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# AMERICAN UNION.

Vol. 44. DENTON, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1899. NO. 11.

99 November. 1899

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### Post-Office Bulletin.

*Mails Close.*

6:30 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8:07 a m; Q A R R for Points West.
9:45 a m; Q A R R for Points East.
11:45 a m; Steamer for River Points.
1:00 p m; Stage for Preston.
1:30 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
6:45 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:45 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

*Mails Arrive.*

8:35 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:15 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
12:00 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
7:10 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
7:10 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
8:00 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

## GENERAL DIRECTORY.

### County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Frederick Stump and William R. Martin, Associates. Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Charles W. Hobbs; 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., C. H. Stewart; V. G., C. H. Whitby; Secretary, W. K. Scotten; Treasurer, T. Fred Towers. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7 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 7 o'clock in Masonic Hall.

Caroline Council, No, 175, Jr. O. U. A. M.—Councilor, C. H. Stewart; Vice Councilor, C. Harry Whitby; Recording Secretary, C. R. Wilson; Treasurer Wm. F. Murphy. Meets in Masonic Hall every Monday evening at 7:30.

Pride of Denton Council, No. 42, D. of A. — Councilor, Miss May Roe; Vice Councilor, Miss Maggie Murry; 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 Wiltz, 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 and Business Cards

GEORGE M. RUSSUM,
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Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE,
State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

WM. H. DEWEESE, FRED R. OWENS
DEWEESE & OWENS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

### Professional and Business Cards.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Denton, Md.

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LAW AND COLLECTIONS,
Denton, Md.

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

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
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Will practice in the Courts of Caroline and adjacent counties. Pensions a specialty,

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Box 88, Denton, Md.
Will sell property in Caroline or any of the adjoining counties.

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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & CYNÆCOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.

DR. P. R. FISHER,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & CYNÆCOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.

DR. ALEX. HARDCASTLE,
PHYSCIAN AND GYNOICOLOGIST,
Denton, Md.
Office Hours from 8 to 9 a.m. 6 to 7 p.m.

DR. SHERIDAN P. MANSHIP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Denton, Md.
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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Easton, Md.

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Easton, Md.

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Attorney-at-Law,
Easton, Md.

WM. E. STEWART,
Attorney-at-Law,
Easton, Md.

**Harry B. Mason,**
**House Painter and Decorator,**
DENTON, MD.

Having had ten years' experience with skilled mechanics in the cities of New York, Philadelphia and Wilmington. I can give estimates, contracts and skilled work. Fair prices by the hour, day, or job.

# Cecil Rhodes' Dream of Empire

**Is the Present War Between the English and the Boers the Final Step in It's Full Realization?**

THERE is a little incident with a timely significance related by Mr. Howard C. Hillegas in his recent book, "Oom Paul's People." It relates to Cecil John Rhodes, and after reading those few lines one has a better understanding of the meaning the present war in South Africa has to that greatest of South African statesman, capitalist and empire builder. The incident is as follows:

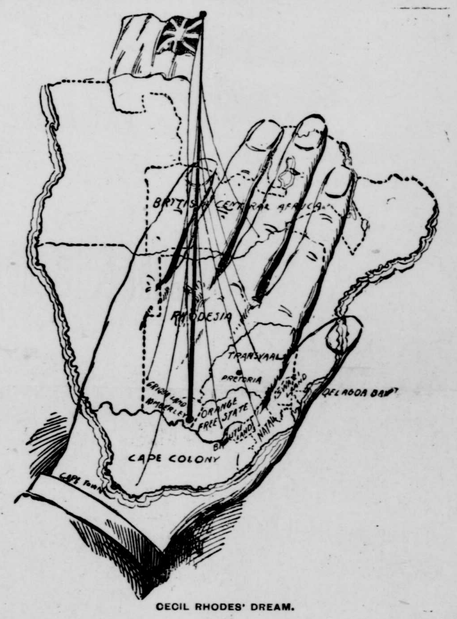
"Sixteen years ago Cecil J. Rhodes, then a man of small means and no political record, stood in a small Kimberley shop and looked for a long time at a map of Africa which hung on the wall. An acquaintance who had watched him for several minutes stepped up to Rhodes and asked whether he was attempting to find the location of Kimberley. Mr. Rhodes made no reply for several seconds, then placed his hand over the map and covered a large part of south and central Africa.

