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VOL. 43. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1899. NO. 38.

1899 JUNE. 1899

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

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 Cards.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,—
Denton, Maryland.
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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WM. H. DEWEESE,
State's Attorney for Caroline County.
Denton, Md.

ALBERT G. TOWERS.
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Close attention will be given to all business entrusted to my care.

RICHARD NICHOLS,
TONSORIAL ARTIST,
DENTON, Md.
Shop in Blackiston Block, Main Street, Able Assistants. Stylish Work.

A NEW ANÆSTHETIC.

Successfully Used in a Severe Surgical Case at New York.

Is Similar in Its Effects to Cocaine, But Is Free from the Dangers Attending the Use of the Latter Drug.

Physicians are manifesting great interest in the successful use of eucaine, a new anaesthetic, in an operation performed in Bellevue hospital, New York city. Not only was the new drug used with entire satisfaction in a serious operation, but the success of the experiment is full of promise for future usefulness of the new drug.

It was a major operation for hernia and was the first use of eucaine in so serious a case. The patient was Owen McGowan, 68 years old. His heart action was weak, so it was perilous to use ether or chloroform. The use of cocaine was deemed unwise. In the last few months eucaine has been used by Dr. Bangs in minor operations. The results have been satisfactory.

The eucaine was administered hypodermically. The first incision in the conventional Bassini operation laid bare the tissues. McGowan felt no discomfort nor sensation, and was able to converse.

The second injection was in the tissues. Its effect was rapid, and, while somewhat confined, was complete. The operation then continued. Not more than an hour was required to complete the operation. After the first few incisions the surgeons inquired how he felt.

"I feel fine," McGowan answered. "It doesn't hurt a bit."

The patient was carefully watched for indications of shock and reactive effects from the eucaine. None was visible.

In the use of chloroform and ether the patient is not allowed to eat solid food for 24 hours before the operations. For 24 hours after the operation the patient is usually too sick to desire food.

In the case of McGowan the use of eucaine obviated all this precaution and subsequent effect.

Eucaine is a byproduct of coal tar. It was discovered about four years ago in Germany, but has not come into general use.

THIRTEEN MONTHS IN ICE.

Dr. Racovitz Tells of the Voyage of the Belgica to the Antarctic Regions.

Dr. Racovitz, of the Belgica antarctic expedition, has arrived at Montevideo from Punta Arenas. Dr. Racovitz says the Belgica reached 71 degrees 30 minutes south, where she remained imprisoned in the ice for 13 months, until March 14 last. The steamer behaved very well in resisting ice pressure, but her machinery is not satisfactory. The objects of the expedition were attained only partially, as the long detention in the ice impeded researches during several months. Nevertheless the expedition gathered valuable materials. It was made clear that Palmerland is not a continent, but a group of islands. Commander de Gerlache called one of these islands Moreno, in honor of Francisco P. Moreno, the Argentine geographer. Lieut. Danio, the astronomer of the party, died during the imprisonment in the ice and his work was continued by M. Luvinte. Dr. Racovitz returns to Europe after a visit to Buenos Ayres.

LAST YEAR'S NEST,

Why, robin, do you shun
Your last year's cozy nest?
Why build again? This one
Is ready for your breast;
Except it be a bit
Of straw to soften it,
And here and there a patch;
'Twill barely cost a scratch
To make it good as new;
And soon the tree will thatch
With leafy roof for you,
And hide it quite from view.

Stay, robin, where last year
You dwelt in happiness;
No prowling monster here
E'er sought to dispossess
And drive you hence in fright;
Here slept you through the night,
Secure, and here were sung
Your songs, here grew your young;
Associations sweet
Are all these haunts among;
Like poppies in the wheat,
Let this be your retreat.

But no, another nest
Is in your busy mind;
Within your little breast
There is the hope to find
A spot more sweet than this,
A fuller cup of bliss.
And who can blame you, sprite?
Who say you are not right
In seeking thus to change?
According to his light
Man far and wide doth range
And doeth things as strange.
—Chicago Daily Record.

