill
If your pretty wife and daughter dressed like you?
With your somber black cravat, and your ugly, shiny hat,
And your coat, a perfect antidote for mirth,
You are practical enough, like the kitchen garden stuff,
But the women are the roses of the earth.

When a crowd of men are gathered, it's a sad and solemn show—
It's a living, breathing spectacle of gloom,
Every single fellow's garments might be patterned from a crow
That had pecked about an undertaker's tomb;
But you let a woman go to that gathering of woe
And you'll see a sight that's cheap at any price,
For 'mid that funereal band, blithe and radiant, she'll stand
Like a flashing, gleaming bird of Paradise.

All the complimentary colors are shining in her dress,
All the blossoms are a-nodding on her head,
She's a sweet, angelic vision of transcendant loveliness,
And as gorgeous as a peacock's plumage spread:
With the ribbons and the lace 'round her pretty, laughing face,
She's as sparkling as a fountain in the sun,
With her beauties all a-gleam, she's a vision and a dream
And a rocket and a rainbow, all in one.

So we mustn't growl and grumble though the bills be what they please
For the satins and the other precious stuffs,
And be happy though our trousers do get baggy at the knees,
And we often are obliged to trim our cuffs.
Though we labor every day so that they may be as gay,
When we see 'em, don't we get our money's worth?
Though they do come rather high, we must have 'em, you and I,
For the women are the roses of the earth.
—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE SHOAL OF DRUNKEN DICK

By S. Rhete Roman

THE sinking sun shone bland and condescending, and the water heaved slowly, in great lazy, heavy rollers over the sand bar and sunken rocks of Drunken Dick. An occasional spurt of spray darted high in air as some playful breaker flung itself over the sharp jagged points of rock hidden beneath the surface, or against one of the many swirls and currents, always contending for a free passage way across the long obstruction of the bar which cut them off from the deep water of the Southwest passage on one side and Moffit's winding channel on the other.

A flock of sea gulls hovered around fishing in the shoal waters, riding on the swelling waves when wearied of sport, or circling in low, sweeping curves over the crest of the waves, their under plumage and long tapering wings gleaming white in the evening light and the slanting rays of the setting sun.

"You are very peaceful to-day," said one of the sea birds, with sarcastic meaning, while dropping down and rocking lightly in the trough of the swaying billows. "What wickedness do you meditate? I suppose you are waiting for the full quarter of the moon? Waiting and watching your chance? Are you not aweary of your devilish work of death and destruction? Of human agony? The shrieks of the dying and the groans of those you toy with, then dash in your mad and frantic moods on the heartless rocks and hard, cruel sands? You ought to be ashamed of your whole wicked existence! Have you any idea of the despair and misery you have occasioned? The heartbreak your hellish sport has brought about?

"You look calm and playful this evening. But I know you. You are not to be trusted."

The waters of Drunken Dick gurgled and laughed in lazy derision at the fisher bird's petulant reproaches, and sprung back and forth on the edge of the sandbar with a low, continuous murmur, like the purring of lions at play. For the tide was low, and the spring evening calm, and dusk with its shadows was coming. A light breeze blew from the south, odorous with the scent of magnolia and bay blossoms, gathered up as they swept through the forests and gardens along the curved shore of the harbor, and moist with the salt spray of the ocean. It filled the sails of a fleet of small fisher boats, which ran out, impatient and hurried, at dawn, and slowly threaded their way back at nightfall, or later, if the moon shone bright and silvered the waters of the bay.

"Why were you called 'The Shoal of Drunken Dick?'" queried the sea gull.

"Because once a huge, big-limbed pilot, handsome and brawny, Richard McDonald, former mate on a British three-master, one dark and stormy night, nearly a century ago, missed the main channel, little bird, and ran the big ship he was piloting, the Corona, right up on our sands," answered the billows, gleefully.

"That's no answer," said the bird.

"No?" said the waves. "Perhaps it is, when you come to find out that the Corona was the very ship Dick had deserted from; that the great, strong three-master was the ship where he had been put in irons, and had been cruelly ill-treated. How he shouted with glee when he plunged her on our shoal, and we tore her to pieces and dashed the dead body of her captain against our sunken rocks!

"Dick was clinging to a spar. We tossed and rolled him back and forth; then the eddies caught him and carried him around yonder point, and the current of the channel seized hold of him and swept him along toward the lights of the city. Of course, Dick was put in prison and then on trial.

