AMERICAN UNION.

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1899 September. 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.
6:45 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:45 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.
7:10 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
7:10 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, Stewart.

Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—[illegible] Rolph; V. G., C. H. Stewart; Secretary, W. R. Scotten; Treasurer, [illegible]ngher. Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in Masonic [illegible].

Choptank Conclave, No. 28. I. O. O. F.—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.

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AT HOME.

(A Reply to Burdette's "Since She Went Home.")

Where has she gone—
No evening shadows linger cold and gray,
No winds of winter chill the summer day,
A fadeless springtime blooms upon the way
Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
No wailing note awaketh sign or moan,
The old glad songs take up a gladder tone,
There's laughter sweeter far than we have known,
Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
Her saintly presence blesses mansions fair,
Glory gleams about the head so dear,
And thy poor heart will find its rest up there,
Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
Time doth not mark in days its golden flight,
The sun is dimmed by Heaven's greater light,
And there are never tears nor lonely night
Where she hath gone.

Where she hath gone—
Thou, too, some day, will go if God so will,
And while transcendent raptures thro' thee thrill,
Thy souls shall meet, redeemed, yet loving still,
Where she hath gone.

—Lila T. Dews, in Atlanta Constitution.

"BR'ER BUZZARD."

BY HARRY BALL.



OF ALL the birds that fly, "Br'er Buzzard" is the ugliest and the least engaging. He might be called the skeleton in the closet of the bird world. We don't like to say anything more about him than we can help. He isn't a pleasant subject. The poor fellow seems to be aware of his own humble sphere in feathered society, too, and his manners are modest and deprecating. He makes no noise in the world. His demeanor, whenever he walks abroad, is shrinking and sad, as if he was conscious of his own clumsy movements and the disagreeable ideas his presence suggests. But he is not altogether unappreciated, depressing as he is; and of him may be said, with truth, that he does no injury to any living creature. He lives his harmless life and does his grewsome duty.

What more need be said of anybody? Mankind may not love or admire Br'er Buzzard, but they are forced to accord him respect and protection. The man who kills him breaks the law and offends his fellow men.

But there are many interesting things about this undertaker in feathers that have never been described, probably because the general tendency has always been to let him alone; and of all the larger birds of this country there is not one which is less intimately known than this.

He can be seen on almost any day in the southern states, soaring high in the blue sky or dashing slantwise in wind and storm, a majestic and graceful object. This is as near as most people care to see him.

In his home life he is, it must be acknowledged, a mean and unpleasant creature; and yet, even there, he is not without interest to the lover of all things which infinite wisdom has placed upon the earth. Two species of this vulture, improperly called buzzard, inhabit the United States east of the Rocky mountains, one of which ranges from New England to the Gulf of Mexico, and is familiarly known as the turkey buzzard. His scientific name is Cathartes Aura, and he is a very different individual from his humbler cousin, whose closer acquaintance we are now making.

The turkey buzzard is a somewhat larger bird than the black vulture, and is not black in color, but a mixture of black and reddish brown, the latter being the prevailing color in his plumage. His beak, feet and head, where the skin is bare, are of a bright red color, and he is much less grotesquely repulsive in appearance than the black vulture of the south.

He also moves, when on the ground, with a sort of dignified deliberation very different from the clumsy hopping and "teetering" stride of his black cousin. The latter—Catharista Atrata, the scientists call him—is the common scavenger of the far south, where he becomes as familiar almost as the chickens in the small towns, when cold weather or scarcity of food drives him from the woods and fields to the haunts of men. He has absolutely no redeeming feature of personal appearance. Except when sailing high in air, he is a dejected, wretched, hopeless and revolting object. His color is sooty black, except the tips of the wings, which are of a dingy, grayish white, this color being visible only when the wings are expanded. His beak, head and bare, wrinkled neck are dull black, and his whole aspect and demeanor is ludicrously appropriate to his ghastly calling.

He is a bird of the semi-tropics, and can but ill endure the degree of cold which is often felt in the Gulf states in January.

At such times he resorts to the towns, and can often be seen on the housetops, crouched close against a smoking chimney, where sometimes a half dozen will push and struggle together for the warmest place. When hunger presses, he will descend into the backyard and walk about in his dejected, clumsy way, disputing with the chickens for whatever scraps may be thrown out.

