STRIKING SIOUX FACES.

PICTURES OF AMERICAN ABORIGINES THAT WILL BE INTERESTING.

Walter Wellman Makes a Requisition on a Washington Photograph Gallery, and the Result Is Here Offered the Reader. Some Out of the Way Information.

[Special Correspondence.]
Washington, July 11.—It is a singular fact that in Bell's great national photograph gallery in this city, where the famous beauties and famous men of the last quarter century have sat before the



RED CLOUD. camera, the "finest" negative ever taken was that of an American Indian. Among presidents, senators, orators, supreme court judges and foreign ministers the face and head of Red Cloud stand forth conspicuous as the most interesting and artistic study. Old Red Cloud is now at his home in Dakota, almost beyond the frontiers of civilization, trying his best to get from the government a good and reasonable price for the lands of his people, but his photograph, standing in the show window of Bell's shop, is one of the best known pictures in the national

Occasionally Red Cloud comes down here to see the "great father," but he no longer wears the picturesque dress in which we see him in this picture. Now be wears a full suit of "store" clothes, as do all of the Indians who come here. In fact, this photograph gallery contains good evidence of the evolution of civili-zation among our Indian tribes. Chief Operator Dodge has framed a set of photographs which show at a glance the rapid progress made by Indian chief-tains in the acquirement of European dress and customs.

The first stage is represented by such noble and picturesque heads as those of Red Cloud, Lean Wolf and Rushing Eagle. A few years ago all the Indians who came to Washington on business with the government wore in traveling common blankets, skin leggings, moc-casins and shirts. Their "full dress" of war bonnets, head feathers, etc., they



LEAN WOLF. brought along tied up with thongs, to be donned on all state or ceremonial occasions, such as a visit to the White House. the office of the secretary of the interior or the photographer's.

The second stage is shown in such faces as that of Little Beaver, who had donned the white man's waistcoat, laundried shirt, trousers, collar and necktie, but who was unwilling to give up his blanket, his single head feather, the fantastic adornment of the two long braids and The third stage is represented by court-

ly old Medicine Bull, a Lower Brule Sioux. who gave up

everything but

his blanket and

moccasins. He

took on the over-

coat, the collar

and even the light

walking stick of

his white friend.

but no entreaty

could prevail on

him to abandon



the soft and easy footdress which e had worn all his life for the stiff boots or shoes of civilization. Medicine Bull is very proud of his pho-MEDICINE BULL. tograph taken in his combination costume, and has al-

ready ordered four dozen prints from the negative to distribute among his friends at Lower Brule. His son, a teacher at Hampton college, and a very bright young man, is also proud of the picture and orders a new supply of prints two or three times a year. The fourth stage of evolution, com-

plete European dress, is well shown by the photographs of American Horse and Standing Bear, and of grim old Standing Cloud. This veteran warrior was so fond of the product of the pho tographer's art that he used to spend hours at a time in Bell's gallery, gazing with undisguised admiration at the thousands of pictures on the

walls and watching with great interest the "sitting" in the operating room. He was particularly fond of the photographs of Indian chiefs, and, knowing the location of the large drawer in which they are kept, used to come in day after day, bringing along one or another of his Indian friends to pass a pleasant hour looking the pictures over.

As a rule, the Indian in a photograph gallery refuses to display any curiosity or interest. He is not willing to have it appear that he is a tyro in the art, but tries hard to assume an air of indifference born of long experience. Standing Cloud is the single exception to this rul known to the traditions of Bell's gallery, wherein several hundred Indians have been photographed. Inquisitiveness shines out in the old fellow's face as a predominating characteristic, and one is not surprised to hear that while his companions were sitting grimly in a corner of the gallery smoking their long pipes and occasionally grunting out some half expressed comment, Standing Cloud was moving about inspecting everything and asking the interpreter no end of questions. Notwithstanding his great curi-

him to go into the "dark room." That odorous place he evidently regarded as the seat of a black and uncanny art, and nothing would he have to do with it.

Red Cloud and his picturesque brethren do not have to pay for the photographs which they get in Washington. Mr. Bell makes each of his Indian subjects a present of a dozen cabinets, as he can well afford to do, since there is a very good sale for these photographs, particularly in Europa. England alone buys thousands every year, and now orders are beginning to come in from Paris. Perhaps the Buffalo Bill rage in the French capital may have something to do with this.