"But he pleaded drunkenness, the darkness of the night, the storm, and it so happened that the only solitary beacon light of the harbor, through some fatal accident, went out that night.

"Dick's sweetheart was the lighthouse keeper's daughter—a splendid girl, Scotch like Richard, great brown eyes, and auburn hair; a fair skin, and a rosy, laughing mouth. But she forgot to smile after the wreck of the Corona, for all she was so wild about Dick."

"How did you know all that gossip?" asked the sea gull, contemptuously.

"Listen, to the silly birdie! Just listen!" said the Waves, while rocking gently and slowly. "How do we know? Why, the best deep-sea fishing is around here, on the rocks at the bottom of the harbor, just beyond where our sandbar juts out, as you very well know. When the days are dull and quiet, like this May afternoon, the mosquito fleet drops anchor around, and all day long we hear the songs and stories of the fishermen, as they sink their lines to catch the fish, where they lie, fat and lazy, on the rocks below.

"How do we know? You'll ask next what brought bonny Catherine so often rowing out here from the lighthouse, and why she would let her boat drift with the tide, while her big brown eyes looked down into the water, where the dismantled wreck of the Corona lay, snug and safe, jammed between our bowlders and half buried by our shifting sands. The fish dart through her port holes and crawling sea snakes glide in and out."

"Well, what became of the girl? Seems to me she was just as much to blame as Richard. What a horrid plot! I suppose her anger was in proportion to her great love for him. But it is just like mankind to be cruel and revengeful. It is a peculiar race. Swayed by impulse and passion and unrest," commented the kingfisher, rising to shake off the sea foam which had gathered on his long pinions, then resettling himself on the breast of the dark-green waters, to continue his chat with the breakers of Drunken Dick.

"What's that to you? Do you suppose we are going to tell you our secrets? Those we have guarded all these years? You'll be chattering them to all the birds of the harbor next."

"Your secrets! You are very dull if you suppose I cannot guess your ugly work," retorted the sea bird, with asperity.

"You forget I was born on the sand dunes of yonder island, among the myrtle bushes, where the tall palmetto trees grow; that all my life I have flshed in these waters, have been driven over them by storms and tempests, have watched the stars come out at night serene and calm, and the fitful moon play with the lights and shadows of the summer clouds.

"You forget that while you are chained here to your jagged and snarling reef, thundering your chant to the winds, or murmuring your treacheries free and unshackled as you do now, I wing my way far out to sea to signal the incoming and outgoing of the great ocean liners, and to watch the queer foreign craft, the trading ships, which come from all parts of the world, with crews aboard speaking all languages.

"Your secrets, you foolish waves! I can guess the fate you meted out to that unfortunate girl easily enough, without your telling me."

The sea gull, who was handsome and powerful, sent forth a few shrill calls to its mate, busily engaged with a shoal of bass to the leeward of Drunken Dick.

The waves laughed and rolled up further on the sand bar, for the ebb tide had just turned and soon they would resume their restless thunder and tumult.

"The wreck of the Corona lies just beneath you," said the billows.

"It was always when tide was low that Catherine, handsome Catherine, woul row out here in spite of her father's and Dick's entreaties, to peer down at the spars and broken masts below, which you can discern yourself if you look carefully."

"Yes, and one evening some wicked wind blew sudden from the northeast; or one of your snarling squalls swooped down and set you raging. Then you caught Catherine's frail boat in your cruel eddies and laughed at her puny efforts to extricate it from your hideous currents, and you jeered and laughed, tossed her cockle-shell boat right and left, then lifted it aloft on the crest of one of your huge breakers, and dashed her and it on the bed over which you tumble and play with such fierce joy. I know you!

"I only hope," continued the sea gull, "that you dashed the life out of her strong young body at once and without cruel delay."

"So we did. So we did," said the waves, already showing signs of growing excitement as the ground swell increased with the rest of the waters inward, and the sun sank in the west. "So we did, quarrelsome bird. We unbound her long hair and loosened her heavy gown from her white throat and floated her on the water for some few seconds just to see how fair and young she was. Then we buried her in the sands close by the hull of the Corona, where the captain and his crew once lay.

"We covered her up thick with heavy white sand, and she lies there now," said the waves, gleefully.

"Oh, you wicked, heartless shoal! How many are your bad deeds! And what did Dick say to your fine work? Did he guess the fate of his sweetheart?"

The waves stumbled and laughed, and shook the sea gull with sinister glee, and the bell buoy anchored of recent years just beyond the danger point of the long seagirt reef began to toll with the motion of the rising tide.

