

# Of the Hour Personalities

The Nicaraguan Minister, Senor Espinosa—Mrs. Perry Belmont and Her Ideas on Jewels—Other Figures in the Public Eye

The friction between the United States and Nicaragua over the Emery claim has put to the test the diplomatic abilities of the Nicaraguan minister at Washington, Senor Rodolfo Espinosa, who succeeded Luis F. Corea as head



SEÑOR RODOLFO ESPINOSA.

of the Nicaraguan embassy not long ago. Senor Espinosa has thus far succeeded well in standing for the rights and contentions of his home government without breaking friendship with the representatives of the government at Washington. He was formerly at the head of the Nicaraguan ministry of foreign affairs.

Roland Hinton Perry, the sculptor and painter who is suffering a more or less voluntary incarceration in Ludlow street jail, New York, because he is principled against paying alimony, is an artist who has achieved several things worth while. Domestic troubles for a time seemed to stand in the way of his fulfilling the promise of his earlier career, but he has done some very meritorious work recently. He was divorced by his first wife, Irma H. Perry, in 1904 and at that time declared his purpose to go to jail rather than pay alimony, and some two years later, when about to marry Mrs. May Hanbury Fisher, who financed a Santo Domingo revolution, he again registered the vow and gave a farewell banquet to sympathizing friends. He is suffering a sort of self imposed martyrdom and is said to be one of the most popular members of the Ludlow Alimony club.

Mr. Perry, who was born in New York in 1870, studied at the Beaux Arts and Academie Julien, and perhaps his most noted work is the famous fountain of Neptune in front of the Congressional library at Washington, a work which has elicited much praise and which proved quite a monumental task. The fountain consists of five figures—Neptune, two tritons, two nymphs, mounted on two plunging sea horses; a snake, a turtle and two frogs. Mr. Perry was at work upon it about two years. One of his recent achievements is the symbolic figure of Pennsylvania surmounting the dome of the splendid new Pennsylvania capitol at Harrisburg.

It was rumored not long ago that Mrs. Perry Belmonts were going to give up their \$500,000 mansion in Washington because of Mr. Belmont's pique at being blackballed by that exclusive institution the Chevy Chase club. But society circles at the national capital are pleased to learn that there is no truth in the report, for Mrs. Belmont has cabled from Europe that they will open it soon again.

The Belmonts were formerly leading figures at Washington, where Mr. Belmont served in several congresses.



MRS. PERRY BELMONT.

He was also in the public service as minister to Spain during Mr. Cleveland's first term as president.

Mrs. Belmont as Miss Jessie Robbins was one of the most popular of the society belles of Brooklyn. She has a penchant for jewels, and one of her fads is that it is absolutely essential to her welfare and happiness to wear her birthstone always and, furthermore, that it must be set as a pendant for a wrought gold necklace. Mrs. Belmont's birthstone is an emerald, and she has purchased one of a size to make almost any woman feel that she would be lucky as its possessor.

Nothing Special. Library Assistant to a visitor who is wandering about in a puzzled manner—Can I help you? Are you looking for anything special? Visitor (absently)—No, thank you. I was only looking for my wife.—Exchange.

His Love Like the Ocean. Gerald—My love for you is like the boundless ocean. Geraldine—Exactly the way I take it. Gerald—What do you mean? Geraldine—With a good many grains of salt.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Appointment of Robert Bacon as American Ambassador at Paris—Levi P. Morton at Eighty-five as a Farmer

It was freely predicted when Robert Bacon turned over the chair of secretary of state to Philander Chase Knox that he would not long be without a post of consequence; that his services in aiding Secretary Root as first assistant secretary of state and after Mr. Root's resignation in running the office pending the incoming of the Taft administration would be recognized by an appointment of importance in the diplomatic service. These predictions are fulfilled in the choice of Mr. Bacon as successor of Henry White in the post of ambassador to France. The French ambassadorship ranks about equal to that of ambassador to Germany, these two posts standing next to that of ambassador to the court of St. James, the highest diplomatic honor in the gift of the president. The tender of the British ambassadorship to the president of Harvard, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, and of the French ambassadorship to



ROBERT BACON.

ex-President Roosevelt's classmate, Robert Bacon, shows that Yale is not going to get all the good offices, even though President Taft did graduate from the New Haven institution.