Adrift on An Ice Field.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

SAM STANLEY and I had been attached to each other from our cradles. We were of the same age, and our families, living in the country, were close neighbors. We had played together as children, had sailed mimic boats on a pasture pond, set snares in the woods for quails. We both had a strong inclination for the sea, and were resolved to gratify it as soon as circumstances should permit. The small water craft that we launched on the goose pond became in our imagination real ships, barks and brigs. We gave them yards, topsails and topgallantsails, like those of the big vessels at the wharves of the neighboring seaport; and would send them off to some foreign clime on the other side of that little ocean, and possession of which an old gray gander and his flock sometimes disputed with us.

When we had grown bigger and stronger, and were about 14 years old, Sam got a chance to go as cabin boy in a brig bound to the West Indies, and I need not say how I wanted to go with him; but one boy was enough, the captain said, and so there was no chance for me on that old-fashioned square-rigger.

But the thought that my chum, from whom I had never been separated, was to make a real ocean voyage, and would come home rolling so badly on his sea-legs as to dip up gravel stones in his pockets, only to find me still at home, a mere commonplace landlubber, was intolerable to me.

However, Sam and I talked the matter over—he telling how sorry he was that I couldn't go with him, and I how I grieved to be left behind—till we gathered some consolation from the thought that at some time in the near future we would be able to ship together on the same vessel, after which we would always manage to do so.

Sam had been gone a month, when quite unexpectedly I obtained a berth on board a ship bound to New Orleans. I had some hope of getting back before he should have had time to start on a second voyage, so that next time we would sail together. But, at all events, the present chance was too good to be thrown away.

While we were taking in our cargo of cotton at New Orleans I saw by the papers that Sam's brig had arrived home from Santiago de Cuba with a load of molasses; and now s ould we have a short homeward passage, we might get back, I thought, before he should be off again; especially as his vessel was reported to have lost her mainmast in a gale, so that she would have to wait for repairs.

But instead of a short passage, we had a tediously long one, with northeasters almost the whole way, and a heavy head swell that made our progress very slow in spite of the aid we got from the gulf stream. When we did arrive, our folks told me that Sam, after waiting for us a number of weeks, had accepted a chance to make a European voyage, and that his ship had sailed that very morning.

He had left word that he was very sorry to go without seeing me, but that the chance being so good, he had been unable to resist the temptation. His vessel was bound for "Cowes and a market," a very common destination; and I saw that there was not much hope of our meeting very soon, as I should probably be off again before his return. It would never answer to let Sam outstrip me as a sailor.

After a time I got a voyage for Hamburg, and the same day that my name was put on the ship's papers, I received a letter from my young chum, dated from "Cowes, Isle of Wight," saying that his vessel had been ordered to the great German seaport where I had just engaged to go. He said that after discharging their cargo, they should probably wait some time for freight; and how he did wish, he continued, that I could get a voyage for the same place. It was a singular coincidence that I should have done so not two hours before!

Well, we went to Hamburg, and on entering the river Elbe we passed a ship, out of hailing distance, which, as seen through a spy-glass, had the name of Sam's vessel on her headboards and stern.

"Why," exclaimed our captain, "that's the Ophelia! I wish she had waited a day or two longer! I should have liked to shake hands with Capt. Grover. The old ship has a kind of home look, hasn't she?" he added.

And so it went on. I was never at home when Sam was, and Sam never was at home when I was. We both tried to arrange it better, but something would always interfere to prevent our meeting. Still we never abandoned the hope of getting together some day.

The same thing occurred when I went to Glasgow, in Scotland, in a ship called the Robert Burns. The vessel to which Sam belonged had left the place only the day before, and gone down to Cardiff, in Wales, to load with iron for home.

