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SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
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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.

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SPANISH GARRISONS IN THE PHILIPPINES

THEY WERE INVARIABLY SMALL DURING ALL THE THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OF SPANISH RULE.

THE Philippine Islanders have consistently shown one trait of character ever since they have come to the notice of the civilized people of the world, and that is to run away from battle when confronted even by the merest handful of men. Although always ready to rebel, and treacherously murder, they seldom fought. They probably never won a battle from the Spanish, and the military losses of the latter in the 350 years of sovereignty were probably not over 2,500 men. Modern weapons and education of a few leaders have enabled the Filipinos to inflict more damage to the American army in the past year than they inflicted on the Spanish army in decades or even in centuries.

The islands were conquered without loss to the Spanish. The natives generally were friendly and quiet, and had the Spanish concerned themselves with administering justice they would have had little trouble. Instead, they turned over the affairs to the priests, who seized all they could and adopted forcible measures to compel the natives to accept their religion. The persecution by the clergy was the cause of nearly every uprising. Evidence exists to prove that many rebellions were fomented by the monks and friars for the opportunity to rid the country by death or banishment of persons who would not readily yield to them. The priesthood was supreme in everything, the governors being merely their puppets; and there was a reign of religious persecution and injustice such as blackened the history of the dark ages. But even with the desire to avenge themselves of these wrongs which led to the slaughter of thousands of their numbers, the Filipinos were easily controlled. For the first century the Spanish army never exceeded 500 men, and for two centuries, Foreman says, "military organization hardly existed."



OLD SPANISH FORT, USED IN DEFENSE AGAINST THE MOROS.

The first revolt against Spanish authority was in May, 1584. Some of the principal natives of Manila and adjoining territory had become dissatisfied, but they were easily put down and the leaders of the insurrection were killed. In 1589 the garrison to command the islands was fixed at 400 soldiers with the necessary officers, and the following year saw the beginning of the construction of the still existing walls around the old town, and the old cathedral. A small party of soldiers explored the interior of Luzon without mishap. In 1596 a force of 214 men and some monks were sent to Mindanao to establish Spanish authority throughout that island. The coast tribes were friendly, but one in the interior fortified their town and drove the Spaniards back to the coast, after killing the chief of the expedition and a few soldiers. This tribe afterward met defeat in trying to drive the Spanish from the island and then acknowledged the supremacy of the Spanish, and the latter were safe in traveling throughout the island. The following year the Jolo islanders killed thirty soldiers, and in 1599, with the warlike Mindanao tribe, who had become emboldened by the withdrawal of the soldiers, fitted out a fleet and attacked the Spanish on the island of Negros. The natives of Oton and Panay joined and the total force was 50 vessels with 3,000 men and some artillery and firearms. The few Spanish at the capital of Negros were captured and the town burned. Towns on other islands were burned and sacked and many murders were committed, and a compact was entered into to renew the war the following year. The island of Oton was the first objective point of the second excursion. Seventy soldiers were in the fort and they repulsed 1,500 rebels and drove them to their boats. The Spanish captain pursued so closely on a horse that the revolutionists cut the animal's legs and the captain, falling to the ground, was killed. These daring tribes continued their expeditions, even threatening to attack Manila, until in 1602 Don Francisco Tello, the governor, made extraordinary efforts to punish them. He sent 200 men against Jolo, who defeated the natives and then built a fort on unhealthy ground, and they were compelled by sickness to retire to Manila, leaving the enemy jubilant. The next year they plundered within 70 miles of Manila, burned towns and churches, captured many natives and enslaved ten Spanish, including a priest and a woman. The Sangley or Chinese insurrection occupied the attention of the government in the summer of 1603, with a loss of about 30 Spanish. Later in the fall all the Sangleys were captured and killed in their fort, a short distance from Manila, except 200, who were put in the galleys. Altogether 23,000 Chinese were killed. The Mindanao men continued their naval and land incursions for many years. In 1634 they burned many towns within 50 miles of Manila. Expeditions against them resulted in inflicting punishment at slight loss of life to the Spanish. In 1636 King Corralat's town was captured and his fleet destroyed. The king continued troublesome until 1662, although a force of 50 men served to keep him within bounds. It was not until 1848 that the incursions of these fierce people ceased. Their naval operations were rendered too unsafe by reason of the use of steam gunboats by the Spanish. In 1639 the Spanish cruelties drove the Chinese to revolt, and of 40,000 but 7,000 were left alive, and in 1709 all the Chinese were expelled on charges of plotting and monopoly of business.