RUSHING EAGLE. One of the perquisites of fame is free photography. Presidents, judges, sena-tors, congressmen, get their pictures without price. Bell, Prince, Jarvis and other leading photographers here are constantly sending out invitations to public men to come for a sitting. As a rule the subjects yield readily, but occasionally an obstinate man resists a dozen solicitations. Just now Mr. Bell is trying to get Postmaster General Wanamaker before the camera. Wanamaker has had but one photograph taken of himself in a dozen years, and says he will not have another for a dozen more. Yet Bell may get him. He was three years in getting a sitting from Mr. Cleveland, but after the late president had broken the ice and seen his pictures he became positively fond of the counterfeit presentment of himself and ordered

prints by the score.

Bell & Prince have enjoyed a practical monopoly of the sale of Mrs. Cleveland's photographs from original negatives. Mr. Bell says the sale of Mrs. Cleveland's pictures has exceeded in numbers that of any other person in America, and probably that of any other person in the world. Just after the assassination of Lincoln and Garfield there was a tremendous demand for their photographs, but for four years the sale of Mrs. Cleveland's picture has continued almost without interruption. To this day orders are received not only from all parts of the United States, but from Canada, Europe and even South America. No one is competent to estimate the number sold, but it must run

up into the millions.
"I firmly believe," says Mr. Bell, "one photograph of Mrs. Cleveland has been sold for every family in the United

Since her marriage Mrs. Cleveland has probably had a greater number of sittings than any other woman in America, possi-bly excepting a few actresses. Bell has from her twenty-seven sittings, and Prince about twenty. In nearly every case of a new sitting it was made at the urgent request of Mr. Cleveland or of friends who desired to have her picture is a certain costume or position. Mrs. Cleveland was very good natured about it, and, while not at all afflicted with vanity, was willing to sit as often as she could by so doing give pleasure to her husband, her friends or the public.



LITTLE BEAVER. Washington photographers say the sale of Mrs. Cleveland's photograph continues at a larger volume than Mrs. Harrison's, while there is very little demand for Mr. Cleveland. Chief Justice Fuller's photograph is now selling next to Mrs. Cleveland's, and is one of the most popu-

lar pictures ever made in the gallery, ugh still, of course, far behind Logan, Sheridan and Grant in aggregate output. The chief justice's many admirers may be glad to know that in the opinion of Operator Dodge, whose opinion surely is worth something, Mr. Fuller's face is, after Red Cloud's, the finest one from an artistic standpoint in the gallery. "It is not only a fine face," says Mr. Dodge, "it is really a beautiful face. I like to have sittings from the chief justice. He is affable, jocular and withal so admirable a subject. And such an interesting



TWO MOONS. AMERICAN HORSE. The supreme justices are all photographed in their gowns. Usually they come to the gallery in carriages, bringing their gowns with them, but shortly before his death Chief Justice Waite surprised everybody by walking in with his black gown rolled under his arm, a feat which his even more Democratic successor has imitated.

Almost without exception the faces displayed in this national gallery are the faces of living men, and of men who are prominently before the public eye. It is strance how completely the famous man of one day is forgotten the next. The faces of Logan, Arthur, Grant, Sheridan, Garfield and Hayes have disappeared from view. All the great statesmen of the rebellion and reconstruction era are without places on these long walls. The public, particularly the picture buying public, is notoriously fickle, and the photograph dealer finds no profit in displaying the countenances of fallen stars and of suns that have set.

As men disappear, even though grad-ually, from public notoriety, their pho-tographs are removed to the rear of the store. The back walls represent many disappointed ambitions, many blasted careers. New men are continually coming forward to take the place of honor in the show window next the street. Yet, as Mr. Bell well remarks, one can never tell when it will be necessary to take some face down from the rear wall and place it at the very front. An in-stance of this is found in the case of President Harrison. Two years ago he was on the back wall. He had been defeated in his contest for re-election to the senate, had retired from public sta-



STANDING CLOUD. tion to his law office. He was looked upon, from the photographer's point of view, as a "back member." And yet, with one turn of the wheel of political fortune, he "bobbed up screnely from below," and all the world wanted his WALTER WELLMAN.

MILE SHOOTING.

