

Colony of Lost Hessians

DESCENDANTS of HIRELINGS in REVOLUTIONARY WAR LIVE in VIRGINIA MOUNTAINS

TAKE the map of Virginia and stick a pin through the dot which signifies the existence of the little town of Charlottesville. Near by is a small range of black, gloomy hills tagging on to the Blue Ridge in its journey south.

This range extends from the Blue Ridge until it knocks at the back door of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. It is known locally as the Ragged mountains. It has two claims for immortality. First, these sombre mountains with their unknown valleys had a tremendous influence upon Edgar Allen Poe when he was a young student at the University of Virginia. He spent more time roaming through this strange country than he did in his classrooms. Every picture of mountain or hill, dale or valley, to be found in his poetry might have had its original in these mountains. The second bid for fame is the fact that here in these mysterious hills live the lost Hessians.

And who are the lost Hessians? Any good history of the Revolution will record the fact that a prison camp was established near Charlottesville during this period. British soldiers captured in battle were forwarded into Virginia and kept there until exchanged or released at the end of the war. Many of the Hessians, hired by Great Britain to do her fighting, were taken as prisoners of war and sent to the prison camp at Charlottesville.

At the close of the Revolution the Hessians were released in a body. They knew little or no English. The people about them were hostile, and the surrounding wilderness was an unknown land. Instead of making their way to the sea and then back to Germany, they determined to march back into the Ragged mountains and establish a new home in those hills.

Here they and their descendants have lived ever since. They put up their rude cabins made of logs and mud, and they have had no other kind of dwelling from that time to this. The Ragged mountains themselves have remained true to them. They are just as much a wilderness as they were when the Hessians settled down on the hillsides and in the deep valleys. The soil is scratched by crude instruments for what little farming is necessary. A few gnarled apple trees linger on from year to year, and the forest is shoved back just far enough to allow these curious mountaineers to grow a bag or two of corn and a little sorghum.

The Hessians have kept free from all intrusions of civilization. When a railroad was spiked through their wilderness they drew back a little further into the almost impenetrable valleys. They still look down on the glaring headlight of the locomotive with all the wonder and amazement of children.

If you stumble into these hills on horseback you will be apt to mistake the Hessians for the mountaineers of the Blue Ridge. Their cabins and their wild farms remind one of the John Fox country. But there all semblance ends.

As we have recently learned, the Blue Ridge mountaineers are a fearless, lawless folk of the purest Anglo-Saxon blood. They have a native intelligence and furnish the best kind of material for civilization to build upon.



THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS THE HOME OF THE LOST HESSIANS



KING OF SPRUCE HOLLOW

upon. A good citizen can be made out of a Blue Ridge dweller in a generation when put in the right environment. Their lawlessness looked at from another angle is clan patriotism. They are not depraved, nor are they criminals at heart.

The Hessians are quite different. They have little if any understanding of modern morality. Marriage is a luxury, which has seldom lingered at their doors.

There is hardly a cabin in these mountains which does not harbor its idiot, the result of atrocious family relations.

The Hessians are not lawless with firearms. Feuds are almost unknown to them. This is not because of any appreciation of the value of human life. They do not like strife and contention. When neighborly quarrels arise they usually fight it out with sticks and stones and their big, bony fists. Firearms are reserved for the wild turkeys and quail.

The Hessian women do most of the heavy work. The men cut a little wood and tend the open dogs. If the women become unruly they are whipped by their husbands.

I camped in a deserted cabin on Little Spruce one night. Along about

midnight I was awakened by the screams of a woman down the valley. I mounted my horse and rode down the trail beside the mountain river, hurrying in the direction of the screaming. Finally I brought up against the side of a log cabin in the dark. I knocked and the screaming stopped. Presently a woman opened the door and asked me what I wanted in distress, and asked if I could be of any service. She explained that her husband had been beating her. He had fled when he heard my horse coming down the trail.

I asked her if she did not have relatives near by to help her.

"Nobody 'cep my brother over on Dove creek," she wailed, and then slammed the door in my face.

Having nothing else to do the next day I rode over to Dove creek and informed her brother of the state of affairs in his sister's household.