The natives in the provinces of Ylocos and Ylogan, north of Manila, rose in rebellion over unjust regulations, and from December 14, 1762, to May 28, 1763, were uncontrolled. They killed 70 Europeans and destroyed some property, but were suppressed without loss to the military. In 1622 the Bojol islanders rebelled against the tributes demanded by the priests and asserted their disbelief in the church. Their army was dispersed without Spanish loss. In 1744 the natives again rebelled for the same reasons. Under the leadership of Dagohoy, whose brother, with others, the priests had killed, several of the clergy were killed. The Spanish withdrew, but 35 years later, on the agreement to exclude the Jesuits, the natives acknowledged Spanish sovereignty.

In 1660 in Pampagna and other provinces the natives rebelled against cutting timber without pay. King Malcug gathered 40,000 men and killed a few Spanish settlers and priests. A Spanish army of 200 regulars and 500 Indians defeated and dispersed the revolters without loss to themselves.

Other revolts occurred in 1823, at Cavite, headed by an Indian captain; in Cebu in 1827; in Negros in 1844, where the Spanish governor was killed; in 1827 the extortions of the priests caused some of the native soldiers to rise and they seized the arsenal. All of these insurrections were crushed with the loss of not more than a score of the Spanish soldiers. The last rebellion against the Spanish was by the Tagals around Manila, in 1896, led by Aguinaldo. The losses inflicted upon the Spanish amounted to about 300, and the rebellion was practically ended by bribing Aguinaldo and other leaders to leave the country, and quiet reigned until Dewey sailed into Manila bay and destroyed the Spanish fleet and Aguinaldo was permitted to return to the islands. When this rebellion broke out there were but 800 Spanish soldiers throughout the archipelago, in garrisons of 20 to 50 men. About 700 were in Manila and Cavite. The remainder of the army of about 10,000 was made up of natives.

The expenditures of Spain for the Philippine army and navy in 1600 was $41,300. The army consisted of 400 men and officers. In 1623 the military establishment was 1,762 Spanish and 140 Indians, at a cost of $229,696; and the naval and dock yard cost was $283,184. In 1757 the cost of the land and sea forces was $312,864. In 1846 the service was increased to include many new branches and the military force was about 12,000 men. Not over 100 were Europeans, the army being composed of natives. There were nine regiments of infantry, four squadrons of cavalry, 1,200 of artillery, 700 engineers, 160 policemen and a force of 2,000 to prevent smuggling. In 1867 the army expenses were $2,360,295 and the navy expenses were $1,535,479. In 1888 the army consisted of 9,470 men, mostly natives, and other forces made a total of 14,341 men. The cost of maintaining them and the navy was $3,918,760.

DANIEL CLEVERTON.

The Proper Thing to Do.

Tom Highly—I'm going to stop running around so much. To tell the truth, I'm tired of having a good time.

Arthur Henpeck—Then, why in the name of sense don't you marry?—Harlem Life.

An Afterthought.

Visitor—Is there anything I can do for you?

Prisoner—You might send me a file of newspapers—or any old one.—N. Y. Journal.

Real or Imitation.

"So she is engaged?"

"Yes."

"Did she say whether the engagement was a real one or only a summer resort imitation?"—Chicago Post.

A Clear Case.

Jaggles—How did that French duelist come to be acquitted?

Waggles—Why the mere fact that he killed his opponent showed that it was an accident.—N. Y. World.

Matter of Identification.

Coroner—Were there any marks about the deceased by which you would be able to identify him?

Witness—Yis, sor. He stuttered.—Chicago Tribune.

HOT WAVE PHILOSOPHY.

When all the sky seems blazing down and sunshine curls the bricks
And General Humidity puts in his biggest licks,
I welcome to my eyrie with a moist and dripping palm
A placid old philosopher who runs a little farm,
Who says imagination helps a deal in keeping cool,
And who to comfort other men makes this his simple rule:
To talk of piping, biting days, and drifting winter storm
Whene'er the weather pipes it up and gets too thunderin' warm.
They're better far than fizz or smash or juleps, sure's you're born,
The honest little narratives of Frigid Weather John.
For though the sizzling summer time may boil and steam and hiss,
Who'd ever, ever think of it while listening to this?