"'All that British,' he said. 'That is my dream.'"

"'I will give you ten years to realize it,' replied the friend.

"'Give me ten more,' said Rhodes, 'and then we will have a new map.'"

That is the incident. As Rhodes expressed it, "a dream," but a dream that for the past 16 years has been steadily revolutionizing the map of southern Africa, until to-day the dream is all but realized, until there are but two small states in all that great territory over which the union jack does not wave signifying English sovereignty, and the war with England into which those two little states have plunged may be the final act in this dream of what was 16 years ago an unknown man.



CECIL RHODES' DREAM.

It would be almost impossible to show Mr. Rhodes' connection with African history in every detail during those 16 years. Even at the time of his remarkable statement in the Kimberley shop he had made a small start in the wonderful career which has been his since that time. In those days election to the Cape parliament did not mean much in a political way, but Rhodes had secured that and made it a stepping stone to things greater.

In the carrying out of his dream Rhodes was fortunate as to time and events. It was early in the '80s that England first evinced an earnest desire to expand in South Africa. For almost a century previous to that time the nation had pursued a vacillating policy with a vast territory that might all have been hers for the asking, or even for the taking when asked. But different ministries had different views in regard to the policy of acquiring an extensive territory in the dark continent, and while an occasional ministry would branch out and extend English rule to new territory in Africa, political revolutions at home would bring new ministries, and they in turn would abandon all that their predecessors had gained.

The year in which Cecil Rhodes dreamed his dream of empire in the shop at Kimberley was the year in which the scramble between the powers for African territory began. Germany began crowding England closely, and the nation that had been paramount in South Africa for so long a time realized at last that if she wished to preserve her standing as the ruling power she must act hastily. So it was that in 1885 England constituted that part of Bechuanaland south of the Molopo river and north of Cape Colony English territory. Mr. Rhodes had strangly advocated the annexation of the territory to Cape Colony, but being unsuccessful in this had urged the home government to make of it a crown colony, which was done.

Rapidly the lines of the new colony were extended northward to the west of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal republic. Germany was gradually crowding in from the Atlantic coast, and Rhodes begrudged them every foot of land which they secured through English inactivity. When the northern boundaries of Bechuanaland were reached there still stretched far beyond a country from which there began to come stories of fabulous wealth in gold and diamonds. Both Germany and Portugal had looked at this great territory with covetous eyes, but a savage monarch, backed by a horde of fanatical blacks, had proven too much for their courage.

Rhodes was by 1888 at a point very near the height of his power, when nothing seemed too great for him to undertake. He was not frightened by Lobengula, the native chieftain, but sent commissioners to him to form a treaty, which they secured, and which gave to Rhodes and his followers the right to mine the country for minerals. It but formed the opening wedge to the complete occupancy of the country by an English chartered company, with Rhodes at the head, and which, under his able management, has made rapid strides in development.

British Central Africa was secured by the treaty between England, France, Germany and Portugal in 1890. This treaty partitioned the territory in dispute between the various powers, and by it England secured a large tract of territory which they had not previously occupied, out of which British Central Africa was formed.

While England had been defeated in the court of arbitration which had decided the claims of the Transvaal, Portugal and England to Delagoa bay, yet by a master stroke in diplomacy, before the finding of the court had been made known, she secured from Portugal a promise not to dispose of the territory in dispute, should it be awarded to her, to any other power without the consent of England. That gave England practical control of that portion of Africa which has played so prominent a part in the African disputes. Had not the United States government objected to a speedy purchase of the territory by England, because of a claim an American citizen had against Portugal for a railroad built through the territory, it would have passed entirely into English control some time ago.