At Glasgow our homeward cargo was soon taken in, and after dropping down to Greenock we made sail on our return voyage; and how romantic the Scottish coast appeared as we passed, under all sail, down the Firth of Clyde. There, close at hand, were the isles of Bute and Arran, and there, too, was old Ailsa Craig, 800 feet high. How I enjoyed such a scene!

We doubled the Mull of Cantyre, at the mouth of the wide frith, and with every sail drawing, from courses to royals, passed rapidly out through the North channel, between Scotland and Ireland—the stout ship pitching and rolling merrily as she took the broad swells that met her from the Atlantic.

Some of our Scottish passengers wept outright as the beloved shores of their country faded away; and I heard one of them repeating a verse of poetry, something like this:

"Bute, Arran Isle is passed,
Scotland farewell, for Ailsa Craig
Is out of sight at last!"

On we went, leaving astern the great Irish promontory of Malin Head, until Ireland, as well as Scotland, sank finally below the horizon. And now, with only the wide ocean about her, the Robert Burns kept steadily on her way.

Then commenced the usual routine of sea life. We had our "wheels" and our "lookouts," each man in his turn standing two hours at the wheel and an equal time on the top-gallant forecastle, to guard against any possible collision with another vessel.

It being the month of June, there existed some danger from floating ice, which had begun to come down from the north, loosened by the summer sun. We, however, kept on our way without seeing a single fragment, until close off Cape Race, in Newfoundland.

One very dark night, when we were nearly up with the cape, I took my position as usual on the top-gallant forecastle, which was about four feet higher than the deck, and one foot below the head-rail. It was impossible to see anything through the darkness, but the lookout must be kept all the same.

The ship was moving only about three knots an hour, and I was seated on the head-rail with my legs hanging over it, when suddenly there was a heavy shock, which threw me headlong over the bow. I remember the shock and the plunge, but nothing further. My head must have struck with force enough to stop all thought, rendering me entirely unconscious.

When recollection returned it was near morning, though it was still dark. At last the sun came up, and then I was able to realize what had happened.

I was on an ice field, and the ship was out of sight. As soon as my head became sufficiently clear to admit of coherent thought I saw how the accident had occurred, and why I had been left behind. The ship, I reasoned, must have struck a glancing blow on a corner of the drift ice, and then, her headway being stopped, and her topsails, perhaps, being caught aback, she had cleared the obstruction and finally slid past it. All this, admitting that she had not gone to the bottom, which I thought not improbable, though she was moving so slowly at the time. Of course, in the darkness I would not be missed, or, if so, I should be supposed to have been drowned.

My head ached badly from the blow it had received, but otherwise I felt in sound condition.

As the sun mounted higher I saw that the field of ice was of no great length, comprising, I should think, five or six acres, with the surface about four feet above the water. What was I to do? Nothing at all, but remain there till I should starve to death. There was no land in sight, no sail visible; and whenever, since then, I have heard a person complain of loneliness, I have thought of that hopeless morning.

Towards evening there came up a heavy gale from the northwest, raising a tremendous sea, which broke continually against the windward side of the ice, sending a deluge of water over the entire field, but my strange raft was quite steady through the whole; being, as I suppose, too large to pitch like a ship.

The night which followed, was, of course, a short one in that latitude, but the gale continued, and the sea roared and swashed so that I did not get much comfort from the morning light. Soon after daybreak I discovered close over my head a flock of wild geese, which had, no doubt, been driven off from the land by the storm. They circled over me a few times and then settled upon the ice hardly a hundred feet from where I stood.

Apparently they were so much exhausted as not to mind the presence of a human being; and, in fact, I don't know but they felt glad to find any living shape so far from land. The sight of those geese, with their constant "honk, honk, honk," as they sat huddled together, stretching up their long, black necks, gave me a certain sense of relief. They represented some kind of life, at all events.