Interest Therein Greatly Stimulated by the International Contests. The interest excited in the international shooting competition brings up the subject of rifle shooting in general. Many, no doubt, think rifle shooting an old institution in America, whereas to one acquainted with its development it is known to be an outgrowth of comparatively recent years. In bygone days, when Kentucky and Ohio were opened



ARMY AND NAVY CHAMPIONSHIP EMBLEM. ly large enough to admit a ball the size of a small pea. In those days every boy was taught to shoot as soon as he was old enough to understand the manage-

ment of the gun.
In Switzerland, the home of the expert chamois hunter, the rifle of former days was a short, heavy bored gun, calculated to kill at quite a distance. The French, in their fights with the Arabs, used a rifle, as they needed a weapon that would reach their swift adversaries at a distance further than the guns of the latter would carry. The rifleman of the army was instructed how to shoot before being allowed to fire at a target.

In 1859 a national rifle association was organized in England and Wimbledon was purchased for a shooting ground. British volunteers began shooting in earnest, and as time sped by wonderful progress was made at the targets. The skill of the British riflemen attracted the attention of the Swiss. The hardy mountain men were not slow to select a team of riflemen from the most noted mountain shots in the little republic. Towards the middle of the summer the contest took place. It was a hot struggle, but the British finally won. At a later date they visited the Swiss on their home grounds and administered another defeat. The reports of the great doings of the Prussian needle gun in the hands of men disciplined to use it kindled a desire in the hearts of Americans to emulate the deeds of the Prussians.



THE HILTON TROPHY.

After the civil war, through the efforts of Mr. George W. Wingate, a lawyer of New York, a club was organized, with Col. Church, of The Army and Navy Journal, as its president. The state Journal, as its president. legislature appropriated \$25,000 for the purchase of a range, and the organization was thus made a state affair. The committee in charge of the purchase of a range selected a section of land on Long Island belonging to a man named Creed, and called it Creedmoor, after its former owner. From that time to date the organization has prospered, and many notable contests have taken place

The cable dispatches from Europe show that the American team is holding its own remarkably well and doing such shooting as to win praise not only from Americans but from English people as The team now in England is captained

by Maj. James P. Frost, who holds a record at mid-range that has never been equaled in the United States. This team holds the military and naval championship of America and the interstate championship. In 1887 a team composed of nearly all the present members won the Hilton trophy, of which a

cut is here given, with the grand score of 1,006 points. She Had Him There. Mr. Hobbs-I see that a Newport, Pa., farmer has a hairless calf on exhibition. What a remarkable freak that is. Mrs. Hobbs - Remarkable! you're bald headed yourself, John.— Minneapolis Tribune.

An Unlucky Title. Jones-I'm writing a new book which shall call "The Prince of Fools."

AN EPOCH IN HISTORY.

WAS MARKED BY JULY 14, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. Shere to Not Now Any Serious Disco

the View That the French Revolution Made for the General Betterment of

The 14th of July has at last reached the dignity of a great national day of emoration. A century has passed since the common people of Parisstormed and captured the Bastile. Their first attempts to commemorate the day were while the revolutionary spirit was still in the accendant; after that came the era of reaction, when praise of the men of 1789-93 was treason, then another era of the revolutionary spirit in a milder form, then the era of quiet toleration with sarcasm and sneering, and at last a gen-eral recognition of the fact that "Bastile was indeed one of the great days in the history of nations.



There is not now any strious difference of opinion about the French Revolution : we are as far removed from the wildly enthusiastic eulogies of Danton as from the frantic denunciations of Edmund Burke. The theologue who tries to show that the "Reign of Terror" was caused entirely by "Infidel writers like Voltaire and Tom Paine" is ridiculed as mercilessly as the wild eyed agnostic who says with ungrammatical emphasis that "priestcraft done it all." All common sense men now realize that there was something far back of priestcraft and infidelity, something that touched the French people more painfully than the atheism of Hebert or the folly of Marie Antoinette, which made that revolution so terrible.

If the reader would know why the fall of the Bastile is such an epoch to Frenchmen, and why when they rose against the ruling classes they were so merciless in their wrath, he must look at their previous history and note how complete-ly the old condition of things had brutalized the people. If you think the hor-"want of religion," consider that France had enjoyed a close union of cherch and state for 1,000 years; if you accept any of the other Bourbon theories, consider that France had then the strongest and most paternal government in Europe. For the real trouble let us briefly review her history.