This completed the realization of Cecil Rhodes' dream, with the exception of the two little republics. To accomplish their downfall Rhodes first planned the Jamieson raid, which failed. Then he tried other tactics and attempted to induce the settlers of the little republics to emigrate to his newfound paradise, Rhodesia, holding out to them glittering promises of wealth, but this also failed, and other methods have become necessary.

Whether Cecil Rhodes is concerned in the present war in South Africa or not is a question that many men would answer in many ways, but that he would be well pleased should England succeed in defeating the sturdy burghers none will doubt.

DANIEL CLEVERTON.

### To Clean Furs.

Furs will look much improved if they are cleaned with bran. The bran should be placed in an earthen receptacle and heated in the oven. When hot it should be rubbed well into the fur. Flannel is the best thing to use for rubbing the bran into the fur. After the husk has remained in the garment for about half an hour shake it thoroughly to remove all particles and brush until the article is perfectly clean. Fur collars that have become soiled from rubbing against the hair may be made to look like new by using hot bran on them. Two applications of the bran, and probably three, will be necessary if the fur is badly soiled.

### Amateur Theatricals.

Mabel (the heroine)—Oh, dear! The curtain will rise in five minutes. Are you sure you know your lines?

Jack (the hero)—All except the part where I kiss you. I think we'd better rehearse that once again.—N. Y. Journal.

### A Way Out.

"Our rooms look perfectly disgraceful, and here are visitors coming."

"Let's throw things around a little more, and then we can tell them we are cleaning house."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Few Executions.

Austria is the country most lenient to murderers. In ten years over 800 persons were found guilty of murder, of whom only 23 were put to death.—N. Y. Sun.

### Eggs for the Sultan.

During periods of nervousness the Turkish sultan restricts himself to a boiled egg diet, because this food cannot be easily poisoned.—N. Y. World.

### Various Motives.

Some men seek foreign shores for a rest and some to avoid arrest.—Chicago Daily News.

## A Bottled Proposal

NINE o'clock! A good, steaming hot morning in the city; Threadneedle street chock full of hurrying clerks. Yet, if the nose be held tight between the fingers, the busy scene might be enjoyed.

London makes its toilet later than any other city. More shame to it! But yet on this particular morning romance was not in the least wanting. Some one was saying:

"My dear Rose, of course I mean all what's straight. How could anyone do otherwise, my dear little woman?"

The young man who thus spake was a well-groomed creature, with a somewhat assertive air of gloves, ties and gardenia in button hole. The gloss on his hat would have more than passed muster in Capel Court. His spats were not unworthy of Kempton Park. His stick was a triumph of hooked poetry, and would have shed a luster on the Promenade des Anglais in the height of the Riviera season. Yet, despite all this, there was an over-smartness both morally as well as physically which was not by any means agreeable.

The girl he was speaking to? Typewriter of the highest order personified.

So Miss Rose Johnson's Gig of Respectability was a Hansom's Patent Safety.

So she evidently meant it to be understood as the tale of love was being told into her shapely ear this steaming hot morning by the dustbins of Threadneedle street.

"Rose," again said the young man, who was walking beside her with his glove touching her elbow, "Rose, how can you doubt me?"

"If you wanted to marry me," she answered, "couldn't you have written and said so?"—and, perhaps imperceptibly even to herself, there was a faint lowering of the dexter eyelid. "But, then, you're a lawyer, Mr. Sterrimer, and lawyers are not overrash at putting pen to paper."

"What a prosaic little darling you are! Haven't I publicly shown you every attention?"

"Yes, you gave me watch, ring, umbrella, before my cousins. Watch at Richmond; ring at Box Hill, in the Burford Birdge Gardens; umbrella at the Holborn, when you stood that dinner to Maude and me before we had the box at the Tivoli. But I'm busy now, and have got to turn in. Ta-ta! Perhaps you will be round in the afternoon."

"Good-by, darling," and the young solicitor, for such he was, spoke in as dulcet tones as if he were asking a taxing clerk in chancery chambers not to knock off too many letters. But when the girl had tripped away up the stone steps of her office a somewhat serious look shaded his face.

