

RICHEST OF CLUBS.

Island Home of an Organization Which Commands a Billion Dollars.

STOCKED WITH ALL GAME.

A Clubhouse of Oriental Luxury and Many Rich Cottages.

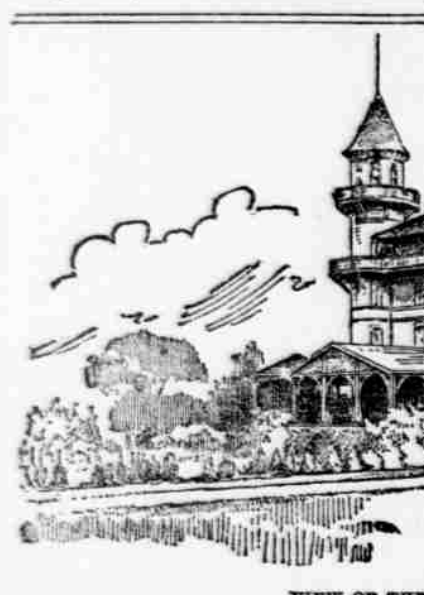
JUST OFF THE COAST OF GEORGIA.

A Wilderness Under the Southern Sun Changed to a Paradise.

PLENTY OF HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

ATELLEThere was published in these columns a sketch of the game preserve of the Cheat Mountain Sportsmen's Association in West Virginia. That is almost exclusively devoted to hunting and fishing in the United States. The richest club in the United States, probably, is the Jekyll Island Club, at which H. K. Porter, of Pittsburgh, among others, is a stockholder. The consol-



VIEW OF THE CLUB HOUSE.

dated wealth of its members aggregates \$1,000,000,000.

A few years ago the attention of two or three gentlemen of means and leisure was called to the advantages of Jekyll—an island between St. Simons and Cumberland on the Georgia coast. An isolated position and genial climate rendered it particularly suitable for the establishment of a country club and game preserve. This unknown spot was then covered with a dense forest of pine and a thick undergrowth of palmettos. Birds of brilliant plumage mingled their liquid notes with the rustle of the willow; while the swamps and low savannas were literally overrun with deer and wild cattle.

Replete With Historic Reminiscences. In historic interest this favored spot rivals even Frederica, a town across the bay, where General Oglethorpe built his first stronghold against the Spaniards. The island, which was named in honor of Sir Joseph Jekyll, a distinguished jurist in the time of George III., has been the scene of many stirring events during the early struggles between the Spaniards and English. In 1738 General Oglethorpe induced his friend and junior in command, Major Mendenhall, to locate permanently there. Jekyll, his wife and other grantees were then planted and an orange grove laid out. This lasted until the great freeze 100 years later. A brewery, said to be the first on this conti-



IN THE BRIDLE PATH.

ment, was also erected, and a superior quality of beer and ale furnished to the troops and adjacent colonies. Toward the north end of the island the ruins of an old tabby house erected by Oglethorpe still remain, as well as those of an old family mansion of anti-bellum days. Under the early regime Jekyll became famous for the quality of its crops, and when in 1808 it came into the possession of the Du Bignon, a distinguished French family, it was the most coveted spot on the coast. Admiral Du Bignon had been an owner of slaves on the island of Martinique, but when Napoleon was exiled to Elba he sold out everything and moved his 1,200 slaves to Jekyll.

Held for a Time by Freed Slaves. When the first gun was sounded in 1861 this retreat, though far from the noise and confusion of war, was fortified and held by the Confederates. They were soon dislodged, however, by the Union forces, who held it until the close of the war. During these days the island became once more a vast wilderness. For many years after the cessation of hostilities the negro slaves occupied Jekyll, believing it to be their property by virtue of emancipation. It was their fair Jekyll experienced a reign of terror. Fortunately, however, Mr. John Du Big-

DUTY OF THE SELLER.

Must He Tell the Purchaser Truth Which Would Spoil the Sale?

TWO BUSINESS MEN'S OPINIONS.

The Employer Who Is Required to Do What He Thinks Unchristian.

LAST OF MR. HODGES' TRADE SERMONS

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

One business man who says that "no one will carry a trade which is unchristian in all its occupations," but who feels "sorry for anyone who claims it for a necessity," writes as follows: "The honest merchant marked his prices in plain figures, and all purchasers fair alike. This plan was so fast destroying the trade of the unscrupulous dealers that they had to adopt it, and to-day the majority of the retail dealers in this city are trained in all that is best in religion, that comes not equaled in any parish church in Christendom. In the concerns with which these men are associated there is no constraint put on any man's honesty."