"The shoal of Drunken Dick. That's when and how we got the ugly name," said the breakers. "And it served a queer purpose finally. Did he guess how she died, you ask. Why, to this day we can hear the curses he rained upon us in his ravings when he came out like a madman in his sailboat to look for her. He called down the vengeance of Heaven upon these rocks and sands, and the ugly name they had given us fell upon him, too. Drunken Dick! He was a changed man after that. He seemed to know where she lay, and would sail up and down close by in the channel—"

"Go on," said the sea bird, shrilly, for with the rising of the tide the wind had increased and the roar of the breakers was already deafening. "Go on. You need hide nothing. Drunken Dick met his fate as his handsome, loving sweetheart had done. You mangled him and tore him, and buried him, perhaps near where her fair body lay. Is that it?"

"Her long hair, which the sand had not covered, fell over him," laughed the billows, "but he knew it not, for he was dead, dead, dead!"

"Ugh!! You hideous shoal! Do you know what ought to be done to you? You should be cut in twain by man's devices. Your sand should be taken away, and the ocean made to eat into your vitals and honeycomb your rocks until you disappear and are swallowed by the vast ebb and flow of the tides."

The sea gull rose and shook its pinions in fierce indignation, and uttered a shrill cry of scorn at the heartless tragedies of Drunken Dick.

The bell buoy tolled as it tossed on the waters a note of warning that the danger was increasing with the growing thunder of Drunken Dick.

With canvas spread a yacht sped down Ship channel, and a gay pleasure party aboard insisted that the skipper sail close to the tumbling breakers and to the mournful bell buoy.

"I don't like the risk, sir. But if you insist I'll take the ladies as near in as I can," Tompkins said to the owner of the yacht.

"The moon and tide are rising, and the wind's pretty sharp. That's a mighty treacherous shoal, sir. If the Seafoam got caught in the current around the point there's no telling—"

"Oh, do go as close as you can," said a very pretty girl, with joyous recklessness.

The sea gull came hovering over the flying pleasure boat and uttered note after note of wild warning.

"Seek not the treachery of the shoal. Beware of Drunken Dick!" shrieked the bird, with anguished entreaty.

"That's a warning," said the skipper, looking up.

Veering her course when close on the breakers, the Seafoam slipped into the channel, and sped on her way homeward.

The breakers thundered hoarsely in anger that they were despoiled of their prey, and the sea gull laughed joyously as he winged his way to the myrtles on the sand alone.

"I'm so awfully sorry we did not get closer in," said the pretty girl with petulant grace, as she drank a glass of champagne.

"That was a close shave. The sea gull saved us!" muttered Tonkins, wiping the beads from his forehead.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

CECIL RHODES IN A NEW ROLE.

South African Leader Almost Preaches a Sermon in Favor of the Salvation Army.

Cecil Rhodes appeared the other afternoon in a new role at London, sermonizing at the Mansion house to the Salvation Army. It was a semiaristocratic function on social work of the Salvation Army. Lord Aberdeen, Lord Loch, Lord Monkswell, and Lord Justice Rigby were present, the lord mayor presiding.

Rhodes wasn't down on the list of speakers, but was suddenly called upon to address the meeting. He good-humoredly complied, and took off his overcoat, squared his broad shoulders, and stepped briskly to the front of the platform.

He praised the operations of the Salvationists in South Africa. The Cape cabinet, after inquiring what the army had done, found it had given homes to waifs and strays, had picked up the fallen, and had given them, when released, another chance in life. He said:

"The practical form which the Cape parliament took of the work done was a vote in aid, which had been continued since. There are 15 other colonies all told," continued Rhodes, "where grants in aid have been made to the army, not on a sentimental basis, but as a practical return for the work the army does. In my own church there are many disputes, but let us put all those details aside and recognize that we all are human beings, be it as an officer of the Salvation Army or as a minister of the church, engaged in working for the elevation of humanity."

Mr. Rhodes donated $1,000 to the army.

PRINCE AND PRIEST.

From Gay Young Lieutenant Max of Saxony Evolves Into an Apostolic Vicar.