Another day passed, and towards night, the wind having changed, my feathered companions flew away, "honking" out their farewell as they rose up in a great flapping mass from the ice. It is needless to say that I envied them the possession of those broad wings. They were bound for the nearest land, and I felt doubly lonesome when they were gone.

The next day a ship passed me, and I made all possible signals to her, but in vain. Stripping off the heavy jacket that I wore, I waved it above my head, at the same time running and leaping about; but no one on board discovered me. This was a dreadful disappointment, and after a few minutes of distraction I settled into a sullen despair. It seemed as if the men ought to have seen me, and I half hated them for not doing so!

Still another day, and I was getting dreadfully hungry and thirsty; but luckily the June weather, after the last blow, had become very warm, so that even the ice under foot did not chill me to any great extent. By good luck, while walking about my ocean prison, I found a small live fish which some wave must have been deposited in a hollow of the ice; and this was the only fish that I ever ate raw.

I had hardly finished my scanty meal, when a whale, 60 or 70 feet long, suddenly rose up close to the edge of the ice, shooting his immense head out of the water with a force that sent the waves swashing off on all sides. The appearance of such a monster so close to me was at first quite startling. Then he lay motionless, blowing with a loud noise, and sending up sheets of fine mist. After awhile he "turned flukes," as the whalemen express it, and, throwing his broad tail in the air, once more sought the ocean depths. But what a picture he had made!

A flock of Mother Carey's chickens circled about the spot where he went down, but I could not perceive that they found anything to eat. How I longed to knock over some of them, for I was still hungry, in spite of the fish I had eaten.

However, I felt better for my limited meal and soon after fell asleep; for I had slept but very little thus far, and nature now stepped in to help me, aided, no doubt, by that friendly little fish.

I awoke with a start, thinking that a big shark had flopped up on the ice and got me by the shoulder. But instead of a shark I looked upon the shape of a sturdy sailor, who was shaking me briskly upon finding me asleep and not dead.

I started to my feet with wide-open eyes; then gazed with astonishment upon the young fellow who had roused me from my nap. I really feared that I was still dreaming.

"Sam Stanley," I cried. "Oh, Sam, Sam! is it certainly you?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am the same old Sam that I used to be; but how under the sun came you to be here on this piece of drift ice?"

"I'll tell you all about it as soon as possible," I said; "but how did you get here? That's what I want to know."

By this time I was surrounded by a circle of wondering sailors, while Sam went on to tell in a few words how her cargo of iron had caused their ship to spring a leak, so that they had been forced to abandon her; and they were making for Cape Race in their boats, when, passing close to this floating ice, they had discovered me lying near its edge. Sam, it appeared, had been the first to scramble upon it, though he little dreamed of finding his old chum in the person of the supposed dead man.

"What a strange thing it is!" remarked the stout young sailor, while I was devouring a piece of ship bread on board one of the boats as we started off. "We have chased each other all over the ocean to meet at last on a bit of drift ice, away out to sea!"

We reached Cape Race without accident, and another week saw us safe in the home of our childhood, the first time that we had been there together for three long years. Happy New England—how delightful it seemed to me, after what I had suffered! And I was also glad to learn that the Robert Burns, from which I had pitched overboard, had, after all, arrived safely in port, in spite of the rude shock she had received.—Golden Days.

MOST THRILLING.

Was the Entertainment Upon Which the Curtain of a Roman Theater Arose.

Perhaps the most thrilling entertainment on record was one witnessed in the Romagna, which was as unexpected as it was unauthorized. It was the last day of the carnival, and the theater of Formlipopolis, was packed with a crowd of spectators awaiting the rise of the curtain. After a long delay the curtain went up, only to disclose a stage occupied by 100 brigands facing the audience with pointed rifles.

The leader of the strange cast, Il Passatore, one of the most ruthless robbers of any age, bowed profoundly to the horror-stricken audience and explained that the theater was surrounded by his men, that the first man who attempted to escape would be shot, and that he and his merry men would proceed to collect any money and valuables they had with them.