Read Sometimes Depends on It. Nevertheless, I know it to be a fact that in reputable industries in this city men are set tasks that cannot be done with the honor and integrity that we desire. I am sorry for the men who are given these tasks to do. Their daily bread depends upon their obedience. When they think of protesting they remember their families at home, and so they do not protest. Only one of these questions of casuistry, these fine distinctions between the transcendental and the practical in ethics, which the man at the head has set, is to be decided in a way which does not meet the retailer's approval. His conscience is quicker than his chief's. The employer honestly thinks that this questionable thing is right.

Now, what shall the man do? A good many times he puts aside his scruples, and does himself that which he knows to be wrong, and then he asks himself how he can get out of it. He is a fool and a misleader, and goes and writes a lie. But, according to the testimony of the best men in Pittsburgh, the great majority of the retailers do not do that which is unquestionably right. They are all agreed that it is better to be honest than to be shrewd. They maintain with entire conviction that a man can put into his business the best capital that a man can put into his business.

The Cure for a Troubled Conscience. It seems, then, that the best advice that can be given to any clerk, or to any employer, who is troubled with a troubled conscience, is to do what is right. He should do what is right, and then he will be able to do what is right. He should do what is right, and then he will be able to do what is right. He should do what is right, and then he will be able to do what is right.

Several things ought, I think, to be remembered in estimating the general morality of business life. One is that there are thousands of men who are honest in every department of human existence. And it is the dishonest men who get their names into the newspapers. The man who is remembered in the newspapers is the man who is dishonest. The man who is honest is the man who is forgotten.

Another matter which has been brought to my attention is the great difficulty of laying down the right of property. It is a matter which has been brought to my attention. It is a matter which has been brought to my attention. It is a matter which has been brought to my attention.

Two of my correspondents, for example, propose almost the same case, and decide it differently. The case is the same, but the decision is different. The case is the same, but the decision is different. The case is the same, but the decision is different.

The Seller's Duty to Himself. "Duty to ourselves dispenses with all other duties," says a correspondent. "Duty to ourselves dispenses with all other duties," says a correspondent. "Duty to ourselves dispenses with all other duties," says a correspondent.

On the other hand, this is the way in which the trade is conducted. It is a way in which the trade is conducted. It is a way in which the trade is conducted. It is a way in which the trade is conducted.

Now, there are the two sides to this bargain. And there are the differing views of two honest men as to the Christian duty of the transaction. One says that his sympathy is with the master, and the other says that his sympathy is with the man who is sold.

Phenacene Successfully Bred. The experiment of breeding English pheasants and California quail has given most satisfactory results to the game committee of the Jekyll Island Club. The first brood was hatched in the month of May, and the second brood was hatched in the month of June.

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ART GEMS OF JAPAN.

Sir Edwin Arnold's Revels in a Wonderland From the Orient

INTENDED FOR THE CAREWITCH.

The Wood Carving Has No Duplicate in the World's History.

AN UNFORTUNATE NEGLECT OF WOMEN

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

HOUGH Sir Edwin Arnold has come to Japan to let the light of Asia shine through our American darkness, his interest in all things Japanese is keen and lively. A good part of his few spare minutes in New York have been spent in a room looking out upon Fifth avenue, that is crammed and crowded with the choicest specimens of Japanese art ever yet brought away from the land of the chrysanthemum. No reasonable human creature could well quarrel with his taste. Beyond question it is a marvelously fascinating and fairland dalliance with the Arabian Nights, and smelling to heaven of incense, of sandal wood and attar of roses.

Things happen in this world in extremely odd sequence. America would never have seen these marvels had not a Japanese fanatic attacked the Carewitch and turned him back from reaching Yokohama, where he would have seen the most beautiful of things. He was forced to turn back to New York, and there he met Sir Edwin Arnold, who was on his way to Japan. He was forced to turn back to New York, and there he met Sir Edwin Arnold, who was on his way to Japan.

For here are bronzes, brocades, temple tapestries, carved ivories, gold and silver lacquer, Cloisonne, Satsuma, miraculous crystals, more marvellous inlaying and enameling than the East has ever seen. "Nothing more beautiful ever came out of Japan," none with eyes to see could reasonably gain him.