For a young man Prince Max of Saxony has seen much of the world in all its phases. He was born in 1870, being the third son of Prince George, brother of the king and heir apparent to the Saxon throne. His eldest sister

PRINCE MAX OF SAXONY.
(Started in Life as a Soldier and Now Is a Priest.)

is Princess Mathilda, who the gossips of Europe say is to marry Emperor Franz Josef of Austria. Prince Max was trained for the army, which he entered, serving as lieutenant in the Dural regiment of grenadiers. During his career as a soldier he lived a gay life, in consequence of which the surprise was greater when, in 1893, he suddenly left his regiment and entered the monastery at Eisenach, where he studied for the priesthood. Before he was ordained in 1896 he renounced all his rights to the throne of Saxany. Despite his youth, the pope almost immediately appointed him apostolic vicar of Saxony.

Compressed Air for Power.

A gas motor car of the Dessau Gas Railway company was on exhibition at the German industrial exposition in Berlin, together with a portable engine which furnishes compressed gas to run the car. For more than a year a car similar to this has been making regular daily runs on the Chariottenburg-Knie street car line in Berlin, and has rendered very satisfactory service.

He Got Out of It.

Hewitt—I don't believe in putting off until to-morrow what you can do today.

Jewett—Pay me that five dollars then.

Hewitt—The rule doesn't apply; that's something I can't do to-day.—Town Topics.

TWO LITTLE CUBANS.

For Five Months They Live in a Deserted Village.

A Pathetic Story Told by Army Nurses—One of the Young Sufferers Died, the Other Is Now in Old Virginia.

About 40 trained women nurses accompanied the army of occupation to Cuba last autumn, and remained on duty there at the division hospitals all winter. The work was light, and so thoroughly systematized that three or four at a time were often granted a day off.

One day—the 8th of February—they drove to a village named Red Eye, 18 miles from Havana. The place had been almost entirely destroyed, but, from the nature of the ruins, it was evident that they were the remains of substantial houses, in which well-to-do people had lived. A crumbling parish church stood in the midst, and this the party had the curiosity to enter. They found it entirely dismantled and the walls fast falling away, but in one corner of the desolate place two little waifs had taken refuge. They, like refugees of old, had sought sanctuary in the church, and found it.

A girl of 12, with her knees drawn up, sat on the floor by an empty can and an old iron kettle. She had a mop of black hair and luminous dark eyes, which showed no lack of intelligence, and alone with unusual brilliancy out of her pinched face. Huddled close to her was a boy of five, with the same dark features and the same look of patient, hopeless endurance. A small bundle of rags, on which they sat and slept, completed the list of their possessions.

A few questions, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, drew out their story. Their mother and father had died of the fever, they had no relatives, no friends, nowhere to go, no one to succor them. They had lived in the

TWO CUBAN WAIFS.
(Discovered Half Starved in a Crumbling Parish Church.)

church five months. There were three of them at first, but one, a sister, had died; they did not know how she was buried. They had subsisted on what the little boy could beg or find from day to day. He, taking at that early age the masculine part of bread winner, had gone forth to glean scraps of food, no matter what, so long as they could eat it. She—the woman—had been true to the feminine role, the role of self-sacrifice, for, while the boy was still plump, her features and limbs were emaciated, and starvation looked from her eyes.

Her feet were drawn up and were stiffened from sitting forever in that one position, and she was unable to stretch them out. Their names were Sabrina and Guillermo Hernandez. They made no complaint; they regarded it as entirely natural. They did not expect anything else, and had lived on, day after day, kept alive by their instinct of self-preservation, their keen intelligence dead to the possibilities of life.

The kind-hearted nurses melted over the pathetic story, and they determined to carry the children back to camp. There was nobody to raise any objection, and to the children it was like being translated to paradise. A little tent was pitched back of the nurses' row at the division hospital, and the children were washed and clothed and fed, and were given, besides scientific care, the love and tenderness which is even more of a blessing to orphaned childhood.

Guillermo soon became strong, and, clothed in a beautiful new sailor suit, presented a wonderful contrast to the ragged, hungry little being of a short time since. But Sabrina, though she rewarded the kindness lavished upon her with gratitude, had gone one step too far on that long, painful way which leads to death and starvation. All they could do was to lessen her sufferings as they watched her waste away. She showed the utmost intelligence of mind and an inexhaustible patience, for she had been well drilled in all the grades of physical suffering. She retained her brightness until she breathed her last tortured breath, and the wasted body was still.

Guillermo came north with the nurses. He is to spend his summer in Virginia.

Range of the Human Voice.

The range of the human voice is quite astonishing. There are about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,515 different sounds; thus, 14 direct muscles, alone or together, produce 16,383 sounds; 30 direct muscles produce 173,741,823, and all in cooperation produce the number named, and these independently of different degrees of intensity and of the indefinable something called expression.