"What are you going to do about it?" I demanded. He looked at me rather sheepishly a minute, and then said: "Well, I reckon I can't do much. Fact is, I was a beatin' my own wife last night."

Such is the life of the lost Hessians. The church has not forgotten them, but they are very apt to forget the church. Missionaries have been sent among them, and they are still there working away to the best of their ability. It is not difficult to get the Hessians to come to the lost meeting houses. It is the nearest thing to amusement they come in contact with. But it seems to be practically impossible to teach these mountaineers the basic law of thine and mine. They are naturally rather truthful. But when it comes to taking anything of his neighbors which appeal to him the Hessian will not countenance restraint.

Superstition lives as an honored guest in every cabin. A copper penny buried under the eaves of the cabin so that the rain may drip on it is a cure for some very terrible diseases. The spirit of fever eats and lives on dirt. A superstition which Doc Flannagan, the Dr. MacClure of the Ragged mountains, is not over industrious to kill.

If you happen to meet Doc Flannagan riding through the Ragged mountains with a wild turkey slung across his saddle as a fee for services rendered, stop him and ask him more about the lost Hessians. He brings most of them into the world today, and he sees most of them out of it. If you want to learn more about the Ragged mountains write Doc Flannagan, "Flannagan of Virginia."

PLATFORMS FRAMED

WIDE DIVERGENCE IN RECOMMENDATIONS SET FORTH.

BOTH FOR A TARIFF BOARD

Taft Men Declare for Further Revision, but Would Have it Wait on the Tariff Board.

Chicago.—Both the Taft and Roosevelt drafts of a platform for the republican convention have been outlined, and both can be put in shape for submission to the committee on resolutions on very short notice.

Most of the work on the Roosevelt declarations was completed prior to Mr. Roosevelt's arrival in Chicago, while the first formal meeting over the Taft announcement was held Sunday.

The Roosevelt pronouncement is the result of labors of many of his friends, but principally of his former secretary of the interior, James R. Garfield, Gifford Pinchot and William Allen White of Kansas. All the planks have undergone the inspection of Colonel Roosevelt and, while he has not passed on them finally, he has indicated his formal approval of most of them.

At Sunday's meeting of Mr. Taft's friends several drafts were presented, and the meeting was largely for the purpose of selecting from the wealth of materials suggested. The approved planks will be joined together and another meeting will be held prior to the submission of the paper to the resolution committee.

Necessarily, the two documents cover the same ground, but there is wide divergence in the recommendations. The tariff receives a prominent place in both, and both endorse the tariff commission. The friends of Mr. Roosevelt, however, go to some pains to make it appear that the present tariff board does not come up to requirements.

They would have the commission determine not only the cost of production of manufactured articles, but would have it undertake to ascertain the share of profits going to labor.

The Taft men declare for further revision, but would have it wait on investigation of the tariff board. They condemn the present efforts of the democratic house of representatives to change this tariff, as unwise and unscientific, declaring its result an unnecessary disturbance of business along undesirable lines.

No decision has been reached as to whether there shall be an explicit declaration for a cut in tariff rates.

TORNADO TAKES THIRTY LIVES.

Tremendous Damage Done by Storm in Western Missouri.

Kansas City.—Twenty-nine persons are known to have been killed and many injured by a storm that passed over central-west Missouri late Saturday, demolishing buildings, tearing down wires and leaving the smaller towns and country homes completely wrecked. It is believed that the storm that struck Kansas City late Saturday, causing the death of two persons and doing many thousands of dollars' worth of damage, swept to the south through Bates county, where it left a trail of death and destruction. Between Merwin and Alban nineteen persons were killed.

Debs' Campaign Opened.

Chicago.—The first campaign in which the socialist party has had a complete ticket in every state in the nation was opened here Sunday. Eugene V. Debs and Emil Seidel, the socialist candidate for president and vice president of the United States, made the chief addresses. Both candidates spoke at a meeting in River-view park.

Attempt to Bribe Delegate.

Chicago.—An affidavit charging an attempt to bribe F. H. Cook, negro delegate to the republican national convention from Louisiana, for \$1,000, to desert the Taft forces and vote for Roosevelt, executed by Cook himself, was published by Director McKinley of the Taft headquarters.

