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1899 October. 1899

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
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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.

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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.

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Denton Lodge, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—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

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GOSSIP OF TENNIS

THE GREAT PLAYERS DISCUSS THE FUTURE OF THE GAME.

TENNIS enthusiasm reached its zenith in the United States this season when Champion M. D. Whitman successfully defended his title at Newport against J. Parmly Paret. Some critics are predicting a revival for October because of the proposed return to the United States of Mahony, Eaves and Nesbit, the British exponents of the racquet game, but strict inquiry has developed the fact that the important foreigners will not be here this year. This is given on the authority of the National Lawn Tennis association. But without the visit of the British champions, can it not be said that the tennis of this country for the year 1899 has been as high in class as it has been for years?

Despite the howls of the pessimists—and there are former tennis enthusiasts of the dyed-in-the-wool university stripe in this class—tennis is not yielding in popularity to golf. Tennis attracts as usual, but the spectators have set a standard for the game that needs but the best exponents of the sport to pose as drawing cards. That the public has become with tennis as it has with everything else—discriminating between the good and the bad—is no criterion of the degeneracy of the game. True, universities that used to be the forcing beds for the tennis giant have shown more friendship for golf of late than the old-time devotee of tennis would like, but as long as athletes live there will be tennis, and the constantly-recurring contests for championships, state, sectional and national, to say nothing of the international events.

Even the scoffer pays tribute to Champion Whitman for his great skill in again winning the highest tennis honors in the country. The people love a winner, whether the victor be the hero



of the grass court or the "skinned diamond" of the National Baseball league. Whitman stood in the sunlight at the Casino at Newport—what a lot of shattered hopes and realized ambitions that place brings to the minds of the long roll of tennis men—and bowed low to the applauding hundreds with stately grace that he is perfectly able to maintain. Playing throughout the season, meeting the best of the young players and the veterans who thought the lottery had something besides a blank for them, Whitman came out of the ordeal without a defeat. Paret is one of the few that can boast of having taken a set from the champion. L. E. Ware was particularly unfortunate in his matches with Whitman, for the latter deprived him of the Bay state championship and the Canadian championship, as well as defeating him in the final round at Southampton.

Expatiating a bit more on Whitman's magnificent record, it might be well to say that Larned—who pleaded business engagements as his excuse for not appearing at the national championship—was defeated by Whitman in the middle states championship. This, together with the fact that "Unfortunate W. A.," as some of the players have termed Larned because of his defeats in the final rounds when the championship appeared to be well in his grasp, was defeated by Pell at Southampton, undoubtedly caused Larned to disagree with those who thought he would play an important part in the Newport tournament.

Davis, too, fell before Whitman in as brilliantly a played match as that which marked his removal from the list by Paret. This was Whitman's Longwood victory. Wright, in the Canadian tournament, and Paret, the challenger at Newport, were also taken into camp by the champion. Paret played at the top of his game when he challenged Whitman, and he gets the right hand of fellowship from his victor. Paret is now higher in the tennis world than ever before.

Former Champion "Bob" Wrenn told me the other day that he had begun to think that Champion Whitman played a game that would win every time from such players as were prominent when he held the title, and even previous to 1897. "Whitman's tennis is sensational," said Mr. Wrenn. "That a player could go through the season without being beaten is really creditable, for a player is bound to find himself off his game at some time. Whitman deserves credit for working up his own game. In two years he has put the status of Washington and Philadelphia, Boston and New York, etc., should not be played. Chicago might play other cities of the middle west and then send its team east to the Newport championships and there meet the winner among the eastern teams for the final match. Northern and southern California have their matches. Intersectional and intercity matches would prove to be of incalculable benefit to tennis.

If ex-Champion H. S. Mahony, of England, comes to this country again with W. V. Eaves he will be assured a great welcome. At the famous invitation tourney of the Wyandotte tourney Mahony was the lion of the hour. Mahony has gained friends by his vigorous demand that the net-cord stroke be removed from the game. "There are players who think that they can hit the net cord when they wish," says Mahony. "They hint this. I say that if they had sufficient command of the ball to hit the net cord so that the ball would dribble over it would be totally unnecessary to do so; they could win with ease against anyone playing the ordinary game. The element of luck is more insignificant in tennis than in any other ball game. Why not remove the anomaly of the net stroke?"

E. G. WESTLAKE.

APHORISMS.

In idleness there is perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

Humility is the solid foundation of all the virtues.—Confucius.

Christianity is the highest perfection of humanity.—Johnson.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—Bishop Horne.

To what deep gulfs a single deviation from the track of human duties leads.—Byron.