"Think I'm going a bit too far. Meeting the ma was rather stupid. I don't think I gave myself away much before the girls. But how nice she is, and how nicely she does manage to take care of her dear little self! Too risky, though, J. Laurence Sterrimer, Esq. Fellers who are rising professional men don't want to marry typewriters. Besides, you stand a chance of getting Louisa Rousenbaum. And 5,000 shining golden beans, dear boy, make a good lift for a good start."

He was, you see, a careful young man, who well knew how to take care of himself. If he patronized a music hall matinee—and he loved to do so if supplied with the gratuitous order — he never seltzer-and-whiskied it in immoderation. His betting transactions were few and far between, yet fortunate. The "Juggins," as he loved to think, was a man after his own heart: that is, he would not succeed in being after his own pocket. He was the sort of young man who kept a cigar case for himself and a cigarette ditto for his friends. In his profession as a solicitor he was curiously smart. He could snap a judgment or hold his own amidst any of the denizens of the Bear Garden in the royal courts of justice.

Yet, for all that, such is the force of love, vanity, inclination, or what not, that that very self-same afternoon he found himself seated alone with Miss Rose Johnson in the room where she worked.

As usual, the youth told his tale of love. The maid did not appear to be immoderately coy.

"And do you mean to marry me?" asked sweet Rose. "If I am so ugly"—she smiled coquettishly—"you can shut your eyes as you make your proposal again. Will you say, as you did before: 'Dear Rose, I love you for your beauty and virtue. Be my wife, darling! I should glory in your love, and glory to make it known to all the world.' Shut your eyes, sir, and you shall smell these lovely roses to inspire you and make you think of your own dear Rose."

J. Laurence Sterrimer, Esq., looked about him. There were no witnesses. No one behind the screen; nobody at the keyhole. The room was double-doored, green baize and heavy oak. Inspired by love and the bouquet of roses placed against his somewhat Hebraic proboscis, he said with manly distinctness:

"Dear Rose, I love you for your beauty and virtue. Be my wife, darling! I should glory in your love, and glory to make it known to all the world."

The young man opened his eyes. The girl had laid the bouquet of roses on the side table. He clasped her to his heart.

Three weeks afterward J. Laurence Sterrimer was eyeing two letters which lay beside him on his breakfast table. The one ran:

Camden Town, N. W., 14 Colgrove Road, 7-9-'99.—My Darling Johanie: Why this cruel, cruel silence? Why should your poor Rose have thus to humiliate herself? Your ever, if cruelly treated, loving and faithful ROSE.

No. 2 letter was:

SIR: Your treatment of my daughter is that of a coward and no gentleman. If you think that you can thus trample upon the honor of a respectable family and do so with impunity, you are much mistaken. Your obedient servant,

ISABELLA JOHNSON.

Mr. Sterrimer laughed and helped himself to sardines.

"Fancy having that shrimp-eating old harridan for a ma-in-law! Not for J. L. S., my dear boys! My letters may have been a bit strong, and my general lovy-dovyness rather open, but there's no B.-of-P. case to be made out of me."

Alas! not even young solicitors of a partially Semitic origin can control the vagaries of a frolicsome fate. One afternoon the week following, while he was smiling sweetly at the healthful tone of his bankbook, the clerk of a hated rival was shown in to him. The youth in question was struggling to suppress a smile.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Sterrimer," he said, in a kind of half-choked voice. He handed the solicitor a familiar-looking document. Oh, to think that he should have been served—

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE,
QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION.
1899. J. No. —.
ROSE JOHNSON, Plaintiff,
v.
JOHN LAURENCE STERRIMER,
Defendant.

And to think that this document should be indorsed with—

"The plaintiff's claim is for damages for breach of promise of marriage."

"Impudence!" shrieked the writted one. "There can be no evidence."

There he was doomed to be mistaken. The trial came on, and the court was packed with those good natured friends who find the keenest delight in the miseries of Jonathan and Pythias.

The evidence given by the plaintiff and three young typewriters was of the most startling character.

Three bonny, bright eyed city sylphs had each the self-same tale to coo forth.

If we quote Jane Robinson we quote the other two.