The brigand and his men then descended from the stage and stripped the audience of their possessions to the value of $400,000. He then thanked them all in a graceful speech and left the theater. It is comforting to know that he and 100 of his brigands were captured shortly after and that they paid a heavy penalty for their evening's entertainment.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

EASY CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS

The Humorous Egg.—In a quill place a small quantity of quicksilver, and having fastened it well in, insert the quill through the end of a newly boiled egg, which egg, being placed on the table, will dance about till cold.

Magic Ink.—Any writing or picture made with a solution of cobalt chloride is invisible until heated strongly for a few seconds, when the written characters or picture appear of a blue color. By simply breathing upon the paper, they again disappear from view, to reappear if again heated.

Vanishing spoons are a source of amusement, and are made from this alloy: Bismuth, eight ounces; lead, five ounces; tin, three ounces. As soon as boiling tea is poured into the cup in which they are placed the spoons disappear from view. The drawback about this experiment is that the spoons do not reappear.

Vortex Smoke Rings.—All the apparatus required to produce this effect is an empty cigar box, one of the ends of which, being removed, is replaced by canvas tightly nailed around it. A circular hole about one inch in diameter is bored in the opposite end; inside the box is a saucer half filled with carbonate of ammonia, upon which sufficient hydrochloric acid is poured until a dense vapor of ammonia chloride fills the box, which, upon slight, rapid pressure upon the canvas end of the box, is ejected from the hole, and assumes beautiful circles of white smoke, which ascend, and retain their shape till dissipated.—Golden Days.

NOTED IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The last treadmill has disappeared from English prisons.

It is calculated that the men of Great Britain spend at least $25,000,000 every year on silk hats.

Ann Grant, a domestic servant who died recently at Linton, in Cambridgeshire, at the age of 87 years, had served 71 years in one family.

A fisherman's trawling net brought up recently, near Carlingford Lough, on the Irish coast, a lot of law documents missing in Irish chancery cases. Though much damaged, the papers could be read.

Since April 1 Nonconformists in England have been able for the first time to be married by ministers of their own faith, without the register's presence being required. The law thus acknowledges that such marriages are religious and no longer civil ceremonies.

PORTO RICAN JAILS.

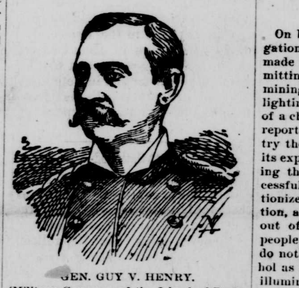
They Have Been Vastly Improved Under American Rule.

Prisoners Are Well Fed, But Compelled to Clean the Streets and Do Other Useful Work—Dirt Is No Longer King.

To improve the condition of the municipal jails and the old government prison has been an important work of Gen. Guy V. Henry in Porto Rico. In October, under Spanish rule, they were as alive with dirt as with prisoners, and under absolutely no sanitary regulations. Frequently the inmates got neither fresh air nor sunlight, but shared the same room and lived in idleness and misery. More than one town, indeed, repeated the story of Cuba. But now, although this housecleaning work is unfinished still, the jails of Porto Rico have become more like the model similar institutions in the United States.

Like most government buildings, the island penitentiary is at the capital, San Juan. Here, just outside the south city wall, 300 convicts eat and sleep, like a native family, in one big room. They are not confined in cells, but have their liberty, and go anywhere inside the ten-foot wall. Only three prisoners, who have been sentenced to life imprisonment for murder, wear a steel ball and chain. Murder, too, is the most common crime. Out of the 300 inmates, more than 200 were convicted on this charge. One prisoner, 24 years old, whose sentence is 30 years, killed three persons. Every twelfth man in the low row of beds is a guardian over his fellows, and may be identified by his yellow stripes and a small hand cane. Yet, as a rule, the convicts live quietly, make no attempts to escape and give the keeper no trouble. Most of them, who are the half-breed native population, neither read nor write. Only one St. St. Thomas English negro can be seen in the prison. Two soldiers, convicted of robbery, who were admitted in December, are the only Americans. One year is the shortest term of confinement.