"I never see'd a winter have a darnder, sharper aidge
Than in the year of sixty-one, the year that I drove stage.
I never had so hard a job attendin' to my biz
For everything 'twas frizzable that year you bet was friz.
At last I done a caper that I hadn't done for years,
I got a little careless and I friz up both my ears.
The roads was awful drifted and I trod ten miles of snow
And all the time that thund'rin' wind did nothin', sah, but blow.
Them ears of mine was froze so hard, stuck out so bloomin' straight
I thought the wind would snap 'em off, it blew at such a rate.
And when at last I hauled up home, the missus bust in tears
And hollered: 'John, oh massy me, you're going to lose your ears.'
But I—why, land o' goodness, I was cooler'n I be now."
And he passed his read bandanna up across his steaming brow—
"I jest got out my hatchet, and chopped two cakes of ice
And held 'em on my friz-up ears—'twas Granny Jones' advice.
I didn't dare go in the house, but set there in the shed
A-holdin' them two junks of ice to either side my head.
The chunks weighed fifty pounds apiece—that doctorin' didn't cost,
And so I got 'em big enough to take out all the frost.
My wife at last came out to see what made me keep so still
And there I was, sah, sound asleep and snorin' fit to kill.
She got me in and gave me tea and helped me later bed
With that ere ice a-frozen tight and solid to my head.
'Twas sort of curi's, I confess, but still I slept complete,
A crystal palace on my head and soapstones on my feet,
It wasn't what you really call a calm and restful night.
But when the ice peeled off next day them ears came out all right."

They're better far than fizz or smash or Juleps, sure's you're born,
These honest little narratives from Frigid Weather John.
—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Lottie's Blue Eyes

THE harrowing conviction was forcing itself upon Miss Sophia's mind that her brother, Rev. Harmon Pendleton, at the mature age of 44, had actually fallen in love. This fact was in itself an offense to Miss Sophia, but it was not all, for the minister had committed the supreme folly of losing his heart to a chit of a girl, and a most objectionable young person altogether in Miss Sophia's eyes.

"Now, if he had only fallen in love with Mary," mused Sophia. "She is a most estimable young woman. But that doll-faced, vain, frivolous Lottie—" and Miss Sophia groaned. "A man of his age and a minister of the Gospel to lose his wits over a pink and white complexion and yellow hair! Oh, it is too bad. If I only knew of some way to disenchant him."

Just then two girls and a young man passed along the street. One of the girls was tall, dark-haired and stately; the other was pink-cheeked and yellow-haired. Her hands were full of roses and her laughing eyes were uplifted in the face of the young man by her side.

Miss Sophia snorted with disgust.

"Flirting, as usual, the shameless piece!" she ejaculated. "A nice minister's wife she would make! Harmon's an idiot!"

Then Miss Sophia suddenly awoke to the fact that the hired girl had been left much too long at her own devices, and rose hastily to her feet. In so doing she tripped over a stool and gave her ankle a severe wrench.

A little later Rev. Harmon Pendleton returned home and found Miss Sophia with her foot on a stool and her ankle swathed in bandages.

"Why, Sophia, what has happened?" asked the minister.

"I've sprained my ankle," replied Miss Sophia, with grim disgust. "I can't so much as put my foot on the floor."

"Whew, this is indeed bad!" murmured Rev. Harmon.

"And it is not all," added Miss Sophia. "Martha has just had word that her mother is very ill and to come home immediately. What to do I can't imagine."

"Why, get another girl."

"Since when has it become so easy to get help in Westonville at a moment's notice?" ejaculated Miss Sophia, with supreme scorn.

"I met Miss Armiger down the street," said the minister, with sudden inspiration. "She intends stopping on her way home. Perhaps she can think of a way out of the difficulty."

"I don't doubt it; Mary Armiger is a most superior young woman," said Miss Sophia, with emphasis.

"Yes, she is, indeed," readily assented the minister.

"So utterly unlike her sister Lottie," supplemented Miss Sophia.

"Yes, they are quite unlike, certainly," said the minister, quietly.

"Did you meet Lottie, also?" asked Miss Sophia, furtively watching her brother's face. "She passed with Charlie Saunders, making eyes at him as usual. What an audacious flirt that girl is."

"Oh, I have not seen Lottie," replied the minister, and then he added: "Here comes Miss Armiger now."