BABY RABBIT HUNTER.

Little Illinois Girl Possesses All the Instincts and Cunning of a Sure-Enough Trapper.

Salem, Ill., claims the youngest rabbit hunter in the state; and a girl at that. Helen McMackin, 5½ years old, says Leslie's Weekly, is certainly a prodigy. To see her snugly nestled on the couch in the library, looking intently at the pictures in some book, one would never imagine her either a hunter or a dog fancier; she is both, and the champion dog catcher of the town. She can lassoo any strange canine with the dexterity of a cowboy lassoing a Texas steer; and,

MISS HELEN M'MACKIN.
(Known at Home as the Youngest Rabbit Hunter of Illinois.)

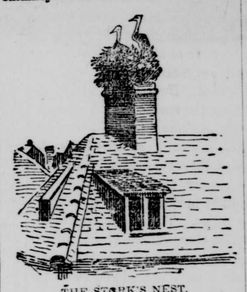
strange to say, the dog never offers any resistance when caught, but follows Helen home, to be tied to a post on the side porch along, perhaps, with three or four more of the same kind, which she has in readiness for a "hunt." Helen possesses three dogs of her own, for which she entertains wonderful attachment; and the feeling is certainly mutual between child and dogs. She does not go in search of the small quadruped of the hare tribe as the Nimrod, with a loaded gun, but takes only her dogs. From the time she was three years of age, and had a rabbit "treed" under a little rustic bridge near her home, she has at intervals during the season trudged over hills and through fields with a bevy of dogs in search of rabbits. And she gets them, too. Should she be unsuccessful during one of her jaunts her imagination is so vivid that in her mind she has killed all sorts of wild animals, which is as exciting as a sure-enough rabbit. Helen left her cradle with her imagination at fever heat, and has never allowed it to cool. It goes without saying that Helen is a "tom-boy," but a very lovable one, possesssing strong convictions as to the right, and adhering with astonishing tenacity thereto. Her peculiarities, combined with nobility of character, make Helen a very attractive little girl.

HEIDELBERG'S STORK.

The Famous Bird Has Returned to Its Nest, and the Whole Town Is Rejoicing.

Many of our young friends no doubt have heard of the famous stork of Heidelberg, which, it is said, has for over a century had its nest on top of a chimney of a certain house in that city. Of course it migrates every winter to a more comfortable climate, but as soon as spring arrives so does a stork that at once locates on that particular chimney, and the residents insist that it is the same old fellow.

It is a fact that many years ago the chimney was removed in order to make



THE STORK'S NEST.
(The Whole Town of Heidelberg Takes a Pride in It.)

some repairs on the house, and the nest was put on a chimney of another house, and when Mr. Stork returned he showed that he did not like the change at all, and positively refused to settle at the new location. His dissatisfaction aroused public interest and sympathy, for the Heidelberg people are proud of their stork; hence it was arranged that his nest should be replaced in its original position. This met with his approval, so he settled down and began business at the old stand.

This stork has now returned to Heidelberg after the winter, so writes a correspondent from that city, and, besides many other signs of good fortune, his advent is a sign that good weather has come.

Some years ago his mate was shot, and for two years (a reasonable length of time) he seemed inconsolable over her loss and for a time it was feared that he would die. It is true that he has now another mate, but it is very apparent that he is not so devoted to her as he was to No. 1, and it was noticed that he did not spend so much of his time at home as before. The reason of this was understood when accidentally it was discovered that he had yet another mate in a neighboring town.

London Wedding Sensation.

A side light is thrown on the intensity of feeling prevailing in London over religious discussions within the Church of England by the tumult which occurred at the fashionable wedding in Christ church, Piccadilly, last week, of Capt. Dutton Hunt, of the light infantry, and Miss Hopeton. The captain had been divorced by his first wife, and at just the proper point of the marriage to Miss Hopeton some of the spectators made loud objection on the ground that the captain had a canonical wife living. Written protests were read and answered by the other side, and some of the bride's friends fainted. The ceremony, however, was finally concluded.

Czar a Humanitarian.

Czar Nicholas II. is said to have an aversion to the needless slaughter of animals of any kind. He has recently foresworn the pleasure of the chase, and the shooting of game, and the birds and beasts in the imperial preserves live in undisturbed quiet.

Corresponding Development.