Back in October and November, when the Americans first reached San Juan,



GEN. GUY V. HENRY.
(Military Governor of the Island of Porto Rico.)

the old Spanish warden gave his prisoners an easy life. His 300 inmates then played ball on the roof, took their midday nap and let the carpenter and blacksmith shops get rusty. Then, as the warden spoke no English, a six-foot St. Thomas negro murderer always welcomed American visitors and acted as an interpreter. He translated the explanations and apologies of the cunning old keeper and repeated all questions of the callers. And, at the end of every trip through the buildings, his visitors wanted to know what kind of food the keeper gave the convicts.

"The gentlemen would like to know what kind of food the prisoners get," then repeated the negro in Spanish.

"Tell them I give the best of everything," said the smiling warden.

"He says he gives the best of everything," translated the negro with a grin, "but he never does."

However, under the administration of the new warden the negro makes no complaint. As soon as Maximiliano Luzunaris, the keeper appointed in December, took charge, the whole building and grounds were cleaned, scrubbed and put in a sanitary condition. Nor do the inmates now lead the same shiftless life. In the shop may be found carpenters, blacksmiths, tailors, shoemakers, cooks, laundrymen, and every kind of tradesmen. They have made the needed tables, chairs, keep the white canvas suits in repair, and run a model prison. Every day more than a hundred men, under a strict police guard, clean the streets of San Juan. Half that number have been employed, too, in the sanitary work under Capt. L. P. Davidson. Outside of work hours many prisoners find time to knit stockings, which easily sell to visitors as a souvenir. Since January an evening school has given the prisoners instruction in reading and writing. An optional course in English also has been introduced by a Porto Rican interpreter. In this school work the men seem to take an interest and show a desire to learn, especially in the English class.

HIGH LIGHTS.

A woman is never afraid to marry a man who likes cats.

Mediocrity can talk, but it takes genius to get listened to.

He who reads can't always run; the book frequently puts him to sleep.

When a woman can make pretty gestures she knows she doesn't need to have much sense.

When a man has a tooth pulled he feels lonesome until his wife has coaxed him to say that it really did hurt.

A man convinced against his will only shuts up until he can get another man to talk to.

It is wonderful what a poor boy can accomplish when he has a rich father to fall back on.

The only true humorist is the unconscious humorist; he never laughs and doesn't get any pay.

Many men get famous by merely writing the things other people could have written if they had only thought of them.—Chicago Daily Record.

An Insect Destroyer.

It is computed that a cow destroys 700,000 insects in a year.

GIRLS PLAY LEAP FROG.

Discovered on the Northwestern University Campus by Students.

Northwestern university students at Evanston, Ill., were kept busy the other day discussing the apparent fact that the coeds of the institution, or some of them, at least, had introduced leap frog into the athletics of the college. At the same time the girls who indulged in the old and not too dignified game one day last week were kept in a state of nervousness because of the unexpected exposure and the consequent lecture from the sedate professors and the motherly matron over at woman's hall.

The students say that the girls did play leap frog, and played it, too, on the campus just in the shadow of the east wall of the college of liberal arts. It was late in the afternoon when a bevy of pretty maidens, tired from the day's recitations, congregated at the corner of the tall building and sat down in the soft grass to discuss the events of the day. Everything was quiet and not a solitary person besides themselves could be seen. All the boys were at the ball game, while the professors were busy with their reports.

One of the girls arose quickly and sat down on the shoulders of one of her companions. This was no unusual act, but it gave an idea.