When he drops down from on high among these chickens, there is a mighty flutter and consternation; but they soon learn to treat him with the contemptuous indifference to which he is accustomed, and the haughty rooster or quarrelsome old hen will not hesitate to knock him heels over head, if he comes between the wind and their nobility.

He is a very uncomplaining bird. He does not make any outcry. He simply spreads his great wings and soars far beyond the reach of his petty enemies. He meets with the same scornful tyranny from the turkey buzzard.

It is an odd sight to see one of the latter swoop down upon a flock of the black vultures as they are gathered about a dead chicken or other animal. All the black ones scramble out of the way, hopping, flapping and making their hoarse hissing sound—their only note—and range themselves at a safe distance, where they wait patiently until their big cousin chooses to take his departure.

The two species are often found together, but there is evidently a great gulf between them, and the blacks never forget their humble and respectful demeanor in the presence of Cathartes Aura.

Along the lower Mississippi river, in Mississippi and Louisiana, all the small towns are protected from inundation by high earthworks or levees, and the space between the levee and the river, called the batture, is a sort of no-man's land. Here garbage and refuse of all kinds is thrown, and the floating houses of the fishermen are moored.

Such places are the chosen home of Br'er Buzzard. No one ever dreams of molesting him. No one ever cares to come near enough to frighten or disturb him, and the life of plenty and ease makes him lazy and stupid. All day long he sits on some tall cottonwood tree, drawn up and dejected, if the weather be cloudy or cold, or standing with wings wide extended, to catch the sunlight if the day is fine. This singular attitude, with wings spread to their utmost extent, is a favorite with both Aura and Atrata, and they seem to be able to maintain it for hours without fatigue.

When the fishermen come in with their loaded boats the vultures descend, and crowd about the rafts where the fish are assorted, waiting until the dead or worthless ones are cast aside.

A favorite morsel is the head of the great river catfish, which is always cut off before the fish is offered for sale.

The fishermen, like everybody else, recognize the utility of the vultures, and encourage them until they become almost like pets; and it is ludicrous to see four or five of them seize a fish head and pull like boys at the old-fashioned game of French and English, flapping, hissing and tumbling about the ground in their efforts to drag the coveted morsel away from each other. In the midst of the ignoble struggle down swoops Cathartes Aura into the melee. The black fellows fall over each other in their efforts to get out of his lordship's way, and he calmly sails off with the prize in his beak.

No doubt it will surprise many readers, and probably create a diversion of sentiment in favor of this bird of ill omen, to learn that he loves to be clean, and will even brave immersion in the cold water of the Mississippi river in order to effect it.



TREAT HIM WITH INDIFFERENCE.

On a warm and sunny day a large flock of the black vultures will assemble on a shelving, sandy bank or a heap of driftwood, apparently for the express purpose of doing what the negroes who live along the batture call "washing their clothes."

One by one they drop down out of the sky at the meeting-place, each new arrival taking up a position, and keeping it in decorous and dejected silence. They usually select a spot at which there is a partially sunken log, and after a large number are assembled, one of the company will march gravely out on the half-submerged log, while the others sit motionless in their places.

When the bather reaches the water, it is funny to watch him. As his feet touch it he raises himself on tiptoe, and steps gingerly, shuddering at the cold contact; but he wades bravely in, and as he goes deeper and deeper his feathers rise on end, and he looks a picture of comic distress.

He means business, however, and keeps resolutely on, until he is completely submerged except his head. Then he washes himself, precisely as a duck does, flapping his wings, rubbing and ruffling himself, and dancing up and down in the water until his feathers are thoroughly saturated. This accomplished, he marches sadly out a much more distressful object than ever, shakes himself like a dog, and "hangs himself up to dry" by spreading his great wings in the sunlight and standing like a statue for perhaps an hour, while his brethren each go through the same performance, one by one, until the whole company are standing with outspread wings in the hot sun.

This singular spectacle is a familiar one in the haunts of the black vulture, and, next to his great utility in removing noxious substances from the earth is the strongest argument I can find to recommend him to the esteem of mankind.—Golden Days.

WAY STATIONS.

There are 12,000 miles of railway in Poland.

Dr. W. Seward Webb knows railroading from top to bottom and frequently amuses himself by running an engine.

The Jersey Central is to institute a system of examination for its baggagemen, embracing questions of route, tracing of lost articles, etc.

Central Asian railroad managers try to meet the desires of their public. A harem car with latticed windows has been constructed for the emir of Bokhara.