Mr. Bryan on Deck.

Chicago.—William Jennings Bryan was a center of attraction in the pre-convention scene Sunday, and though appearing at the headquarters of leaders of another party as a newspaper reporter, was given a demonstration by the throng of visitors and delegates.

North Dakota Elks.

Fargo, N. D.—Fargo gave a cordial welcome to the hundreds of visitors gathered here for the annual convention of the North Dakota state Elks' association.

Spanish War Veterans.

Pontiac, Ill.—Soldiers and sailors who served in the army and navy of the United States during the war with Spain gathered here from many parts of Illinois for the annual state encampment of the United Spanish-American war veterans.

Rejected by the Senate.

Washington.—The senate has rejected the house provision in the legislative and judicial appropriation bill to limit the tenure in office under civil service to five years.

Meet After Long Separation.

Antigo, Wis.—Walter Quick of Antigo and Jacob Quick of Horicon, brothers, who served in the civil war in different Wisconsin regiments, met for the first time in forty years at the annual encampment of the Wisconsin Grand Army here.

Strikers Return to Work.

Chicago.—The 400 garment workers, who have been on strike at the B. Kuppenheimer & Co. plant, returned to work. They are promised better wages.

THEIR MOST JOYOUS MOMENT

Of the Trio, Probably Representative Redfield Had the Best Occasion to Smile.

The talk in one of the cloak rooms of congress turned to the thought of the happiest moments in one's life. Senator Bailey said his came the day he wore his first pair of trousers. And Paul Howland of Ohio declared his big moment of joy was when he was permitted once to drive a chariot in a pony and dog show parade.

Representative Redfield, who is a wise chap, even if he does hail from Brooklyn, said it was when he was going to school and trying to master long division. Three or four aisles over from where he sat a boy yawned. It was not an ordinary yawn, but one of such genuine expression of feeling toward things in general that it attracted Redfield's attention. He was fortunate in having a paper wed right at hand, ready for any emergency, and he aimed this at the boy's cavernous mouth. The wed went right square into the goal and—well, Fourth of July fireworks are tame to the stupefactions that boy did in the next few minutes.

He says he almost smiled once on ship board when the vessel gave a lurch and threw a platter full of beefsteak, gravy and all, over the open-faced shirt front of a pompous passenger across the table.

THE PEEVISH CHILD NEEDS TREATMENT

When a child sulks drowsily, or is fretful, it is usually due to some slight disorder of the digestive organs, and a mild laxative is very often all that is necessary to restore cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits.

In cases where the use of a gentle, effective laxative stimulant is indicated, many of the best physicians are now prescribing Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. This preparation is admitted the perfect laxative, being mild, yet positive in its action on the bowels, and far preferable to violent cathartics and purgative waters. It is very pleasant to the taste and is an ideal remedy to regulate and strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels. Its easy, natural action makes it especially desirable in the case of children, a dose at bed-time being sure to have the desired result next morning, with no attendant unpleasantness or discomfort.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is sold by druggists everywhere in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. If you have never tried this splendid remedy, write to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill., for a sample. He will be very glad to send a trial bottle without any expense to you whatever.

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Makes Home Baking Easy.
Gives nicer, better food than baker's.
There is no baking powder like it for hot biscuit, hot breads and cake.
Made from Pure Grape Cream of Tartar.

Flattered Him.
A little girl four years old wanted a nickel one day and thought the best way to get it was to say something nice to papa. So climbing upon his lap she said sweetly:
"Papa, I love you better than the devil."

Accounted For.
"Why are there so many men in this jail?" asked the philanthropic reformer.
"I guess," answered the guide, "it's chiefly because they can't get out."

The Remedy.
"I see beef is still going up."
"Then the best way to stop that is to keep it from going down."

The wagon wheel usually has that tired feeling, but it never complains.

The love of applause is responsible for many near actors.

It's tough when love's young dream dies of old age.

The Old Oaken Bucket

Filled to the brim with cold, clear purity—no such water nowadays.