When Mr. Root was elected senator from New York he resigned as secretary of state at once and gave Mr. Bacon a chance to serve in that office for about six weeks while the Roosevelt administration was drawing to a close. He had had considerable experience in handling the duties of the office of secretary of state, for he was acting secretary on several occasions when Mr. Root was visiting South America and Mexico in pursuance of his policy of furthering closer relations with Latin American republics. Mr. Bacon was a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. prior to assuming the post of assistant secretary of state. He was sometimes called the Adonis of the Roosevelt cabinet on account of his handsome face and figure, for he was quite an athlete while at Harvard and, though now forty-nine years of age, looks much younger and still possesses a splendid physique. Mr. Bacon was one of the best halfbacks Harvard ever had.

The advanced age of Levi P. Morton, former vice president of the United States and former governor of New York, does not prevent him from taking an active interest in public affairs, and though he does not often figure in print nowadays he is alive to what is going on and has appeared recently on several public occasions. In May next he will celebrate his eighty-fifth birthday. His term as vice president was from 1889 to 1893, and it was during the years 1893-9 that he was governor of New York. The former vice president has a splendid estate on the Hudson, Ellerslie, where he carries on farming upon quite an extensive scale.

Governor Morton was one of the first of America's wealthy men to incorporate a dairy as a conspicuous feature of his country estate. Ellerslie is one of the finest of that succession of splendid places that fringe the right bank of the Hudson northward from Poughkeepsie owned by wealthy and prominent persons, most of them New York city families.

Incomparable natural beauty and felicitous situations have been made the most of, and lavish expenditure has been directed in most cases by good taste and judgment. The crests and the hollows, the fair slopes, the carefully preserved woodlands and the grassy valleys offer an ideal setting for the stately mansions and their accessories. On many of these estates the farm adjunct has in the last few years been strongly emphasized. Many owners have followed the example set by Mr. Morton, and sleek herds of fine cattle are prominent features of the parklike stretches of landscape.

Among Mr. Morton's neighbors are the Astors, the Chanlers, the Dinsmores, the Millers and the F. W. Vanderbilts.

Stuffer Golf Course For Rockefeller. John D. Rockefeller, the oil king, has become so expert as a golfer that the course at his big estate, Forest Hill, near Cleveland, O., is not stiff enough for him. In order to make it more difficult he has decided to add ten bunkers. More will be built later.

Mr. Rockefeller spends hours every summer day at Forest Hill driving the golf balls. He is no amateur with the sticks, as he has proved on many occasions. He recently wrote his superintendant that he wanted the course ready early, and he wanted it "stiff."

## HOW THE FOREST WAS PLANTED

By George H. Picard

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Many have been outspoken in their admiration for the beautiful forest of Naarburg as it stands today, but few know its history. Its great trees suggest the primeval wilderness, but time was when the hills which they now glorify were as bare as an Arizona desert, although the soil was not infertile.

That was in the early dawn of the middle ages. When Philip of Elster took a notion to build a great castle on one of the tree denuded heights above the noisy Naar he stood out in splendid solitude, a noble work of man denied the crowning charm which nature alone could furnish.

Philip realized all this when his princely abode was finished and he and his family had moved into it and all was settled. That he had made a mistake he would not admit even to himself, but he spent hours in looking down enviously on the great trees which made a sylvan paradise of the lowlands on the opposite side of the river.

It made him unhappy, of course. In time it would have become his sorest grief if something else had not stepped in and forestalled it. That something was the trying conduct of his only child and heiress, the Princess Barbe.

It was not because she was not beautiful and clever and altogether satisfactory in most respects. She was all these, and infinitely more. The Princess Barbe had one lamentable fault—when it came to choosing a husband she could not make up her mind. That of itself is a sad weakness even in an untitled maiden. For a princess it is a positive calamity.