Bridget (reading laboriously)—Hev you seen this, Pat? It sez here that whin a mon loses wan av his sinses, his other sinses get more develyuped. F'r instans, a blind mon gets more sinse av hearin', an' touch, an'—

Pat—Shure, an' it's quite thrue; Oi've not'ced it meself. Whin a mon has wan leg shorter than the other, begorra, the other leg's longer, isn't it now?—Chicago Times-Herald.

RANGERS TO DISBAND

Famous Texas Force to Be Legislated Out of Existence.

The Older People of the Lone Star State Regret the Passing Away of an Institution Inaugurated in the Early Days.

"We are going to lose what has always been to me the most characteristic of the men of Texas if a bit of legislation now pending manages to pass," said Frank B. Lamar, of Austin, in that state. "The proposition is up to do away with the Texas state rangers, a body of rough and ready fellows, who were a cross between the gentleman cowboy, the policeman and the 'tough man' of the plains. At one time there was a bunch of these fellows who liked the rough and careless lives they had to lead. They were the most irregular of regulars, but they were a very efficient police force for the state, and they have a record of very many good deeds performed in the line of duty, as well as one of some pretty rough fun.

"They came into being just after the war as a sort of mounted police for our frontier, to guard the then sparsely settled country from the 'greasers' who came over from Mexico to steal cattle or smuggle goods from one country to the other. They hated greasers, Indians and squaw men as his satanic majesty is said to hate holy water, and would rather kill one than eat a square meal or kill a rattler. They had a sort of uniform, but the principal feature of it was the saddle of their horses, and whenever one had made a good bit of money it was a saddle that he first thought of purchasing. Some of these were gorgeous in the extreme, all covered with silver ornaments and filigree work of all sorts. Each of them carried a navy revolver, a carbine, a lasso and a blanket when he was on duty. Their ponies were the tough little bronchos of

A TEXAS RANGER.
(Famous Organization of State Troops to Be Disbanded.)

the plains, and they could ride like the devil, shoot to kill, riding or standing, and endure any hardship. They feared neither God, man nor devil, as has been well said of them, and each had a lot of notches in the butt of either his carbine or his revolver, generally in both, as proof of the individuals they had killed in the line of duty, each notch indicating a life taken. It was generally the life of a man whom the community could well spare. They thus marked the passage to their last account of horse thieves, smugglers, Indians or 'bad men,' who were the worst, as they were the most cowardly and treacherous of the whole bunch.

"Of late years the 'rangers' have rather lost caste, and they have dwindled down to about 50 in all, drawing pay from the state. The country has become so generally settled and the tough element so well subdued that there seems now no longer any place for them in the police scheme of the state. I am not the only old Texan that is sorry to see the rangers go, for, even though they have of late lived rather in the imagination of the people than in fact, they were so thoroughly feared by thieves and ruffians that their past reputation has served to keep these people on their good behavior. We all fear that with the passing of this body there may return frontier troubles, and perhaps the old-time thievery and smuggling. But I suppose the state officers and legislators know best about the matter, and we will have to accept their dispersion whether or no. But one thing I do know, and that is that the women who have to live on the ranches will regret the passing of the rangers. They rarely had any use for them, but when there was any trouble, and the rangers were around, the women folks knew they were safe. Many a woman owes her life to the timely arrival at the ranch of one or more of these members of our frontier police. They've been mighty good friends to the Texans, but as they have outlived their day in helping along the scheme of civilization I suppose they must go. They will be mightily missed by the early settlers of the state, these men who aided to develop the big ranches, some of which are bigger than the states up east here."

Unhappy Illustration.

"Johnny," said a teacher to a South side groceryman's six-year-old, "a lie can be acted as well as told. Now, if your father would put sand in his sugar and sell it, he would be acting a lie and doing wrong."

"That's what mother told him," said Johnny, impetuously, "and he said he didn't care."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

Not Hard to Bear.

Great Author (who sells by subscription)—So you are a book agent, eh? I presume you meet with a good deal of ill treatment?

Agent—Yes, every day.

"I don't see how you stand it.

"Well, you see, I know it isn't because folks dislike me personally. It's because they have such a contempt for the books."—N. Y. Weekly.

Took the Same.

Lawyer—You say that you were in the saloon at the time of the assault referred to in the complaint?

Witness—I was, sir.

Lawyer—Did you take cognizance of the barkeeper at the time?

Witness—I don't know what he called it, but I took what the rest did.—Boston Courier.

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