As is known to all readers, the north-

ern nations which overran the Roman empire brought with them well defined ideas of personal liberty and free par-"All the warriors met in arms," says Dion Cassius. "The men of influence endeavored to persuade them; they expressed their assent by clashing their shields and their dissent by murmurs; nor was there any need of a nice scrutiny of votes where opinion inclined one way or the other with such force. The result was that in England, France Italy, indeed, in all the kingdoms which grew upon the ruins of the Roman empire, there were intermediate bodies between the high and the low, there were parliaments or other legislative and mod erating bodies which preserved the principles of liberty. In England alone did this embodiment of freedom survive. In all the other kingdoms it was either abolished outright by the despotism of the rulers or so perverted that it became an additional engine of oppression.

In Spain the cortes, in Italy the councils, in France and the Netherlands the states general and local "parlements" finally sunk into mere registering bodies -they did what the king asked or ordered, and as far as can now be determined their functions became merely formal. Indeed, no writer is now able to state with any precision what were the original powers of the "Parliament of Paris," the "Estates of Brittany," the "Cortes of Castile," or the "Council of Arragon." The summary of the whole matter was this: There was a time when the king could not change local laws without the assent of the local "parle ment" or raise money without the vote of a general parliament; there came a time when (except in England) he could do as he willed unless his people rebelled. If they rebelled, the peasants were footmen, the cavaliers, mounted and cased in armor; one thousand of the latter could overawe fifty thousand of

The invention of gunpowder practically put an end to the old distinctions. Knights in armor could no longer gallop over peasants at will: castles could be bombarded or blown up. But before the oppressed could realize on that fact the ruin of the old parliamentary institutions was complete. In France the farce terminated in 1614, the states general assembled no more, and in due time Louis XIV arrogantly declared, "I am the state." His long wars reduced the French peasantry to the last extremesvery often in the early spring laborers were found dead by the roadside, in their mouths the grass which they had gnawed in the rage of hunger. There was a slight improvement, but the debaucheries of Louis XV destroyed popular respect for the crown Louis XVI honestly desired to improve the people's condition, but was too feeble. All the sap and nutriment of the country had gone to swell the cancerous growth of court and nobility.

At length there came a time when exhausted nature could bear no more. Several bad harvests reduced the peasantry to a condition where death was less an evil than life, and they rose in various places, burning the castles and murdering the collectors. The middle classes were infatuated by the success in America, and imbued with infidel philosophy. The nobility were licentious, arrogant, worthless. The condition of the ruling classes is thus forcibly described by Gouverneur Morris, American agent in Paris: "Treachery, inconstancy and Punic faith inhere in the very bone blood and marrow of the people, so that if a man of the highest rank tells you today the exact opposite of what he told you yesterday, you are laughed at for a fool if you insist on the former state

ment. The king convened the assembly of the notables in 1787, and asked them to tax themselves for the relief of the country. They laughed him to scorn. He then called the states general, which met May 5. 1789—the first time since 1614. On

the 17th of June the representatives of the people in the states general organized for a general reform; the king commanded them to disperse, and so the famous, bloody Revolution began. July 12 the people of Paris formed the National Guard, under command of Lafayette, and took possession of all the arms and arsenals in the city. July 14 they stormed and captured the Bastile. These are the glorious "days of July" of which so much is said.

A GREAT STORY TELLER.

William Wilkle Collins, Becently Stricken with Paralysis.

Wilkie Collins—his full name is Will-iam Wilkie Collins—whose severe illness was recently reported from London, is the eldest son of the late William Collins, who was a member of the Royal academy and well known as a painter of rustic scenes. Wilkie Collins was born in London in January, 1824. His mother was a sister of Mrs. Carpenter, one of the best female portrait painters of the time. He attended a private school, after which he spent two years in Italy with his parents and was then articled for for four years to a firm in the tea trade. He had no taste for commerce, however, so, soon after serving his apprenticeship, he took up the study of law. He was a student at Lincoln's Inn when his father died. His earliest literary effort was a biography of his father, with selections from his journals and correspondence, published in two volumes in 1848. From that time Mr. Collins devoted him-

self entirely to literature, and published successively "Antonina, or The Fall of

Rome; a Romance of the Fifth Century," 1850; "Rambles Beyond Railways; or Notes in Cornwall Taken Afoot," 1851, and many other tales and sketches. The later productions of his pen are "The Queen of Hearts," 1859; WILKIE COLLINS.