Suitors flocked to the Naarburg in troops. Barbe's beauty and wit were the lure for all the eligible young men in the country, and Philip of Elster's wealth and position did not make his heiress less attractive. They came to the Naarburg prepared to conquer, but Barbe couldn't or wouldn't get interested in them. She might have had her pick among the best of them, but when it came to the test she could not settle on him.

"Why don't you choose for me?" she laughed when her father tried to convince her of her danger of becoming a spinster.

"I am too old a fox to be caught in such a trap," he declared. "If that is the cause of the delay you will die an old maid sure enough. Choose you a husband! Not if! Not until the Naarburg stands in a forest of its own!"

The princess was greatly amused at her father's vehemence. "Should I wait for that," she said, "I am afraid the habit of single blessedness would have become so strong that I could not shake it off."

More in sorrow than in anger Philip went his way, and almost before he was out of sight the princess hit on a plan to divert him from his regret over the forest and his disappointment over her dilatory matrimonial performances. It came to her as a sort of inspiration, and she was so pleased with it that she resolved to proceed at once to carry it into effect. She summoned her maid.

"Lisbeth," she asked, with an interest that caused the faithful servant to marvel greatly, "are there any suitors today?"

"More than one, my dear mistress," answered the maid. "Even now the Baron Bruno of Eppel is ascending to the castle with a retinue."

"He is persistent," laughed the princess. "I fancied I had disposed of him."

"He is very handsome," sighed Lisbeth.

task he returned to the princess and demanded his reward.

"I thank you very much," she said, her lovely eyes downcast. "You have done me a gallant service, and I will requite you. I am ready to promise you that when those acorns have grown into umbrageous oaks our wedding feast shall be served beneath their grateful shade."

With a low bow and without a word, as became a gallant gentleman, the baron accepted his fate and left her presence. Fortunately for him, the crusades wiped out his disappointment.

On the afternoon of the very same day Berthold of Unkel climbed to the Naarburg on precisely the same errand. Berthold was a warrior, exceedingly blond, muscular and good to look upon, and everybody in the castle, including its lord, looked on him with a good deal of respect.

"If it is as you avow," said the princess in answer to his keen and ardent effort to persuade her to name the day, "I am sure you will be glad to plant on the treeless hillside a threescore beechnuts so that my poor old father may know that he is not without sympathy in this shadeless altitude."

Berthold was only too glad to comply with this reasonable request, and when he had done so he returned to Barbe, the light of joyous anticipation on his handsome face.

"You have pleased me mightily," the princess admitted. "I should be an ingrate were I to neglect to offer you some return. Listen, then. When those cunning little nuts have grown into sturdy trees I will go with you to your castle of Unkel."

When Berthold realized that for once the princess meant it he was exceedingly sorrowful, for he remembered that, like the oak, the beech is a very leisurely growing tree. What he actually did was to found a community of Benedictine monks and become the abbot.

Then followed Oswald of Erb, who planted walnuts, but was too impatient to await their fruition; Gunther of Alten, who consented to strew an acre with the winged samara of the maple, but scorned to wait even for that speedy growing tree; Henry of Thuringen, who transplanted more than a hundred baby firs from the lowland to the hilltop, but declined to be patient until they should become even Christmas trees, and at least a dozen others who could not wait to reap the fruit of their sowing.

Last of all came Walther of Schiltzen. Unlike the others, he was not provided with a surplus of physical attractions, being rather under-sized, pale faced and bowed slightly, as became a student. When he made his appearance at the Naarburg in the guise of a suitor everybody pitied him, and there were numerous prophecies that his case would be disposed of speedily.

It did not happen so. Presently it became apparent that the princess found him vastly interesting. Perhaps that was because he did not woo her openly, but talked most entertainingly of about every subject under the sun save the tender passion.

"The little bookworm's fate is to be that of the others," asked Philip, with a great sigh of distaste for the entire business.

"I think he does not care for me," replied Barbe forlornly. Her father chuckled slyly, for he knew that she had met her match.

But she did not yield without a show of resistance. When Walther proposed, as he did eventually, she asked for an armistice. Then she proceeded to search all the works on botany which were in the castle library to find the most speedy growing tree and finally settled on the poplar.