"Let's play leap frog, just as we do in our rooms," said one, and seven maidenly forms stood erect at once. There were numerous giggles, blushing faces peering through the trees; then six girlish figures stooped as if to catch a baseball. For a moment the last one looked about her, then there was a rustle of skirts, a whirl of tiny feet and the first round was finished, for the girls had run into the stairs which lead up to the main hall.

The first round was also the last, for a hoarse laugh and the college yell coming from the throats of a dozen lusty boys made it only too evident that the girls had been seen. Now the girls are busy in attempting to keep the knowledge of their innocent fun from the sedate professors and from the matron over at woman's hall.

MAY DRIVE OUT OIL.

Alcohol Being Used Extensively in Europe for Lighting and Heating Purposes.

On both sides of the Atlantic investigations and experiments have been made for some time, quietly but unremittingly, with the purpose of determining the value of alcoholas a practical lighting and heating agent. Results of a character so remarkable have been reported from Europe that in this country the Standard Oil company has had its experts for some time closely watching these developments, which, if successful in their operation, will revolutionize the present system of illumination, and may drive petroleum and coal out of the market. The Standard Oil people assert that developments so far do not warrant the acceptance of alcohol as a competitor of oil in the field of illumination.

From Paris, however, comes this statement:

"Alcohol is about to supersede petroleum, not only in France, but all Europe. It is not only to supersede petroleum, but it promises to take the place of coal itself.

"Houses are to be heated by alcohol and engines are to be driven by alcohol. As for alcohol lighting, it is already an accomplished fact. The emperor of Germany has had the palace at Potsdam and the Thiergarten at Berlin supplied with incandescent alcohol lamps, while the new French president Loubet, is lighting up the courtyard of the Elysee with these same extraordinary novelties of the hour."

WEEK'S WASH IN FRONT YARD

Congressman Introduces Fashion at Capital Which Is Condemned.

Representative Showalter, of Pennsylvania, unintentionally introduced a fashion in Washington which the district commissioners have been called upon to suppress.

Upon entering congress Mr. Showalter rented a home at No. 1016 East Capitol street, and a short time after moving in neighbors and passers-by were surprised to see his front yard used for the purpose of drying the week's wash. Some of the neighbors thought that as a congressman's family wash could be placed in the front yard to dry, it might be a new fashion, and they proceeded to follow suit.

This was more than the circumspect neighbors could stand, and the objectors found it necessary to appeal to the district commissioners for protection from such sights. The result was that the commissioners, after carefully considering the protests, notified the police that they must inform the Pennsylvania statesman and his fashion-following neighbors that due respect must be paid to the feelings and visions of others.

Clothes drying in front yards, they were further informed, would not be longer tolerated.

Father of All Steam Engines.

There was released from active service in England the other day the oldest working engine of the world; it had literally been 120 years in the harness. It was made by James Watt and Boulton in Birmingham in 1777 for the Birmingham Canal Navigation company. It had a 32-inch cylinder and an eight-foot stroke, and was by no means small, but a low pressure of steam was used. The engine has been pumping water ever since, but is now "released," and will go into a museum.

Pig Iron in Germany.

The output of pig iron in Germany last year was 7,402,717 tons, as compared with 6,889,067 in 1897.

When Moses Was Paddling.

Egyptian boats more than 4,500 years old have been exhumed from the banks of the Nile in perfectly good condition. They are of cedar and float as jauntily as if they had been paddled but yesterday.

Swiss Imports and Exports.

During 1898 Switzerland's imports exceeded its exports by $64,000,000. It seems queer that a great share of the imports consisted of watches.

Russian Pilgrims.

It is estimated that 30,000 or 40,000 Russians visit the Holy Land each year.

INTERESTED IN GOLF

The Game Now Has Hundreds of Influential Supporters.

United States Golf Association Organized for the Purpose of Conducting Big Championship Tournaments—Its Officers.