He passed into the hall, returning in a few minutes with Mary Armiger.

"Why, Miss Sophia, I am so sorry to hear of your accident," she said.

She had soft dark eyes and a low, sweet voice.

"I was just telling Sophia that perhaps you may be able to help her in her present awkward predicament," said the minister. "Martha's mother is ill, and she is going home this afternoon."

"Why, that is too bad," said Mary Armiger. "How long will Martha be gone?"

"A week at least," replied Miss Sophia.

"How would it do for me to come and keep house for you?" asked Mary, after a few moments' thought. "Father and mother are going away tomorrow for about two weeks. There's the Widow Mason's daughter, Sarah, who would, I am sure, be glad to come and do the rough work."

"You would be doing me a kindness I should not soon forget," replied Miss Sophia, with surprising eagerness.

In fact she was really delighted with the plan. What an opportunity it would afford to bring Mary Armiger's sterling qualities under the observation of the minister! He was fully cognizant of her usefulness in the church, her good work among the poor and suffering of the parish; her domestic virtues could now be demonstrated to him.

Miss Sophia looked at her brother. He was gazing gratefully and appreciatively at Mary Armiger.

"No one in trouble ever appeals to you in vain, Miss Mary," he said. "But this is really something of an imposition."

"Not at all. I shall be very glad indeed to come. Only," with a slight hesitation, "I am afraid I should be obliged to bring Lottie, as there will be no one at home."

Miss Sophia's brow darkened; the minister's face flushed slightly.

"By all means bring Miss Lottie," he said, as Miss Sophia remained silent.

Lifting her eyes, one evening a week later, Miss Sophia saw upon the porch quite distinctly, for the moon was shining brightly, Mary Armiger and Charlie Saunders. She stiffened in her chair. Mary and Charlie being together it followed that Lottie and the minister were bearing each other company. There rose before Miss Sophia's mind's eye a distracting vision of Lottie, lovely in her white gown, with pink roses in her yellow hair. The next moment, however, all thought of Lottie, engaged in luring the minister to return to his former folly, was driven from Miss Sophia's mind, for Charlie Saunders had placed his arm about Mary's waist and kissed her upon the lips.

Miss Sophia gasped in astonishment and horror. Could she have seen aright? Mary Armiger, the model of all that is best in womanhood, permitting an innocent boy to kiss her unrebuked!

As Miss Sophia sat bewildered the couple moved toward her.

"Why, Miss Sophia, you are all in the dark; I'll light the lamp," said Mary, as she stepped through the low window into the room, followed by Charley.

Miss Sophia sat in grim silence until Mary had lighted the lamp. She fixed her eyes sternly upon Mary. Certainly she had never seen the elder Miss Armiger look quite so pretty before. There was a pink flush in her cheeks and her dark eyes were soft and bright.

"Mary Armiger, did I really see that young man kissing you a few moments ago or did my eyes deceive me?" asked Miss Sophia, with uncompromising abruptness.

Mary blushed, while Charlie, to Miss Sophia's intense indignation, began to laugh.

"I am afraid that you did, Miss Sophia," faltered Mary. "You see, I had just promised to marry him."

"What!" gasped Miss Sophia. "That worthless young scamp, who does nothing but flirt with your sister."

"Now Miss Sophia, that's too bad!" cried Charlie. "Lottie and I never thought of such a thing. She knows that I've been in love with Mary for ever so long."

Before Miss Sophia had time to collect her scattered wits sufficiently to make a reply the minister and Lottie entered the room. Lottie's cheeks were pinker than the roses she wore in her hair, and the minister's eyes were radiant.

For a moment Miss Sophia's eyes lingered first upon the girl and then upon her brother, and she made a quick movement to rise from her chair. The minister came to her assistance.

"I wish to go to my room," she said, laying her hand upon her brother's arm, but keeping her face studiously averted from him and the other occupants of the parlor.

"I suppose you will permit me to remain until you are married to that doll," she said.

"Why, Sophia, surely you are not thinking of deserting me now that I shall need you more than ever?" exclaimed the minister. "You see if I were going to marry a woman like Mary Armiger, now"—and a suspicion of a smile crossed his lips, but was quickly suppressed—"I should not require anyone to keep house for me. But it's being Lottie makes it quite a different matter."

For a moment or two Miss Sophia said nothing.