I hardly know so true a mark of a little mind as the servile imitation of others.—Greville.

If there is any person whom you dislike, that is the one of whom you should never speak.—Cecil.

Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.—H. W. Beecher.

It is not the place, nor the condition, but the mind alone that can make anyone happy or miserable.—L'Estrange.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles. — Washington Irving.

Hope is a flatterer, but the most upright of all parasites, for she frequents the poor man's hut as well as the palace of his superiors.—Shenstone.

Her Landlord.

I.

I've walked it from strand to strand,
An' there never was a garden
Comparing to Paddy's land.
Then fare ye well, Auld Ireland,
I'm 'frald I'll never see ye more,
An' it's now me heart is breakin'
Through lavin' me native shore.

A peal of laughter so delicious and unexpected greeted the conclusion of the song as caused the singer to sit bolt upright in the long, lush grass in comic bewilderment.

The delinquent, a slim, bare-headed girl, with the humor still lurking about her scarlet lips, returned his stare with interest.

Brian Hennessy's mouth quivered into a smile beneath the brown mustache.

"What is the joke?" he asked.

The girl struggled to regain her composure.

"I really must beg your pardon," she said in a clear, sweet voice, "but your lament was so exceedingly dolorous, and so—so—"

"Remarkably tuneful."

"Thank you!" gravely. "So remarkably untuneful, that I could not refrain from laughing at you. It was very rude of me."

"And very natural," said Brian, quickly struggling to his feet.

The sun was beating down with a fervent heat. Great lazy butterflies sailed slowly by. Away at their feet the country unrolled itself in a panorama of bog and moorland.

Behind them, a long, low, half-ruined house stretched its gray front along the hill.

Hennessy looked at his companion critically. He saw a girl, rather above the average height, clad in a cream-colored frock, which somehow even to him bore the impress of fashion. Out of a pure oval face a pair of wide, dark eyes gazed fearlessly.

"I am afraid you are courting an attack of sunstroke," he observed, a note of concern in his voice.

She laughed again—a low, rippling laugh.

"It is your song which is to blame," she said gayly. "I left my sunbonnet over there in my haste to see the—er—singer," a mischievous gleam in the dark eyes.

He hurried around the little clump of bushes and found the bonnet lying beside a book, which had fallen open at the flyleaf. He could not fail to see the inscription: "Olive M. Dalrymple."

He sighed dismally.

"A grande demoiselle a-rusticating," he murmured below his breath. "Put on your very best society manners, Hennessy, my boy."

The girl stood where he had left her, a soft smile curving her lips.

"It is he—I know it is he," she thought quickly; "the man whom Mrs. Dolan said could coax a bird off a tree with his blarney—poor Brian Hennessy."

"I have brought your book, too, Miss Dalrymple," he said politely, pushing his battered straw hat to a more sober angle on his fair head, "and perhaps I ought to introduce myself—Brian Hennessy, at your service."

She started and gazed at him in a puzzled way.

"The book lay open," he said, half apologetically, "and hence my—"

"Ah, yes, thank you," she said, demurely, hiding her laughing eyes beneath her bonnet. "You are 'the landlord,' aren't you?"

"Er—well, yes; I suppose 'I am,'" agreed Hennessy, a trifle grimly, "at present."

"Oh!"—and she faced him quickly, pain and pity in her eyes—"how thoughtless of me! Mrs. Dolan has spoken of you. I am so very sorry."

The man's strong, virile face softened into an indescribable sweetness.

"I thank you," he said, simply.

"Do you know, Mr. Hennessy," she said presently, "that I came here this afternoon with a purpose?"

"Really!"—with a quizzical smile.

"Yes"—gravely—"I came to see your home."

He bowed low.

"I have heard so much about it, and you, from Mrs. Dolan," she continued, "that I am consumed with curiosity."

"Is it not that natural in a woman?" he ventured.

"Perhaps so"—without relaxing her gravity. "But, believe me, it is not impertinent curiosity. I know the Mr. Darlington who is foreclosing, and his daughter, very well indeed. Possibly I might—"

The man stiffened perceptibly.

"My dear Miss Dalrymple," he said, "I must beg of you to dismiss any such idea at once. Mr. Darlington is quite within his rights, and I should be the last person in the world to question them. My loss will also, I regret to say, be the tenants' loss. A man who can deal so harshly with me will not spare them. As for Mrs. Dolan, I fear she allows her tongue to wag much too freely."

"It is for love of you!" she cried, impulsively.

He turned his back to her for a moment, and his voice trembled a little when next he spoke.

"I know," he said, softly; "she is my foster-mother, and is prejudiced."