White," 1860; "No Name," 1862, which, as well as the preceding novel, originally appeared in the columns of All the Year Round, a periodical published at that time. From 1863 to 1883 he was quite active, presenting to the reading public many interesting tales, the most prominent being "Armadale," "Man and Wife," "Miss or Mrs.," "The Law and the Lady," "The Fallen Leaves," "A Rogue's Life from His Birth to His Marriage" and "Heart and Science."

Most of Mr. Collins' books have been

translated into French, Italian, German, Dutch, Danish and Russlan. Mr. Col lins also tried his hand at writing plays; he wrote the "Lighthouse," first played in private at Tavistock house and afterwards produced at the Olympic theatre. London. In 1857 his unpublished drama, "The Frozen Deep," was acted by amateurs with great success. In 1883 "Rank and Riches" was produced at the Adelphi theatre, London, and met with a complete failure.

In 1887 a young American wrote Wilkie Collins asking him about his methods of work, his plans for plots, how he wrote his books. Following are a few extracts from the interesting letter he

wrote her:
Which book shall we choose as a specimen!
Shall it be the most popular book? Very well. I have now to tell you how I wrote "The Woman in White."

My first proceeding is to get my central idea— the pivot on which the story turns.

The central idea of "The Woman in White" is The central idea of "The Woman in White" is the idea of a conspiracy in private life in which circumstances are so handled as to rob a woman of her identity by confounding her with another woman sufficiently like her in personal appear-ance to answer the wicked purpose. The destruc-tion of her identity represents a first division of the story; the recovery of her identity marks a second division.

the story; the recovery of her identity marks a second division.

My central idea next suggests some of my chief characters. A clever devil must conduct the conspiracy. Male devil or female devil? The sort of wickedness wanted seems to be a man's wickedness. Perhaps a foreign man. Count Fosco faintly shows himself to me before I know his name. I let him wait and begin to think about the two women. They must be both innocent and both interesting. Lady Glyde dawns on me as one of the innocent victims. I try to disdover the othermand fail. I try what a walk will do for me—and fail. I devote the evening to a new effort—and fail. I devote the evening to a new effort—and fail. fail. I devote the evening to a new effort—and fail. Experience tells me to take no more trouble about it, and leave that other woman to come of her own accord. The next morning, before I have been awake in my bed for more than ten minutes.

been awake in my bed for more than ten minutes, my perverse brains set to work without consulting me. Poor Anne Catherick comes into the room and says: "Try me."

I have got an idea: I have got three of my characters. What is there to do now! My next proceeding is to begin building up the story.

Here my favorite three efforts must be encountered. First effort: to begin at the beginning. Second effort: to keep the story always advancing without paying the smallest aftention to the serial second effort: to keep the story always advancing without paying the smallest attention to the serial division in parts or to the book publications in volumes. Third effort: to decide on the end. All this is done, as my father used to paint his skies in his famous sea pieces, at one heat. As yet I do not enter into details; I merely set up my laud-marks. In doing this the main situations of the story present themselves, and at the same time I see my characters in all sorts of new aspects. These discoveries lead me nearer and nearer to finding the right end. finding the right end.

A Building Is Their Monument.

While many G. A. R. posts in all parts of the country have been busy raising money for and dedicating granite and marble shafts to the memory of those of their comrades who fell in the late civil war, there has been a movement started and completed at Zanesville, O., for a monument finer than them all. This is the Soldiers and Sailors' Memorial hall, which was dedicated July 4. The real credit for this splendid \$80,000 memorial is due to Col. Fred Geiger, John H. Drake and W. O. Munson, who shortly after the close of the war conceived the idea of erecting a lasting monument to the valor, patriotism and endurance of Muskingum county's soldiers, living Consequently they set to work and

raised the sum of \$6,000 with the original idea of erecting a granite shaft. The sum was not sufficient for the purpose contemplated. The money, however, was put at interest, and formed the nucleus of the fund for the erection of the Memorial building. In 1882 the idea of erecting a hall was formulated, and a



THE MEMORIAL HALL. year later it took shape in the form of a bill, which was passed, authorizing the county commissioners to issue \$80,000 in bonds t. rect the edifice, which will serve not only as a monument, but an armory and an auditorium.

Miss Boston-Papa, I find our professor of pathology very interesting. Mr. Boston—Our what? Miss Boston-Our professor of patholo gy-our guide, you know.-New York

CHARLES RABOT DEVOTES A SUM-MER TO THE STRANGE REGION.