For the use of railway employes in places where the summer-tourist business raises the rents unreasonably, the Bavarian government has undertaken to build apartments where four rooms and kitchen will cost $100 a year.

Alack! Alas!

There was a young man from Chicago,
Who was anxious to see a buzz-saw go;
He saw, just the same—
Then the coroner came
And asked: "Where did his jaw go?"
—Chicago Daily News.

Where the Work Comes In.

"It seems a trifle strange," remarked the funny man, "that you preachers, who always object to Sunday labor, are obliged to do your hardest work on Sunday."

"You are mistaken," replied the preacher. "We always collect our salaries on week days."—N. Y. Journal.

THE PRIVATE.

They call his title private—
He reached no higher grade,
But waited for his orders
And died when he obeyed.
No pen may write his story,
No chisel carve his name,
No monument rise o'er him,
No multitude acclaim.

For he was but a private,
And served another's fame,
And, dying, gave his country
A never-dying name.
He gave to order's progress
The life 'twas his to give,
And in his country's annals,
Though nameless, he shall live.

He fought as but a private—
Without promotion he—
To carry freedom's banner
Beyond the rolling sea;
That purpose might not falter,
That peace might have her reign
And justice work with honor
For man's eternal gain.

He fought and died a private,
And never held the sword;
Renown did not come nigh him,
His hand holds no reward.
He wrought to give the lawless
The hope of righteous laws,
Nor vengeance marred his valor,
Nor malice cursed his cause.

They called his title private—
He sleeps in glory's bed,
And where he fell advancing
Now other private's tread;
Nor eulogy nor marble
Can honor such as they,
Who answers duty's summons
And die when they obey.
—Frederick C. Spalding, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

After Ten Years

ONCE upon a time there was a young man and his front name was Charles.

At about the same time there was a young woman and her front name was Nettie.

Charles was a very nice young man, and Nettie was a very nice young lady. They lived near each other, and naturally were thrown much in each other's company.

The fact is that Charles fell in love with Nettie, and the affection ripened as the days went by. This being a true story, it is necessary to admit that Nettie fell in love with Charles, and that the affection ripened as the days went by.

Charles grew to a man's estate and raised whiskers and began to think of marrying. Nettie grew to a woman's estate and joined a woman's club and began to think of marrying.

By and by there came an evening. The sun had set according to its regular schedule. The soft breezes were kissing the landscape and the moonlight was kissing the wavelets on the lakelet, and Charles was kissing Nettie.

After that evening Charles began to wear a smile and an abstracted look, and Nettie began to wear a little ring.

By and by there came another day. The sun rose according to schedule and poured out its usual flood of mellow radiance upon a happy world.

In a cottage which was properly vinelad there gathered a little company of relatives and friends, and also Charles and Nettie, and the air was heavy with the odor of roses, and Charles was decked out in a brand new Prince Albert coat, while Nettie was sweetly, simply beautiful in the regulation bride-white gown. The preacher took his place in front of the bay window. Cousin Jennie pounded out a Mendelssohn wedding march, while Charles and Nettie marched from the side bedroom to the front parlor and took their places as they had rehearsed for weeks. It was all over in a moment and they were one. And they were both very happy, and everybody got a piece of the wedding cake and kissed the bride, and the bride cried a little, and Charles said anyone that wouldn't get married was a chump, and so the whole thing passed off very pleasantly.

All this happened ten years ago. On their wedding journey Charles told Nettie that he was only a poor young man, with a name and fame yet to make, but with the inspiring companionship of the noblest woman on the face of the earth he would win fame and honor and riches. He told her that he could not now deck her in purple and fine linen, or take her to Niagara falls, but to watch him as the years should speed by and see how his tireless efforts should be rewarded, and how they would rejoice in luxuries honestly earned.

"When we have been married ten years," he said, "we will lay aside all our business and household cares and take our yacht and make a trip around the world. We will call our yacht the 'Nettie,' and she shall be as beautiful and fair to look upon as is her charming mistress."

And Nettie snuggled up a little closer and whispered: "That will be so lovely, Charles."

It would have been lovely, too.

There came still another day, and its consequent evening. The clouds were lowering in the western sky and the aspect was as threatening as aspects usually get at the close of a still, hot day in midsummer. The front porch of a semi-suburban flat was occupied by a family consisting of a bewhiskered man, a mother-hubbarded woman and two chubby little girls. Trolley cars were whizzing merrily along the street below and all the other time-honored accompaniments of a quiet evening were present in proper proportions.