Asked to say what in his opinion was the distinguishing characteristic of Japanese art, Sir Edwin replied, glancing all about him: "Only a land peopled by artists could have sent out this. The work is done by hand, not by machine. It is done by hand, not by machine. It is done by hand, not by machine."

Patience and Trained Eyes. "This artistic genius runs through all their art," says Sir Edwin. "It is a genius that is trained by patience. It is a genius that is trained by patience. It is a genius that is trained by patience."

His Opinion of Japanese Art. Tall jars, taller bronzes, filled all the floor space left vacant by the glass cases full of carvings, bits of old blue and older precious lacquer. There was a small array of old lacquer, bits of old blue and older precious lacquer. There was a small array of old lacquer, bits of old blue and older precious lacquer.

Trimings Without Hats. A New Branch of the Milliner's Trade That Women Should Welcome. Women have a great many ways of "possessing" the impossible, but one of the ways that they have is to wear hats.

Can't Produce a Woman's Face. "Possibly that is why, graceful and airy like an angel, she is so much admired," says Sir Edwin. "Possibly that is why, graceful and airy like an angel, she is so much admired."

Electricity in Catnip Printing. An opportunity, which it is to be hoped will be taken by some of our inventors, is afforded by the offer of La Societe Industrielle de Mulhouse of a prize for the application, in any form, of electricity to the printing of catnip.

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THE AMERICAN

BY MARK TWAIN.

Author of "Innocents Abroad," "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER V.

ROSSPOND.

THE story opens with a scene between Lord Berkeley, Earl of Rossmore, and his son, Viscount Berkeley, in Chalmersley Castle, England. The young man has studied the laws of the estate made by Simon Leathers, of America, and become convinced that he is a better man than his father and his grandfather. He has become the Earl of Rossmore and rightful heir to Chalmersley Castle and the vast estate. Colonel Sellers and his contented old wife live in an old frame house in Chalmersley, which hangs in the air, as it were, between the Earl and his grandfather. The Earl of Rossmore has a right to the castle, but he does not want it. He wants to live in his home, which he calls Rossmore Towers.

CHAPTER V. (Continued). "I answer to that telegram; no arriving daughter. Yes, nobody showed any uneasiness; that is, nobody but Washington. After three days of waiting, he asked Lady Rossmore what she supposed the trouble was. She answered, tranquilly: 'Oh, it's some news of hers, you never can tell. She's a Sellers all through—at least in some of her ways; and a Sellers can't tell you beforehand what she's going to do, because he doesn't know himself till he does it. She's all right; no occasion to worry about it. When she's ready she'll come or she'll write, and you can't tell what she'll do.'"

CHAPTER V. (Continued). "It turned out to be a letter. It was handed in at that moment, and was received by the mother without trembling hands or feverish eagerness, or any other of the manifestations common in the case of long-delayed answers to imperative telegrams. She polished her glasses with tranquility and thoroughness, pleasantly gossiping along as she read, and opened the letter and began to read aloud: 'ESTABLISHED FIRM, RED GAUNTLET HALL, BOWEN'S, VARIOUS COLORS, THURSDAY, DEAR FATHER, I AM GOING TO SHAKE HANDS WITH MAJOR HAWKINS. I AM GOING TO SHAKE HANDS WITH MAJOR HAWKINS. I AM GOING TO SHAKE HANDS WITH MAJOR HAWKINS.'"

CHAPTER V. (Continued). "The seventh day after the date of the telegram, Washington came dreading down to breakfast, and was set wide awake by an electrical spasm of pleasure. Here was the most beautiful young creature he had ever seen in his life. It was Sally Sellers, Lady Gwendolen; she had come in the night. And it seemed to him that her clothes were the prettiest and the daintiest he had ever looked upon, and the most exquisitely contrived and fashioned and combined, as to decorative trimmings and fixings, and melting harmonies of color. It was only a morning dress, and inexpensive, but he confessed to himself, in the English common to Cherokee Strip, that it was a 'coroker.' And now, as he perceived the reason why the Sellers household poverty and sterility had been the cause of his own ruin, he stood explained; here was the musician; here, in the midst of her works, and his wishing in her own person the proper accent and climactic finish of the whole. 'My daughter, Major Hawkins—come home to mourn; down home at the call of affliction to help the authors of her being to bear the burden of her veneration; she is very fond of the late Earl—idolized him, sir, idolized him—' 'Why, father, I've never seen him.' 'True—your right, I was thinking of another—of her mother—' 'I idolized that smoked haddock—that'

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