The Danes Guard It Jealously, Though No Other Nation Cares for It-The People Highly Civilized-No Grain Produced and but Few Vegetables.

Greenland, though near the American continent, is still so little known to us that it is a surprise to learn that there is a paper published there, with some fairly good illustrations, that there are a few



A GREENLAND HOUSE.

churches, and that all the Danes and most of the civilized Esquimaux have some education. A good deal of our ig-norance is due to the peculiar policy of the Danes, who very early had their claims of exclusive right guaranteed by treaties with other restrictions. treaties with other nations, and have since excluded others from any share in

the trade. Their reasoning is peculiar and not without force. They say that wherever indiscriminate trade has been allowed, the valuable fur bearing animals have been wastefully slaughtered add the aborigines exterminated; they purpose to pre-serve the seals and Christianize the Esquimaux. And to their credit it must be said that they have done both. The Esquimaux in the Danish territory are as numerous as ever and far more comfortable. The prohibition does not ex-tend to scientific investigation, and last year Charles Rabot, the French writer, made the complete tour of Danish Greenland on a Danish transport vessel. To him we are indebted for an admirable report, including the facts herein stated.

The remarkable fact about Greenland is that all the central plateau, a region nearly three times as large as France, is covered by one immense glacier, ever moving slowly on towards the south, whether by the rotary motion of the earth or alternate expansion and contraction by the seasons—for the short summers are very hot—and ever grinding the rocks as it moves. But over all the south end of Greenland and much of



A GOOD GREENLAND CHILD. west coast numerous deep "fjords" ravines, one might say-and as the vast icy mass reaches these the great icebergs break off, slide down into the ocean and float away, even down to the Newfoundland banks.

On this narrow belt around the icy plateau, between the "fjords," live the Esquimaux and the few Danish people, both native and immigrant. In favorable seasons good crops of potatoes and few other vegetables can be raised, and there is good grass, but no grain is produced. The south end is in the same latitude as the north of Scotland, and in July and part of August the weather is called hot. This means that the direct rays of the sun are powerful, but the vast field of ice so near prevents the air from becoming heated. The sky is of a dazzling blue and the sunshine upon the ice peaks and many shaped icebergs produces marvelous effects.

The Danes as yet show no sign of de generacy; there, as in all other northern regions, one finds the tallest of mankind living next to the shortest. As one goes north in Europe he finds the average height of mankind greater till he passes a little beyond the line where grain is grown, then he goes suddenly from Norwegian to Laplander. Similarly in America the tall blonde British Canadian and almost gigantic Cree and Chippewa give place at once to dwarfish Esquimaux. In this Danish belt are the



CHURCH OF SUKKERTOPPEN. hamlets of Godhavn, Jakobshavn, Egedesminde, Sukkertoppen and Julianehaab the last the largest, the metropolis of the country, containing eleven good Danish houses and forty cabins. In Sukkertoppen is a "cathedral for that country" very commodious wooden church. In Julianehaab is the finest dwelling in Greenland.

The Danes of Greenland are Danish still, just as the Icolanders are Norwegian still. But as there are only a few hundreds of the former, they have not maintained that lively intellectual spirit which is the glory of Iceland, and of Greenland literature there is practically none. The people are, however, gay, courteous and acute. They have the music of Europe and its dances, imitate the fashions at a great remove, and look eagerly for the latest news. The wealth of the country is in fish and seals chiefly. The seal is everything to the Esquimaux, as the reindeer is to the Laplander. Its flesh is his food, its oil his light, and its skin his dress. Of its bones, teeth and tendons he makes many useful implements, and the traffic based

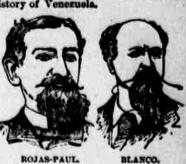
on it brings him his few luxuries. Near Julianehaab are the ruins of the colonies founded by the Normans in the Sixteenth century, but of the old history of Greenland little is known. The first modern discoverers gave it the name because all the southern coast was of an emerald green when they saw it; but in midwinter it is also green—a dark and somber green from the dense ica.

A VOYAGE TO GREENLAND. A BLOODLESS REVOLUTION

GUZMAN BLANCO NO LONGER OWNS VENEZUELA.

Hojas Paul, the President in Rome, 20 New President in Reality, and Great 20 the Rejoicing Therent-Career of the Two Men.