"But all your tenants are alike," she said.

He did not answer her, but led the way through a hole in the stone fence, and across the old-fashioned garden to where the great oaken door stood wide open, revealing a cool, dark hall beyond.

Three or four dogs rushed boisterously out, leaping up at him in an ecstasy of canine joy.

"Mrs. Lyons will give us some tea, I have no doubt," he said, quieting the dogs with a word.

The hour that followed was one of the happiest he had ever known. And the walk back to Mrs. Dolan's in the cool evening, with the sun sending long shafts of yellow light betwixt the slender stems of the firs in the plantation, and across the purple heather, was like a glimpse of Paradise.

And the spells of sweetly dangerous silence were sweet to both alike.

II.

During the weeks which followed Brian Hennessy was torn by conflicting emotions. Consumed by a passionate love for the girl who was staying with Mrs. Dolan, and recognizing, as he did, the utter hopelessness of fostering such an attachment, he was by turns recklessly gay and deeply despondent.

A few of the rougher spirits on the estate did not fail to notice these fits of despondency, and the hot blood ran riot in their veins at the "tyranny" of the man who was turning the master out of house and home. Dark whisperings and muttered threats which boded no good to Mr. Darlington were freely indulged in, and Rory Devine polished up his old rifle with a grim look.

But the loss of his home, which a few short weeks ago had seemed to Brian the worst calamity that could befall him, had faded into utter insignificance beside the one great absorbing passion of his life.

He feared with a dread the keenness of which struck him like a dagger thrust, the inevitable parting which he knew must now be close at hand.

Though poverty sealed his lips with a seal that love strove in vain to break, the continued struggle was telling upon him, and the hopeless look in his eyes often caused the heart of Mrs. Dolan's pretty lodger to beat with a wildness that startled her.

One dull, heavy morning, about a month after their first meeting, Brian came tramping down the moor and across the meadow, a couple of dogs at his heels, and a look on his face that caused Mrs. Dolan to remark:

"Sure, there's Mister Brain, lookin' for all the world as if he was going to be hung!"

A moment later he was in the cool, stone-flagged kitchen, and gazing hungrily at the occupant of the big armchair.

"It has come!" he said, bitterly. "Mr. Darlington arrives to-day by the 10:15 p. m. I shall fetch him in the dog-cart from Coolardy."

She gazed up at him with a soft little sigh.

"And I am leaving at noon," she exclaimed. "I have had letters from home this morning."

His lips twitched a little, and his face paled beneath the bronze.

"Then it is indeed the deluge!" was all he could manage to say.

How he passed the few hours that remained before her departure he could never recall. The whole world seemed to be slipping away from him; and when he drove her to the station and watched the forlorn little face fade away as the train bore her from his sight his heart sank very low indeed, and he turned away with a groan he could not repress.

Meanwhile Mrs. Dolan had not been idle. The news of Mr. Darlington's expected arrival had spread far and near, and Rory Devine, with two or three others, spoke in hushed whispers of the loneliness of the road from Coolardy.

The little station platform looked drear and inhospitable as Brian stood just outside the white gate the same evening awaiting the arrival of the 10:15. The mare kept pushing her velvety nose against his arm, as if conscious of his trouble.

His patience was not too sorely tried, however, for a few minutes later it ran slowly alongside the platform and deposited a solitary lady passenger, whose figure seemed strangely familiar in the faint glimmer shed by the lamps.

As she came toward the exit his heart gave a great leap.

"Olive!" he cried, a note of bewilderment in his voice.

She laughed tremulously.

"Yes, it is I," she answered.

"But how—where is Darlington?"

She laughed again, a little quaveringly.

"Here," she replied; "I am 'Mr. Darlington.'"

"I must be very dense," he said at length; "but there is some mystery here that I cannot understand. Will you please explain?"

She shivered at the change in his voice, and laid one hand on his arm.

"I will tell you as we go along," she said.

He helped her to his seat and gathered up the reins.

"It is quite simple," she said, as they spun along. "I—I have taken up the mortgage."

His hands tightened on the reins involuntarily.

"You?" he said, hoarsely.

She nestled closer to his side.

"Why not?" she asked.

He could not speak. Love and pride were fighting a hard battle. By her action she had made the gulf betwixt them well-nigh impassable.

If he told her of his love—the love which he now knew was reciprocated—the world with its usual lack of charity would call him "fortune-hunter."

He breathed hard at the thought.

"You are not angry with me?" she sighed.

Before he had time to reply a spurt of fire leaped from the thicket at the side of the road, followed by a sharp report, and, with a cry of agony, the girl fell heavily against him, slipping a huddled heap at his feet.