"Very well," said Walther when she imposed the customary condition. "I shall remain here and water the new plantation with my tears."

"If you intend to do anything so absurd as that," she retorted, "I will absolve you."

This is the only account worth mention of the origin of the magnificent forest of Naarburg.

Sowing and Planting. Experimental broadcast sowings were made during the year in twenty-seven forests in the area of Idaho, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and New Mexico. The total area sown was 131 acres, of which forty-seven were in the Black Hills national forest.

About 700,000 trees were planted last year by the forest service in Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Idaho and California. There are now growing at the planting stations over 2,200,000 trees which will be ready for planting in 1909. Sufficient seed was sown in the spring of 1908 to produce 4,600,000 healthy seedlings.

## NOTED RADIUM CURE.

Big Tumor Killed and Patient's Life Saved.

ONLY SCAR TISSUE REMAINS.

Victim of Malignant Growth Treated in a New York Hospital Had Radium Impregnated Gelatin Injected into the Mass—Improvement Was Rapid.

What physicians pronounce one of the most remarkable cures through the agency of radium in the history of medical science was recently confirmed by the examination of a patient who was expected to die six months ago, when he went to Flower hospital in New York city with a malignant tumor the size of a child's head in his abdomen.

The large mass which threatened his life has disappeared, and the small remaining knot in its place has lost its character as a tumor and is simply scar tissue which has not been removed by the process of absorption.

Drs. William H. Diefenbach and William Tod Helmuth, who have had the case in charge, claim for Flower hospital the discovery of the method employed, which was the injection of gelatin impregnated with radium into the tumor itself after the seat of the trouble had been reached by opening the abdominal cavity. The practice in the only other similar case on record, one performed in Europe some days ago, was to inclose the radium in a glass tube, which was sewed up in the tumor.

When the patient, who is a prominent resident of Westchester county, N. Y., was taken to the hospital Dr. Diefenbach called in Dr. Helmuth with an idea of performing an operation for the removal of the tumor. After a thorough examination Dr. Helmuth found the tumor to be so large and its roots to have invaded so much of the abdominal tissue that he refused to operate.

A council was held, and it was decided to treat the patient with the X ray for the purpose of preventing the spread or growth of the tumor. By this method the physicians succeeded in checking the advance of the tumor, but after three months of the treatment the skin of the patient became so irritated that the application of the X rays had to be discontinued.

Another examination proved that any operation for the removal of the mass would prove futile, and as a heroic attempt to save the life of the patient Dr. Diefenbach proposed that the tumor be exposed and that radio-active gelatin be injected into the diseased parts.

The patient was placed under the influence of an anæsthetic, and the gelatin, which had been impregnated with \$100 worth of radium, was injected in three places in the tumor. The incisions were drawn together with a purse string suture, and the abdomen was closed.

When the tumor was disclosed the surgeons pronounced it a round cell sarcoma, a most malignant variety of tumor, but cut off a small piece of the mass for analysis. A later examination of this portion by Drs. Hertzmann and Kellogg, eminent pathologists, confirmed the opinion of the operators.

The reaction from the operation was unusually severe, and at times it was feared the patient would not rally, but after a few days an increase of strength was noted, and at the end of five weeks the patient was so much improved in general health and the tumor was so greatly reduced in size that he was permitted to go to his home.

While greatly elated over the results of their efforts, the physicians did not allow their enthusiasm to overcome them, and it was only after a thorough examination of the patient by Dr. Helmuth a few days ago that they allowed a report on the case to be made public.

This last examination revealed an apparently healthy condition in the affected territory. Only a small lump remains in the place of the tumor, and this, the physicians say, retains none of the character of a tumor, but is simply a nodule of scar tissue such as remains after the healing of any moderately sized wound.

The efficiency of the treatment by the radio-active gelatin lies in the artificial irritation which it induces in the tumor, says Dr. Diefenbach. Contraction of the tumor and a change in its character result. The physicians were moved to their decision to try the radium treatment by their observations of the beneficial results that have attended the treatment of superficial skin ulcers at the hospital by the application of radium.