Charles, for it was indeed he, was sitting with his feet upon the porch railing and smoking a large, dark-colored pipe. Nettie, for it was indeed she, sat with folded arms, and gazing wistfully into the stilly night. The two little girls were busy on the floor with their box of water-color paints. Presently little Elsie came to her mother and exhibited the picture she had been painting. It was a picture of a ship—a generous-sized blue ship, with a yellow mast and purple sail, the whole floating more or less gracefully upon a dark green ocean. Her mother looked carefully at the picture, smiled and said: "That's very nice, my dear; bring mamma the pencil." Then taking the pencil she marked slowly upon the side of the ship the word:

NETTIE.

"Now show papa the picture, Elsie," she said.

Little Elsie went over to her father and showed him the work of art. Charles looked at it earnestly a moment, and then a light broke over his countenance. Reminiscences seemed to be chasing each other across his face.

"Nettie!"

"Yes?"

"Do you know what day it is?"

"Indeed I do, dear. It was ten years ago to-day that we were married."

Knocking the ashes from his pipe, Charles rose, stretched his arms and looked first at Nettie and then from one to the other of the little girls, and then back at Nettie. "Ten years is a long time, Nettie," he said.

"Not so very long, either," said Nettie, and she looked at Charles and then from one to the other of the little girls and then back to Charles, and may be there was a bit of a tear in her eye.

"Girls, this is your papa's and mamma's wedding anniversary, and we are going to celebrate. We are going to take a cruise in the little ship you have painted. Come, get your hats on, and we'll all go together to have a regular old-fashioned celebration. Come on, Nettie; climb into a shirt waist and join this hilarious gang."

"But what are you going to do, Charles?" asked Nettie.

"Never you mind, girl; I promised you ten years ago that we would have a glorious old time on our anniversary, and now we are going to have it, and I don't care what it costs. Tin weddings don't come every day, and I guess we can afford to spread a little bit."

Nettie obeyed the summons, and in a few moments the whole party were on the street and headed for the corner. As they walked along the sidewalk Charles took Nettie lovingly by the arm and whispered to her: "When we have been married 20 years we'll take a cruise in our yacht and we'll go round the world, won't we?"

"That will be lovely," said Nettie.

"And it will be lovely, too."

Presently they arrived at the drug store and all trailed in. Throwing a half dollar on the counter Charles swelled himself up to his full height and commanded: "Give us four ice-cream sodas."

And thus, in the gloaming, as it were, passed the tenth anniversary of the marriage of Charles and Nettie. And the moon kept on shining, and back in the solitude of the flat, when the two little curly heads were reposing on their pillows, and Charles and Nettie had gone out again to get the air on the porch, there seemed to be nothing to say. They sat silently for a long time and finally Charles remarked: "I wonder what will happen in the next ten years?"

"I wonder, too," said Nettie.—Chicago Daily Record.

NO MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Lights of Literature to Whom Music Was "Mere Impertinent Noise."

Many distinguished men have been totally deficient in the sense of music. In the world of literature, where it might have been expected that an appreciation of music would coexist with a sense of rhythm in language, this deficiency is especially noticeable. Many literary men have been unmusical.

Swift cared nothing for music. Dr. Johnson was altogether insensible to it. At an evening party, on hearing it said, in praise of a musical performance, that it was in any case difficult, the great man blurted out: "Sir, I wish it had been impossible."

Sir Walter Scott, while he had a marvelous ear for verse and rhythm, had no ear for music. In his autobiography he tells us that it was only after long practice that he acquired the power of even distinguishing melodies. In the "Life of John Sterling," Carlyle says that "all music was mere impertinent noise to him," and the same might probably be said of the sage of Chelsea himself.

Dr. Arnold of Rugby, the greatest schoolmaster of the nineteenth century, is another instance of a man of rare ability in whom the musical faculty did not exist. "I simply cannot conceive," he writes, with reference to music, "what to others is a keen source of pleasure; there is no link by which my mind can attach it to itself; I can no more remedy it than some other men could enter into the deep delight with which I look at wood anemones or wood sorrel." "Wild flowers," he used to say, "are my music."