It was a week later, and they were seated on the hillside where they first met. Brian Hennessy's lips were telling the old, old story.

"I love you, Olive, beyond all!" he cried, fervently kissing the helpless arm in the silken sling.

"And you will forgive poor Rory?"

"If you ask it," he replied, gravely.

The girl smiled demurely.

"Then I think, Brian, we may consider it settled. For the future I shall make my home with you in dear old Paddy's Land."—Chicago Herald.

An Undiscovered Freak.

Johnny—Pa, what's a philanthropist?

Mr. Grinkam—Why, the word means a lover of mankind in general. He's a man who thinks as much of his wife's relatives and friends and likes to visit with them as well as if they were his own relatives and friends.—N. Y. World.

The Silver Lining.

Editor—Very sorry, Mr. Scribbler, but we find we will have to reduce salaries again.

Mr. Scribbler (a man of affairs)—That's all right. One more reduction and they'll be so low that I can afford to start a paper myself.—N. Y. Weekly.

Under a Cloud.

"Have you nothing you can turn your hand to?" asked the man.

"Not just at present," replied the tramp. "You see, I'm one o' them bloated capitalists temporarily out o' capital."—Philadelphia North American.

Indiscriminate.

The path of glory ever since
Time first began was rocky.
The public first salutes a prince
And then salutes a jockey.

RESORT OF PILGRIMS

Auriesville, N. Y., Many Consider an American Lourdes.

Especial Divine Favor Claimed for the Scene of Father Jogues' Martyrdom—History of the Picturesque Spot.

Auriesville is an American Lourdes. It is situated in the upper central part of New York state, and is one of the most picturesque spots in America. Its chief interest, however, lies in the fact that it was here that Father Isaac Jogues and Rene Goupil, two French Jesuits, suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Iroquois Indians in 1646. Pilgrimages are made thither almost daily by devout Catholics and not a few Protestants. The shrine, according to the New York Herald, is said to have cured many ill persons through the intervention of the martyrs.

It was troublous times in America when the two brave missionaries died for their religion. Historians speak admiringly of the fortitude and courage which impelled these men of civilized France to undergo untold tortures at the hands of the savages of America in that far time. The Dutch had just succeeded in establishing themselves firmly in New Amsterdam, now New York, and had founded a little colony about Van Rensselaerwyck, now Albany. Numerous trading posts were also scattered along the Hudson and the Mohawk. The French had settled Canada, and it was the intention of Father Jogues to penetrate into the district of the Hurons, who were friendly Indians, and thence into the region of the Mohawks and the Iroquois.

It was while making the tour down the St. Lawrence that Father Jogues and Rene Goupil were captured and carried by way of Lake Champlain and Lake George—the latter of which Father Jogues named Lac Saint Sacrament—to the headquarters of the Iro-



WHERE THE FAITHFUL PRAY.
(The Altar in the Famous Little Church of Auriesville, N. Y.)

quois Indians at Ossernen, now Auriesville.

Here for nearly a year the two missionaries were tortured with every conceivable cruelty known to savagery. Rene Goupil finally suffered death by the tomahawk at the hands of the chief of the tribe. Father Jogues buried the body in a ravine which is still shown, and later made his escape to the Dutch trading post of Van Rensselaerwyck, where a ransom was paid the Iroquois to appease their wrath at the loss of their captive and to prevent them from swooping down upon the village and precipitating a wholesale massacre.

Father Jogues then returned to France, where he was received with great honors by the queen regent. Longing to continue his mission in America, however, he returned and undertook to bring about peaceful negotiations between the whites and the savages, in which enterprise he was at first very successful. After a time, however, several calamities befell the Iroquois, and, attributing their disasters to the intervention of the great white priest, upon Father Jogues' return to the tribe's headquarters he was again made prisoner, maltreated and at last treacherously put to death. His head was set upon a pinnacle and his body thrown into the Mohawk. This was in October, 1646.

Through 250 years, during which vast changes have taken place throughout the whole range of the country's geographical and political being, religious veneration for the great missionary martyrs remains fervent among the thousands who annually visit the Auriesville shrine. While as yet there have been no miracles performed which would lead to the canonization of the martyrs, especial Divine favor has been claimed by the devout Catholics who have climbed the hill of prayer and moved from station to station, singing and invoking Divine blessing. The shrine is under the care of the Fathers of the Apostleship of Prayer, the cultus being under the name of Our Lady of Martyrs.