They have had another revolution in South America. A few years ago this would not have passed for news, but since the Chili-Peruvian war things have been unusually quiet in that end of the continent, and this last upsetting was in Vene-suela, where Gusman Blanco long main-tained the "order of Warsaw." Now he is an exile, and the people are delighted, but other politicians are analy because he got away with the manner. he got away with the measy. The pe-culiar nature of his reign can only be understood by reviewing the previous history of Venezuela.



ROJAS-PAUL

Columbus touched its coasts in 1496 Columbus touched its coasts in 1498, Ojeda and Vespucci explored it in 1499, the Spaniards began to found settlements there in 1520, and at the beginning of this century it was an extremely rich and valuable colony. In 1809-19 it won independence, as did most of Spanish America, Gen. Simon Bolivar being the national hero. In 1821 a constitution was adopted and a republic set up. In 1829-30 New Granada and Ecuador seceded and soon after the civil troubles began, and from 1849 to 1869 there was a general in armed opposition to the president nearly all the time. In the latter year the renowned Antonio Guzman Blanco got control, and induced the congress to declare him dictator until peace could be restored and a new constitution adopted. His first measures were so good and his control so energetic that he was hailed as the "saviour of the country," and was elected president under the new consti-

Then he displayed an ability much like that of Brigham Young—a mingling of audacity, cunning, flattery and an appearance of yielding only to gain his ends by indirection. Under the constitution the president may not succeed himself in office, may not have two consecutive terms, but is eligible for realestics. secutive terms, but is eligible for re-elec-tion after an interval. Guzman Blanco has therefore filled the presidential chair every alternate term during the last nineteen years, and between times has placed in power a dummy or mask, who was entirely subject to his will.



CARACCAS.

He seemed to regard the republic, which covers 431,000 square miles and contains some 3,000,000 people, as his private estate, collected and disbursed the revenues at his own sweet will, and punished delinquent collectors or other misdemeanants as arbitrarily as any overseer would deal with sorvile thieves. As he grew more arbitrary his opponents naturally grew more rebellious, and that in turn enraged him till be surrounded himself with soldiers, controlled the elections at will, and, in short, maintained an absolute despotism.

Two years ago he went to Paris, where his daughter is the wife of the Duke de Morny, leaving as "his president" one Dr. Rojas-Paul. In Europe he undertook to settle all the affairs of Venezu made treaties, agreed to pay inde ties, bought an immense ironclad and issued drafts upon the home government for millions. But President Rojas-Paul showed some independence, the congress sustained him and then the people rose in wild revolt against all the creatures of Guzman Blanco. The results are described as wonderful. The press is free for the first time in thirty years. All the prisons are emptied of political offenders. There is general amnesty for all but Guzman Blanco, and scores of orators are haranguing the enthusiastic people. Meanwhile the old ex-dictator s gnashing his teeth and threatening invasion and revenge.

Venezuela is one of the most fertile regions on the globe. The lower val-leys produce lavishly all the crops of the tropic, the plateaux those of the warm temperate regions and the highlands abound in most valuable timbers. In addition to this it contains some very productive gold mines, and taken as a whole, the climate is very healthful. The population is almost entirely Spanish in blood, Indians and Indian mixed beng few, the general complexion of the people is quite fair, and the ladies of Caraccas are said to be the most beautiful in the world. Yet there are in the republic but seven persons to the square mile. There is room for great develop-ment, and with good government the trade with the United States and Canada would be immense.

A Remarkable New Hybrid Rose. The agricultural editor of The World writes as follows about a rose seen re-cently at the experiment grounds of The Rural New Yorker: It is one of the hybrids resulting from a cross between Rosa Rugosa, a single rose of five pink petals, well known to everybody, and Harrison's yellow, a semi-double sort equally familiar. The flower of the new hybrid is almost identical in color and fragrance with that of Gen. Jacqueminot. It is of medium size and quits double. The bush is entirely hardy, with leaflets larger and of texture somewhat similar. It is also a perpetual and prolific bloomer. The specimen seen, a bush about four feet high, had on it at ene time by actual count over one hundred and fifty buds. This rose is not only remarkable as the result of a highly interesting and all the result of a highly interesting. in size than the mother plant, Rugresult of a highly interesting experiment, but because it promises to be of great practical value, filling as it does the popular demand for a hardy, perpetual and prolific bloomer of roses attractive in

color and odor. She-Did you give the waiter anything, love?

He—I didn't. My motto is "No quarter,"—New York Sun.