The method employed in this case is declared to be superior to that in Europe, in which the radium was inclosed in a glass tube. In the latter case \$5,000 worth of radium is reported to have been used, while the cost of the material used in the case at Flower hospital was one-fifth as much. It is thought also that in this case the activity of the radium is much increased.—New York Herald.

Turkish Bath For Horses. As if blankets for puddle dogs were not enough, along comes Dr. Mark L. Frey of Huntington, N. Y., a veterinarian who has a horse and dog hospital, with plans for a Turkish bath for horses. And he really means it, too, his plans being completed for building the necessary addition to his animal hospital. Dr. Frey thinks that Turkish baths for horses will make them more healthful.

Either Way. Psmith—I'd invite you home to dinner with me, but we have no cook. KJones—And I'd invite you home with me, but we have one.—Cleveland Leader.

Breakfast Months. A traveler stopped at a hotel in Greenland, where the nights are six months long, and as he registered asked a question of the clerk. "What time do you have breakfast?" "From half past March to a quarter to May."—Harper's Weekly.

## When Polly Ran Away.

By PERRY MOORE.

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"Ebullition of pique!" Polly pucker her pretty face into a scowl and jabbed in her hatpin viciously. "Temper, he meant! As if I hadn't reason and more! And he'll come tonight as usual, will he, in spite of my note, which he is sure says much more than I intended."

Then she glanced at an open letter on the dresser. "Sure, are you, Mr. High-and-mighty? Well, I guess you'll see, and I guess when you arrive with your benignant favor all ready to hand out and find no little sinner anxiously waiting for it you'll begin to think that my note didn't say an atom more than I meant."

She giggled a little, dashed her handkerchief across her eyes, adjusted her veil and slipped out quietly—very quietly—for Polly was running away, and not a soul of them should know her whereabouts until she had indited and dispatched an epistle to Mr. Fred Hanlon giving him to understand thoroughly that their engagement was forever at an end.

This epistle should be very dignified and emphatic, leaving no possibility of its being attributed to mere pique. She would have delighted in imparting her irrevocable decision to Fred personally, only—well, Fred had such a way, and he would just pick her up and kiss her and laugh at her and maybe say, "Nonsense, little girl!" and make her effort ridiculous.

Of course she would have to laugh, even if she were angry, and when she laughed once it would be all up with her dignity. She would give in and take Fred's petting and chocolate creams instead of carrying out her serious intention. The dear boy always remembered her taste for chocolate creams, but she must remember he wasn't a dear boy any more.

He was an autocrat who had assumed authority over her beyond his right, had dictated as to her conduct and made himself so disagreeable that she was determined to put up with it no longer.

She had been merely amusing herself with that new, Spanish looking young man, who had a delightful accent and a gratifying admiration for Miss Polly. It was great fun to engross him entirely and render him oblivious to the charms of the other girls.

She had meant nothing more at all, but now, since it was to be all off with Fred—Mr. Roderique was very wealthy—perhaps she would eventually consent to reign in the ancestral halls he had described so glowingly.

Polly was swiftly pursuing her way, mindful that there was need of haste if she would reach her destination before it was "sooty" dark, when a couple of the girls appeared around a corner and hailed her.

She shook her head and passed on, a little vexed, for she was obliged to make a long detour to avoid their company and her own inclination to tell things.

Nobody should know of the rupture with Fred until she could exhibit the Roderique diamonds in her engagement ring. Then if Elsie Wilson, who admired Fred openly, could capture him let her! Anybody was welcome to Fred. Nevertheless she felt a twinge of jealousy and sneered at herself for it.

"Wait, Polly, wait!" She turned to see three of the girls, this time hurrying toward her with "news" on their eager faces. She coolly deflected from her course again, obviously avoiding them.

"Such a time as I'm having running away!" she mused whimsically. "Heroines usually have adventures and difficulties in escaping, but they run away at night. I'd be scared to death! Then, too, Fred will be sure to come early, whistling 'Pretty Polly Oliver' and—" With a shriek Annabel Hanlon fell upon her.