W. B. Thomas, the new treasurer of the sugar trust, who was elected to that office upon the retirement of John E. Searles, has just had additional honors thrust upon him in his recent election to the presidency of the United States Golf association. The annual meeting, which was lately held at Sherry's, in New York, settled many questions of important golfing interest, and chose its officers for the coming year.

In this latter respect the most noticeable change was the choice of Mr. Thomas as the new president. His home is in Boston, but his business interests frequently bring him to New York, and he is well known by the golfing fraternity there. He is a popular and genial clubman, a member of many golf and other clubs in Boston and its vicinity, and was one of the first Bostonians to take up the game, where he has played for the Brookline Country club in many lively team matches. He has never made any pretensions to become what is popularly known as a "crack" player, but has always taken a deep interest in the game, understands its needs thoroughly, and by those who have come in close contact with him is said to be an ideal man for president of America's golfing body.

The other officers who were elected at the same time are: Vice presidents—Ransom H. Thomas, of the Morris County Golf club, Morristown, N. J., and H. J. Whigam of the Onwentsia Golf club, near Chicago; secretary, Robert B. Kerr, of the Lakewood (N. J.) Golf club; treasurer—George D. Fowle, of the Philadelphia Country club; additional members of the executive committee—John Reid, of the St. Andrew's Golf club, and A. M. Coats, of the Newport Golf club.

There have been three changes in the official list from last year, says the New



W. B. THOMAS, OF BOSTON.
(The New President of the United States Golf Association.)

York Times. The former president, Lawrence Curtis, of Boston, who has occupied the place since the death of Theodore A. Havemeyer, declined a renomination. H. J. Whigham takes the place of the well-known Chicago golfer, Charles B. Macdonald, who was among the organizers of the association and has been on the executive board ever since. He also declined a renomination. A. M. Coats, the Newport golfer, who secured one of the four championship honors of the United States about two years ago, will become a member of the executive committee in place of Henry May, of Washington, D. C. The other four officers are all renominations.

The total membership of the United States Golf association comprises 139 clubs. This represents the growth of a little over four years. Of course there are hundreds of other clubs in the country which are not included in the membership, but applications are constantly coming in to the secretary. The association was organized late in December, 1894, with five clubs. They were the St. Andrew's Golf club, the Chicago Golf club, the Country club of Brookline, near Boston, the Newport Golf club, and the Shinnecock Hills Golf club, of Southampton, L. I.

It conducts the big championship tournaments of the United States, which are the open competition, in one sense the professional event, and the amateur and the women's competitions. The champions who won these events last year are Frederick Herd, of the Washington Park Golf club, Chicago, who led all contestants in the open event played at Myopia, near Boston; Findlay S. Douglas, of the Fairfield County club, Greenwich, Conn., who captured the highest honors in the amateur event at Morristown, N. J., and Miss Beatrix Hoyt, of the Shinnecock Hills Golf club, who won for the third successive year the women's championship, played at Ardsley.

The intercollegiate golf championship should also be mentioned, which is held under the auspices of its own association. Two of these events were played during the year, as the time was changed from the spring, when the contest had been formerly held, to the fall, and these college games will hereafter take place either in October or November. The present intercollegiate champion is John Reid, Jr., of Yale, and the team championship is held by Harvard.

THEIR FAVORITE DISHES.

George III. loved boiled mutton and turnips.

The famous Dr. Johnson liked overdone boiled pork, veal pie, with raisins and sugar, and plum pudding, covered with lobster sauce.

There was nothing Napoleon was so fond of as boiled mutton with onion sauce, and he frequently indulged his taste to such an extent as to make himself ill.

Queen Elizabeth made her breakfasts and suppers off of salt beef and ale. In contrast, Mary Queen of Scots, whose tastes were French, had a most dainty table and was luxurious in the extreme.

James I. liked a Scottish dish, cockieleekie. Charles, his son, entertained lavishly. He kept two dozen castles always open and ready for him, and would have hundreds of guests to dinner. Five hundred dishes were always served.

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