"Humph!" she at length replied. "I'll think about remaining."—Chicago Times-Herald.

To Make an Ice Poultice.

An ice poultice is made by mixing cracked ice with sawdust, putting the mixture into a flannel bag and wrapping this in oiled silk or thin India rubber cloth. It is sometimes used to reduce the temperature in children in cases of fever when the head is hot, but its application requires great care. —Ladies' Home Journal.

A Circumstance in Mitigation.

Judge—Was the stolen article gold or only gilt?

Prisoner—It was silver, sor. The guilt was all my own, yer anner!—Jewelers' Weekly.

Equipped for the Emergency.

"You can't come in," said St. Peter sadly; "the gate is locked."

"Is that all?" asked the modern woman, as she reached for a hatpin and proceeded to business.—Judge.

Appropriate Motto.

"Our motto," said the head waiter, as he marshalled his forces ere the victim got away, "is to welcome the coming and bleed the parting guest."—Tit-Bits.

Ambignous.

"Hear about Willoughbee's railway accident? They say he cannot recover."

"Who says—his doctor or his lawyer?"—Indianapolis Journal.

The Hard Part.

"You don't mean to say you have had four cooks in three weeks?"

"Yes; and that isn't the worst of it, either! One of them is still with us."—Puck.

REAL OSTRICH HUNT.

It Takes Place in Chicago's Far-Famed Lincoln Park.

Big Bird, Which Had Recently Lost Its Better Half, Becomes Despondent and Attempts Suicide by Drowning.

According to the Chicago Chronicle Lincoln park in that city recently became a Sahara and had a genuine ostrich hunt. The conclusion of the exciting chase found the ostrich transformed from a land bird into a water fowl and disclosed Animal-keeper Cy De Vry backed up against a tree beneath whose shady boughs he eloquently discoursed on the divers reasons that made him believe the ostrich had contemplated committing suicide when it effected its escape from the "zoo" at sunrise.

Foremost among the reasons advanced for the suicide theory was the fact that the bird with the elongated shanks had ended the chase that baffled its pursuers by taking a flying leap from the high bridge across the lagoon into the placid waters where so many suicides have found surcease of sorrow. True, there were many who claimed that the ostrich was driven to make the jump by the band of implacable hunters which De Vry had headed out of the recesses of the zoo. But De Vry had some very good reasons for the belief that was in him.

"No," he said, with mournful emphasis, "it was clearly an attempt at suicide, and there was nothing of 'must' or of chance about it.

"You see, this poor bird's husband died some four months ago while the two were in transit to our zoo here. I have always noticed that this bird seemed suffering from melancholia or some kindred ailment of a purely mental origin. Now, its strange act in leaping from the 'suicide bridge' has certainly confirmed my worst suspicions, though it is altogether a puzzle to explain how the ostrich's somewhat sluggish instincts were so quick to discover



HEADED FOR THE LAKE.

the advantages which despondent humanity has perceived in yonder high-arched structure."

But in more ways than one this ostrich of the desert had already belied one of the most widely disseminated traditions of its race. This was shown in the method of its escape from the wire-bound pen in which it has languished at the "zoo." When at dawn of day an assistant keeper brought water for drinking and ablutions the ostrich bade welcome with a queer snicker and buried its head in the product of Lake Michigan. The keeper thought the ostrich could not see with its head buried in anything from sand to water, and the door of the pen was left ajar for a moment. Forthwith the bird stepped abroad into the freedom of the big park. It headed for the lake, but missed and came well abreast of the six-foot wire fence surrounding the lagoon.

Thrice the picturesque biped tried to stalk across the fence or jump it. The hue and cry of the pursuers then arose near by. With majestic strides that would outpace a railroad train the gallinaceous girl skirted south along beside the fence. Arriving at the suicide bridge, it astonished all by ascending the approach.

Its strides up the steps, which were covered six at a time, were wonderful to see and had the effect of quickening the pursuing footfalls of the rather rheumatic Mr. De Vry. But the zoo's own master just missed the left leg of the ostrich as the bird bounded over the railing of the bridge to the right. The little wings of the big struthis camelis flapped feebly in the breeze and saved all but the feet of the ostrich from injury as the water was struck.

From a hunt on land to a hunt on water the chase was now transformed for an hour or so, and the pursuers had considerable difficulty in preventing the ostrich from escaping into the lake under the lagoon viaduct. At last it was captured with the aid of an improvised lasso and taken back to the zoo, where it filled acceptably the strolling part it plays every Sunday like an actor in a stock company at a vaudeville house.