Jane Robinson (called)—Our telephone is in direct connection with Snooks & Bellby's, where Miss Johnson is employed. I also know Mr. Sterrimer's voice as coming through the telephone quite well. On the 30th of August, at the request of Miss Johnson, I stood by our telephone at 3:30 p. m. precisely. I can recognize the defendant's voice through our telephone quite distinctly. I heard him say: "Dear Rose, I love you for your beauty and virtue. Be my wife, darling; I should glory in your love, and glory to make it known to all the world."

Further examined, the witness continued: "I took it down in shorthand. We have also Ibersen's new phone in our office, and the words were transmitted into it direct from the telephone. No, there could be no mistake whatever as to its being Mr. Sterrimer's voice. Yes, Miss Johnson did tell me what she has already stated in her evidence, that she concealed the end of her receiver in a bouquet of roses, and that Mr. Sterrimer had spoken into it—that she had meant him to do so, as he was always making proposals of marriage when no witnesses were by."

When the last of the three typewriting witnesses had finished Phineas Buzfuz, Q. C., opened a large wooden case.

"This," said that learned counsel for the plaintiff, "is one of the famous phones, with all the latest improvements of the great American inventor, Ibersen. With your lordship's permission, and to make use of a somewhat vulgar phrase, I shall now proceed to turn on the tap."

The court listened in breathless expectation. Out came the undoubted tones of Mr. Sterrimer, uttered in mysterious falsetto-forte whispers:

"Dear Rose, I love you for your beauty—"

The rest was almost drowned in laughter, in which the learned judge himself took part.

The laughter had only for a few seconds subsided when Mr. Buzfuz treated the court to yet another surprise. A large frame, six feet by two, draped in linen, was held up in front of the jury by the plaintiff's solicitor's "outdoor common law." The covering was raised. Horror for the defendant! Yes, naught else but a most splendid Cherony's photo enlargement of the defendant clasping the plaintiff to his bosom.

"My lord," said the learned counsel, "this is the age of science. By the aid of a kodak concealed in a cigar case on the mantel shelf, provided with a lengthened tube, of which the pneumatic ball was placed on the floor beneath a sheet of newspaper and touched by the fairy foot of my fascinating client, the condition of the defendant's feelings and treatment of the lady are here clearly depicted. Allow me to state that it was only out of regard for the shrinking modesty of this ill-treated young lady that this evidence was not produced by mutoscope."

When order had been restored the excellent Buzfuz, Q. C., was to be seen in affable consultation with the opposing counsel.

"Your lordship," said he, "may we request an adjournment with a view to a possibly amicable settlement?"

"It would certainly be in the interest of both parties," said his lordship, smiling sweetly.

That little settlement cost Mr. Sterrimer the small sum of £500 sterling, exclusive of costs. Still, fate showed some little kindness to him. He happened to hold £5,000 worth of shares in the Ibersen's Phonograph, Limited. The advertisement caused by the display in open court was so good that the shares went up like Mr. Brock's Thursday night rockets. So he lost nothing in particular after all.

As to Miss Rose Johnson? She invested her £500 in running a private money lending shop for the benefit, or the contrary, of smart typewriters.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Piracy in the Sulu Islands.

The announcement made a short time since that the United States had occupied Sulu, and consequently assumed jurisdiction over the archipelago, was received here with considerable satisfaction. Spanish rule, which began in 1638, and has ended after a period of over 260 years, was confessedly a failure. While it was of effect at the principal port, Jolo (the Spanish spelling of the name), its influence in the outlying islands was nil. Siassi, Tawi-Tawi and many an islet near by continued, as before, to be hotbeds of piracy, and the nominal posessions were, in actual fact, unable to clear them out.—British North Borneo Herald.

### Month of Storms.

October is the month of storms. During the last ten years there have been more in this month than in any other. September ranks second. It is six years ago since a terrible cyclone devastated the region lying on the Gulf of Mexico, causing the loss of 2,000 lives. In October of last year there were 28 shipwrecks in which lives were lost, while a storm on the coast of Georgia cost 100 lives. The most disastrous shipwreck of last October was that of the Mohegan.—Chicago Tribune.