The writings of Dean Stanley are remarkable for the sustained rhythm of the sentences, yet, in the sense of music, he was as deficient as in the sense of smell. Archbishop Tait, the greatest archbishop of Canterbury, since the latitudinarian Tillotson, was, like his friend Stanley, totally deficient in any knowledge or appreciation of music, whether vocal or instrumental. It was, therefore, a matter of much amusement to himself and his friends when he was invited by the prince of Wales to be a speaker at the great meeting in St. James' palace to inaugurate the Royal College of Music. The speech, however, in which he classed himself with "certain unfortunate people who are deaf to music," is said to have been a marked success, notwithstanding that on entering the hall he whispered to a friend that he never in his life felt so entirely at a loss.—Pittsburgh News.

Popular System of Weights.

"What! 15 ounces make one pound? I always thought it was 16."

"Not in our shop, ma'am, it ain't—never!"—Tit-Bits.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

Some mighty nice boys go barefooted, and look dirty.

An Atchison man got the best of a book agent the other day, and she cried.

The proposal in a love story is to a girl what the pie at dinner is to a boy.

The trouble with the average man is that he has no one to censor his talk.

A good many people don't want to know the truth, if it is opposed to their foolish prejudices.

The longer a girl lies in bed in the morning, the more care she takes in making her toilet when she gets up.

If you don't like this world, complain to the girl who is at home from school for her summer vacation; she is running it at present.

"Before I went camping," said a boy to-day, "I always thought there was lots of fun in it. But now that I have been camping, I am better satisfied to remain at home."

It is difficult to acquire wisdom, but there are some things that people ought to know; for example, people should finally realize that they can't get a ten cent cigar for five cents.—Atchison Globe.

HARD UP FOR SLEEP.

German Volunteer Offers to Pay His Colonel a Thousand Dollars for a Night's Rest.

A returned Cleveland volunteer, in the Plain Dealer, tells a good story of a comrade, a wealthy German from Wisconsin, who in a fine spirit of patriotism had enlisted as a private soldier. He proved a good one, but the exacting duties of camp life soon grew irksome. One night he was detailed to stand guard over an ammunition wagon. It was a chilly night and the rain was falling. To and fro he plodded until his patience was exhausted.

"Corporal of der guard!" he roared. No attention was paid to him and he called again. Then the corporal approached him.



IT WAS CHILLY AND IT RAINED.

"Dake my gun," he said, "and watch dees vaggin a little vile. I want to go und speak mit der colonel."

The corporal demurred, but the German insisted, and finally the good-natured "non-comish" took his place.

Up to the colonel's tent the German hastened. The colonel was there. The private saluted.

"Colonel," he abruptly inquired, "vat's dot vaggin of ammynition down by der end of der camp worth?"

The colonel knew the German intimately. In fact, Louis, as everybody called him, was a general favorite, and highly regarded by all who knew the story of his personal sacrifice.

"What's it worth?" repeated the smiling officer.

"Yes, vot's it worth? Is it worth five hoondred dollars?"

"More than that, I guess," said the colonel.

"Is it worth a tousand dollars?"

"Yes," said the colonel, "I should say it's value was just about that amount."

"Den," said the German, "I'll gif you my check for a tousand dollars, und you let me go back to mein tent und go to bed."

The colonel gasped at this astonishing offer, then he roared.

The German had to go back to his guard duty, but the colonel soon relieved him.

TOLD IN TENNESSEE.

A Snake Story Which Is Not Only Exciting But Absolutely New and Refreshing.

Snake stories are seldom credited, says the Hartsville (Tenn.) Vidette, but inasmuch as James L. Dalton, of Willard, is a reliable gentleman beyond all question, we are going to reproduce a snake story related by him, and, if necessary, assist in vouching for its truth.

Mr. Dalton says that in his back yard there was a hen sitting on a goodly number of eggs, and he noticed one day that the eggs were growing less, yet he could see no sign of their having been destroyed, so he concluded to keep a sharp lookout, and if possible solve the mystery. In a day or two he was passing the place, and in noticing the nest was surprised to see a large snake coiled around the hen and holding her at bay while he procured an egg, and then, uncoiling himself, proceeded to take a sneak, whereupon Mr. Dalton interfered and cut him down with a hoe.



COILED AROUND THE HEN.