Living Woman, But Dead.

Mrs. Margaret Cunnius, of Reading, Pa., is physically alive but legally dead. In October, 1888, she disappeared from her home, and for years remained unheard of. In 1887 her son obtained letters of administration and drew nine years' interest that had accumulated on a trifle of $450 belonging to his mother. Recently a lawyer in San Francisco wrote to a Reading attorney, stating that Mrs. Cunnius was alive and well and would like her money. The Reading lawyer replied that Mrs. Cunnius was legally dead by a decision of the Berks county court, and dead she will have to remain.

BABY UPSIDE DOWN.

Tiny Feet Waving Beside an Awkward Mother's Cheek Cause Consternation Among Women.

Are there such things as left-handed mothers in this world—mothers who really are at sea and don't know what to do if they chance to get their babies on the laps "wrong end to?"

It would seem so, at least from the strange things witnessed by a Chicago Tribune reporter on an Indiana avenue car a few days ago.

The young mother concerned in this case is a woman whose name—like those of her parents and grandparents



TRULY A MODEL BABY.

before her—is high on the list of Chicago's society folks.

On this occasion she boarded a car at Twentieth street and Indiana avenue in the morning, intending to change to a carette at Wabash avenue and Randolph street and spend the day at her mother's house on the North side. Thoroughly self-possessed, she sat down, laid the baby—evidently a model child—across her lap, and began reading a morning paper. For a time the baby lay still, then began fidgeting. The mother was engrossed in her paper, but took the child in her arms and, as she supposed, laid its head on her shoulder, then went on reading.

Surely it must have been a model baby. For a minute later the eyes of six other women on that car were riveted on it—they fairly stared aghast—and saw its tiny knit wool booties waving in close proximity to its mother's cheek, while the mother kept on reading.

The suspense on the part of six anxious women was getting to be something terrible, when at last the self-possessed young mother finished reading the article she had found so interesting. Then she looked at her baby.

There was a short, exasperated gasp; a quick movement by which that tiny bundle of dainty cambrics and flannels and silks was turned end about, then with a face as red as the "olly'-'ocks" in her hat the young mother waved to the conductor a signal to stop the car.

People in the vicinity of Wabash avenue and Sixteenth street were surprised to see a fashionably gowned woman get off an Indiana avenue car, stand at the corner several minutes, and then board the next car going in the same direction, but she would have stood there half an hour rather than ride the rest of the way downtown with the eyes of those six women upon her.



REACHED FOR HER HEAD.

VERY ABSENT-MINDED.

This Chicago Girl Must Have Been Most Desperately in Love, All Women Will Admit.

It all happened in about half a minute the other afternoon on State street, says the Chicago Daily News. A tall blonde girl and a stylish brunette met at the entrance of one of the big department stores and then the brunette dropped her bundles and threw up both hands exclaiming: "Why, Edith, what in the world is the matter? Have you gone crazy?"

The blonde returned her startled gaze with an extremely unsympathetic stare and quietly said: "I fail to see the point of your remarks. Pardon me, Louise, but I think that you have chosen a queer place for your jests."

"Oh, very well," replied the other, gathering up her scattered parcels. "If you choose to walk around downtown without any hat—"

And then the blonde screamed and reached for the top of her head. Then she grasped her friend's arm and as they departed into the store and toward the millinery department the last words to be heard were: "I felt all along that I had forgotten something, but I couldn't think what—"

And then the crowd of shoppers began to move again.

On the Bargain Counter.

"Why does Miss Leftover say she is 24 when everybody knows she is 40?"

"Perhaps she is trying to take advantage of the speculative instinct in men."

"How can that be?"

"She may think that some one would be willing to take her at 24 who would consider her too high at 40."—Detroit Free Press.

The Grand Finale.

First Central American—We have promised our citizens a great treat in the way of entertainments to be given in the near future.

Second Central American—Ah, what is it—several revolutions in one day?

"No, better yet. We are going to have a genuine Yankee war investigation after our next week's revolution."—N. Y. World.

Choice of Evils.

"Mrs. Smith, you don't seem to mind your boys' quarreling."

"No. When they're quarreling I know they're too busy to hatch up mischief."—Chicago Daily Record.

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