## SPECULATES IN OIL.

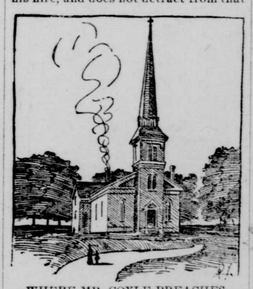
**Ohio Preacher Spends on His Church More Than His Salary.**

**Has Other Peculiarities Besides Watching the Fluctuations in the Petroleum Market—A Firm Believer in Orthodoxy.**

It is decidedly unusual to find an oil speculator in the pulpit. It is equally unusual to find a pastor who returns to his congregation each year his entire salary and donates a slice of his private income besides.

Andover, Ashtabula county, O., says the Chicago Tribune, has just such a preacher in Rev. E. T. Coyle, who is an orator, poet, diplomat and a man of great personal magnetism. Under his pastoral charge the average attendance at the evening services in the Andover Congregational church has increased from some 25 to an audience ranging from 300 to 400. From one of the weak churches it has grown to be the strongest, and ranks well with churches in the two business centers of the county which lay claim to the name city. The prayer meetings on many occasions have been so largely attended that it was found necessary to place chairs in the aisles to accommodate the crowd. The average service is attended by a number which represents one-third the population of Andover, men, women and children.

Rev. Mr. Coyle's methods of church work are so different from the methods of all other pastors as to be worthy of especial note. He is a man who could command a good salary in a city church, but he prefers the rural town to the crowded city, and therefore came to this church, which could only afford to pay $700 a year. He believes in the principle that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and does not detract from that


WHERE MR. COYLE PREACHES.
(First Congregational Church at Andover, O.)

principle by refusing to receive his salary. He draws his pay, but spends it on the church and congregation.

The manner in which he spends his money is also unusual. For instance, last winter there was a special service in a church several miles distant from Andover, which Mr. Coyle was desirous that the members of his church and Sabbath school should attend. He engaged from the livery stables the necessary number of sleds to carry the entire party and footed all the bills. Special services at Andover on several occasions have brought large numbers from outlying districts. At meal times Mr. Coyle would dine all such guests at the hotels at his own expense. Last winter he took his Sabbath school class of some 40 members for a day's outing to Jefferson, the county seat of Ashtablua county, some 15 miles distant from Andover. He paid the railroad fare for all the children, and instead of carrying their dinners in baskets they dined at his expense at the best hotels.

Delegates from his church recently attended the Grand River conference of Congregational churches held at Conneaut. On their arrival at the Conneaut depot he engaged a carriage to take these delegates to and from the church in which the conference was held, while delegates from the majority of the churches in the district walked.

He is not closely allied to any denomination, and often gives liberally to other denominations, as well as to the one in which he is pastor. An example of this was witnessed at Andover since his pastorate there. The Methodist congregation built a new parsonage for its pastor. Rev. Mr. Coyle gave $50 towards the fund without even being asked to do so.

Rev. E. T. Coyle is really a wealthy man. Several years ago he became interested in oil speculations in West Virginia which brought large returns. His business interests are large and require a portion of his time, even at present, to look after them. That he has ready cash capital is shown by an incident not long ago at Andover. He stepped into a printing office to pay for some work. He handed the proprietor a five-dollar bill, but the printer was unable to make the desired change and asked for money of some other denomination. Rev. Mr. Coyle, again reaching into his pocket, drew out a $1,000 bill and asked the publisher if he could change that.

Mr. Coyle may be progressive, but he is orthodox in his beliefs and frowns on all attempts to throw away portions of the Bible. He believes the Bible from cover to cover and teaches no new doctrines in his pulpit. His large audiences are therefore in no way the result of sensational preaching or a ridicule of orthodoxy.

The successful pastor is 30 years of age and single. He is tall and slender and wears neither beard nor mustache. He dresses in the finest broadcloth. He is modest and retiring in manner. He has traveled somewhat extensively and expects at some future time to make a trip through Europe. He began to preach before he was 20 years old and always has been successful.