The location of the shrine of Auriesville is especially reposeful and conducive to meditation. The number of pilgrims increases every year. They come in bodies from various parts of the state, each Sunday pouring into the broad valley a new band, who form processions on every side and listen to mass said in the open under the blue sky. It is the hope of many Catholics that Father Jogues and Rene Goupil, together with an Indian maiden, Catherine Tegakwitha, may be canonized.

Pay of British Ambassadors.

There are only seven ambassadors representing England abroad. The seven great powers entitled to receive them are France, Austria, Germany, Italy, Russia, the United States and Turkey. Their salaries range from $35,000 to $50,000, the British ambassador at Paris receiving the highest sum and holding the most coveted post in the diplomatic service abroad.

DR. ORONHYATEKHA.

Remarkable Career of the Mohawk Indian Who Heads the Order of Foresters.

Dr. Oronhyatekha, the president, newly elected, of the Fraternal congress, is a full-blooded Mohawk Indian, of a portly and striking presence. His powerful face lacks the very high cheek bones usually attributed to the Indian type, his iron-gray hair is slightly curled and his eye is kindly rather than sharp.

This representative of the fierce Mohawks was born 58 years ago near Brantford, Can., at the Six Nations reservations. He acquired the rudiments of an English education in the indus-



DR. ORONHYATEKHA.
(Supreme Chief Ranger Ancient Order of Foresters.)

trial school near by. Gifted with an absorbing thirst for knowledge, he ran away to the United States. For awhile he was in New York, where he attracted the attention of a benevolent gentleman. Later he studied at the Wesleyan academy at Wilbraham, Mass., where he supported himself by manual toil. Then followed a year of teaching among his own people, after which he began his college education at Kenyon college, O. He was there three years and then spent three years at Toronto university. He presented the address on behalf of the Six Nations to the prince of Wales when the latter was making his tour. Sir Henry Askand, the physician to the prince, invited him to study at Oxford, in England. This opportunity was eagerly embraced.

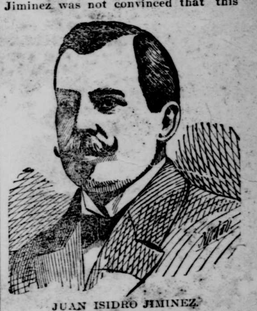
Oronhyatekha, since 1881, has devoted himself to the welfare of the Ancient Order of Foresters, of which he is supreme chief ranger. There was not a dollar in the treasury when he began his work, but he has filled it with $10,500,000 and brought up the membership to over 120,000.

He inherits the oratorical gift of his race, and this he has increased by a study of the best English models. He also possesses extraordinary executive ability, of which the success of his order is the witness. He is married to a woman who also is a pure Mohawk, and he has one daughter.

JUAN ISIDRO JIMINEZ

Dominican Capitalist Who Is Determined to Be President of the West Indian Republic.

Don Juan Isidro Jiminez, who is now so prominent in San Domingo affairs, was at one time one of the richest men in this hemisphere. He owned immense plantations in Cuba and San Domingo, and with the power that money gave him managed to get his own way in almost everything he desired. Some time after Heureaux became president of San Domingo he sent for Jiminez and told him there was room on the island for only one big man at a time. Jiminez was not convinced that this



JUAN ISIDRO JIMINEZ.
(Leader of the Present Revolution in San Domingo.)

was really the case until some of the buildings on his plantation had been burned. Then he decided that Heureaux was right and he sold out to a German syndicate and retired from the island, to await an opportunity for revenge. He thought this chance had come when the war with Spain broke out. Under the pretext that he was going to organize an expedition to fight for Cuba libre, he was allowed by the United States government to pack a little steamship, the Fanita, with some San Domingo refugees and set sail from Mobile. But instead of going to Cuba he went to San Domingo. One dark night he landed there with his cargo of refugees, expecting to find 1,000 insurgents under arms awaiting him. But his letter of plans had miscarried, the raid was unexpected, and no revolution had been started for him. He fired a few shots, but was forced to beat a retreat. Jiminez boasts that Heureaux was killed by his agents and that one of these days he intends to go to San Domingo and take up the presidency.

The Rarest of Gems.

Among the rarest precious stones the green garnet is probably the most valuable. This gem is of a superb, rich shade, far more brilliant than that of the emerald.

THE BLOW THAT CRUSHED.



Our Poet—And was my angel moved to tears by my poor little work?

Our Daughter—Yes, dear. So silly, wasn't it, to cry at nothing!—Punch.

Didn't Fit the Bill.

Alice (protesting)—But, papa, you say you want to see me married and off your hands.

Fairchild (grimly)—I know it. That is why I refuse to let you marry him.—Brooklyn Life.

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