Bring back the old days with a glass or bottle of

Coca-Cola

It makes one think of everything that's pure and wholesome and delightful. Bright, sparkling, teeming with palate joy—it's your soda fountain old oaken bucket.

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Demand the Genuine as made by THE COCA-COLA CO ATLANTA, GA.

HARD TO ACCOUNT FOR HAT

Presence of Human Headgear in Stomach of Shark Something of a Puzzle to Sailors.

During the past few months several sharks have been captured at various points along the New South Wales coast, which on being opened have been found to contain human remains. Most cases have been identified as those of unfortunate fishermen or bathers who had previously disappeared. A similar case came to light the other day, when the crew of the tugboat Jumbuck captured an enormous shark off Mainly beach, Sydney. The party had been snapper fishing, and were greatly annoyed by the avidity with which their fish were eaten off the hook by a shark as they were being hauled into the boat. Turning their attention, then, from the snapper to bigger game, the tugboat crew baited a hook for the shark, and on finally securing him and pulling him on board, got astonishing results from the post-mortem examination they made. Besides a quantity of feathers and ribs of beef, the contents of the shark's interior was found to include a felt hat and a piece of cloth. Finding a man's hat in such a gruesome place, the tugboat's crew searched for anything resembling human remains, but could find nothing and the mystery of where the shark got the hat was not solved by anything they were able to discover. There were only a number of small bones. The feathers, apparently, once belonged to sea birds that the shark had snapped up as they

Petroleum in the Shetlands.

A strong petroleum spring has recently been discovered in the solitary island of Papa Stour, which is one of the Shetland group. The discovery was made by some workmen, who reside on the island, and although no experts have as yet analysed the strength or purity of this spring, there is every reason to believe that it will be utilized, and will be a great boon to the whole of Shetland, for some of the islands were often badly off for

Mr. Haysseed's Theory.

Noted Physician—Do you know why it is that city people are straight and walk with heads erect, while country people nearly always bend over? Farmer Haysseed—I s'pose it's cause country people hasn't got any tall buildin's too look up at.—New York Weekly.

Paraffin during the great sea storms,

which are so common during the winter months.

They did not go below as there was an offensive odor coming from the shaft; but decided that before commencing work next day they would shovel some of the dump into the shaft, which course they were about to pursue when the girl's voice was heard.

We must conform to a certain extent to the conventionalities of society, for they are the ripened results of a varied and long experience.—A. A. Hodge.

But Mr. Bligham will not put his invention on the market until he has perfected an arrangement whereby the lawn mower will also chop the heads of the pesky critters off prior to their introduction into the vacuum cleaner. Until then Jerseyites must have patience.

"How many kinds of flowers are there in the world?"

"Really, I have no idea. Some day I'll get hold of my wife's spring hat and count 'em up."

Saved From Death in Old Shaft

A most remarkable escape from death was that of a young girl who was rescued the other day, from an abandoned shaft about 60 feet deep, close to the Kalgoorlie (West Australia) race course. Two prospectors, who were visiting the shaft with the object of commencing operations, heard the faint echo of a human voice from below, and immediately sent for the police. The windlass was then

quickly erected over the shaft, and a man descended on a rope, finding the young woman at the bottom. Asked how she got there, she replied that when running away from some boys three days previously she had sped to the top of the dump, and while looking back at them, had fallen into the shaft. The shaft had not been worked for ten years; and the prospectors had visited it for purposes of inspection.

Guillotine for Mosquitoes

Late returns from the most thickly populated Jersey districts indicate that the mosquito problem is solved. Arthur Bligham, a Newark mechanic, thinks he has achieved that benefaction to humanity.

The Jersey householder knows well that a mosquito, after it forsakes its native swamp for the city dwellings, hides in the grass that occasionally decorates a horseholder's lawn. Bligham observed that a lawn mower, when guided by the able masculine hand, is likely to clip grass. Bligham's alert eye also noticed the workings of a vacuum cleaner as it sucked up the artificial dirt in the pretty sloop windows. Why not, he argued, attach a vacuum cleaner to the lawn mower and draw in the mosquitoes that were playing hide-and-seek in the grass. He tried it. Great!

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