### Awful Check.

Lady (engaging servant)—And do you understand how to take care of a bicycle and keep it clean?

Servant—No, mum; but I can introduce you to the firm where I get mine cleaned, and you can mention my name as a reference.—Funny Cuts.

### His Strength.

Teacher—For what else was Julius Ceasar noted?

Tommy Tucker (who had studied the lesson somewhat hastily)—His great strength, ma'am. He threw a bridge across the Rhine.—Chicago Tribune.

## HAS X-RAY SIGHT.

**Remarkable Optical Faculty of a Boy of Eleven, Living at South Braintree, Mass.**

Arley Leonel Brett, of South Braintree, Mass., is the most remarkable boy in existence. He is 11 years old, and of more than average intelligence for his age; but there is nothing unusual in his appearance.

It is claimed for him, however, that he sees with the naked eye as if with the X-rays. That he possesses this extraordinary gift appears to be beyond doubt, for several medical men have tested the boy's power, and placed on record the results of their investigations. In almost every case these results were satisfactory and surprising.


HIS POWERFUL VISION.
(Massachusetts Boy Whose Eyes Are Veritable X-Rays.)

The boy diagnosed a number of fractures. In confirming the diagnosis of a broken hip he pointed out that the fracture was nearer the head of the bone than had been thought by the physicians. He examined a child who, it was supposed, had swallowed a coin, and declared there was no coin there. This was proven to be correct at the post-mortem, the child having died from other causes.

The lad also uses this power by so concentrating the sight as to shut out ordinary daylight. The air, he says, is then filled with flashes of a pale greenish light, which illuminates the objects to be examined. This light, he says, is the same as the X-ray in the Crookes tube. Daylight is then darkness or a reddish black.

He is not unconscious of surroundings, and he remembers and discusses what he sees after the examinations. It wearies him if the examination exceeds half an hour, or if the tests are more frequent than once a week.

There was nothing in Arley Leonel Brett's infancy to suggest his possession of this wonderful power. His parents noticed that he was more observant than the average child; that he had a queer, inexplicable way of looking very closely at any small object he came across.

When about nine years of age he one day was playing with his father's hands, and to that parent's utter astonishment he exclaimed: "Oh, dad, I can see inside!" Similar exclamations on subsequent occasions led to the parents consulting a doctor, who conferred with an expert, and the upshot was they found that the boy's sight could penetrate substances after the manner of the X-rays.

## GEN. IGNACIO ANDRADE.

**President of the Republic of Venezuela Is Most Likely to Lose His Occupation.**

Gen. Ignacio Andrade, who it was announced in a dispatch to the navy department from Capt. Hemphill, of the Detroit, now at La Guayra, was likely to be deposed from his office as president of Venezuela, was elected to that office March 4, 1898, to succeed Joaquin Crespo. The election of Gen. Andrade was at the time considered to have been a signal victory on the part of those who favored arbitration of the boundary dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain.


GEN. IGNACIO ANDRADE.
(President of the South American Republic of Venezuela.)

Negotiations for peaceful settlement of the boundary dispute between the two countries have been pending for several years and October 9 was the day of final settlement.

If the treaty is signed it may be possible that this tempestuous people, over whom Andrade has ruled for so short a time, may take exceptions to his attitude, and the result will be that he will be deposed.

He is about 60 years of age and a son of Gen. Jose E. Andrade, one of the famous figures in Venezulan history. His brother, Jose Andrade, was at one time the Venezuelan minister at Washington.

### Largest Mass of Rock Salt.

The largest mass of pure rock salt in the world lies under the province of Gallcia, Hungary. It is known to be 550 miles long, 20 feet broad and 350 feet in thickness.

### Merely a Bluff.

Guest—Why do you call this a temperance hotel?

Proprietor—Because it's the only place in town where a temperance man can get a drink without giving himself away.—N. Y. Journal.

### An Honest Criticism.

Author—Now I want your honest opinion. Tell me what faults you see in my book.

Friend—Well, for one thing, I think the covers are too far apart.—N. Y. Journal.

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