The following day Mr. Dalton was working close to the house, when his wife called him to come and kill another snake, which was exactly in the same position and at the same business as the first. This one was disposed of on short notice. Each of these snakes measured over six feet in length. In less than a week afterward two more snakes of the same kind were killed, in similar positions, each one coiled around the hen for the purpose of robbing the nest. The last two snakes were between five and six feet long. We presume that the fate of these four snakes broke the rest of the tribe from stealing eggs, as no others have been seen at the business.

Record for Snipe Shooting.

The record for Ceylon snipe shooting still remains that of the muzzle-loader—100 couples in one day. This record was made by a Ceylon civil servant called Tranchell early in this century. Average gunners get 30 to 40 couples a day.

WAS A FOOLISH BET.

How a Pompous Georgian Won a Cigar and Lost a Seven-Dollar Silk Tile.

"Speaking of practical jokes," said a Canal street business man who has just returned from a trip through North Georgia to a Mobile Herald reporter, "I saw that old omelet trick played on a fellow in Atlanta the other night, and I was really amazed he didn't go on the warpath then and there. The thing occurred at a restaurant where I was taking supper with four chance acquaintances made on the trip. One of the party was a cigar salesman from Richmond, and after supper he amused us with some sleight-of-hand tricks. Finally he turned to a North Georgia merchant, who was in the crowd, and asked him if he had ever seen an omelet made in a hat. The merchant was a portly, rather pompous individual, and replied, after some thought, that he had not. 'Well,' said the tobacco man, 'I'll bet the cigars for us two that I can make an omelet in the crown of your silk hat without damaging it in the slightest degree.' I knew what was coming and began to giggle hysterically, but the Georgian remarked solemnly that he knew he would lose, but was willing to pay 20 cents to see the trick, with that he handed over his hat, which was brand new, and the tobacco salesman proceeded to send for some eggs and broke several into the crown. He stirred them up with a knife and then held the hat over the gas. In about three sections it was a ghastly, hideous ruin, dripping raw eggs through a big hole burnt in the top. The conjurer looked surprised and pained. 'By jove!' he exclaimed, 'you've beat me out of the cigars! I've forgotten how to do that trick!' As the Georgian examined his wrecked tile his face was a study for a painter. A few hours later I encountered him at the hotel, and he took me aside. 'I won that tobacco's cigars all right,' he said, 'but still I think it was a kind of a foolish bet.'"



HELD THE HAT OVER THE GAS.

BORN WITH TWO TEETH.

Baby Quinn, of Brooklyn, Surprises His Parents as Well as Doctors and Dentists.

When the doctor handed Baby Quinn to the nurse with the remark: "A tenpounder, madam, and as fine a boy as I ever saw," the youngster opened his lips to reply with a prodigious howl and displayed two white, perfect, well-grown teeth in the lower jaw.

That was two months ago, when he was first introduced to his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Quinn, of No. 444 Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn. Since then those two little teeth, directly in front, have punctuated his baby smiles, to the delight of the many friends of the family. Latterly, however, the teeth, grown larger, have cut into the baby's tongue, causing slight ulceration.



BORN WITH TWO TEETH.

Dr. J. C. Mapp, a dentist, was consulted and he decided that the teeth must be extracted.

The two-months-old patient surveyed the preparations calmly with its blue eyes and went through the ordeal like a stoic; not a whimper escaped him.

The doctor apprehends no interference with the regular allotment of teeth at the proper time.

The little chap, when seen by a New York World reporter, was a picture of health and beauty.

Largest Flag in the World.

The largest flag in the world is to be exhibited under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution. It was made during the Spanish-American war by Miss Josephine Mulford, of Madison, N. J. There are 325,000 stitches in the flag, one for each soldier and sailor engaged in the war. The flag is 100 feet long and 65 feet wide, and the blue ground measures 40 by 35 feet. The stripes are five feet wide and each star is 2½ feet in diameter.

For the Emir and His Wives.

Civilization is advancing. The emir of Bokhara has had a harem car constructed which forms part of his special train. The windows of the car are provided with "grilles," while the interior is furnished like a seraglio. Addel-Ahad Khan will often be seen traveling with his wives on the Transcaspian line.

A Great Man's Return.

In school the other boys with ease
Contrived to spell him down;
To-day they're making costly plans
To welcome him to town.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

THERE ARE OTHERS.



Tanque—I can drink or let it alone, just as I please.

Friend—How do you know? Have you ever tried to let it alone?—St. Louis

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