"Oh, Polly! Isn't it awful?" "I should think so by your looks."

Polly smiled, though she heartily disliked Fred's cousin.

"You've been so thick with him I thought you'd feel sort of disgraced—or mortified anyway. I'm thankful I was never intimate with him—gambler, blackleg, thief!"

"What are you talking about, Annabel?" "Then you haven't heard—and they trailed him here, arrested him and took him away handcuffed—that fine Spanish gentleman, impostor, fraud, you've gone to such lengths with?" Annabel laughed maliciously.

would have been glad to go greater lengths if he had looked at you!" Polly flashed and marched on.

She was intensely shocked and—and Fred had been right in his estimate of the fellow. He would be justified in his position now; he would be more autocratic than ever. She must assert herself and break the engagement, even if she afterward forgave him.

As she finally boarded the car she recalled, with a throbbing dismay, the long country lane she would have to traverse in the gathering dusk from the trolley line to her old nurse's home.

The car was filled with suburban laborers, and she did not notice a square jawed young man who had persistently but cautiously followed her swing himself on behind, where he presently appeared to be arranging something with a rough but honest looking man, who nodded and winked knowingly as he pocketed a generous bill.

Square jaws squatted on the car steps out of sight; the other crowded inside and seated himself close to Miss Polly. She glanced at him anxiously as the men dropped off one by one, hoping he, too, would leave. But when she alighted he sprang off and slouched away.

She looked doubtfully at the darkening road, half determined to go back to the car, but discarded the idea with a toss. "Run away and turn right around and run back, Polly Page! Well, I guess not, miss. I can sprint like a deer, and in ten minutes I'll be in Marjorie's kitchen."

She caught up her skirts and skinned away, stopping suddenly with a frightened squeal. The rough man had stepped into the road before her with an offer of his company.

"No, no! Thank you, I'm not—at—all afraid!" cried Polly, with chattering teeth. Even at that fearsome moment it occurred to her that this was to be expected. Runaway heroines always have adventures. "But I never meant to be in the dark, the girls hindered me so," she moaned inwardly.

"Let me pass, sir," she demanded, striving to be haughty, but quivering woefully.

"I shall walk with you, miss." He put a hand on her arm, and Polly screamed wildly.

Some one dashed up, knocked the impertinent fellow down with surprising ease, and she found herself clinging frantically to Fred.

"Why, Polly, darling! Is it possible?" he exclaimed, simulating great surprise.

"Oh, Fred, Fred! I should have died if you hadn't come!" Polly panted presently. "But how—how did you happen to be here?"

"Oh, I've been out to see a man," he said lamely. "But, say, kittens, I want to tell you that I was idiotically jealous of that Roderique fellow; that was all. I was as much taken in as anybody. I only let on different because I was jealous. I thought him the sure thing and was afraid he might!"

"Oh, but he couldn't, Fred!" Polly asserted, promptly forgetting certain things. "And, Fred, I was running away because—"

"Never mind, little girl! Who cares a hang? If anything's said on account of your little flirtation with him, I'll take the brunt of it. Younder comes the car, and we'll go home and arrange our wedding!"

They had the car to themselves, and when Polly essayed another embarrassed explanation of her running away Fred laughed, softly whistling "Pretty Polly Oliver."

What Travelers Leave. "Of the thousand and eight things left at hotels from time to time," remarked the hotel clerk, "razor strops, have the other commodities pushed across the border in point of numbers. About 10 per cent of the people who have razor strops in their grips leave them behind. Of course the reason is that the strop is hanging up on a nail out of sight somewhere when the man packs up, and he doesn't think about it. His comb and brush are right on the dresser before him, and that's easy."

Next to razor strops, though not bustling the strops for position, come the nighties of both genders. A good many send back after them, but a lot more people who leave them behind just abandon them. After so long we give them to charitable institutions. Then there are toothbrushes, slippers, combs, curling irons, soap boxes, clothesbrushes and a list of other things left behind longer than an expense account every month. People are just that forgetful.—New York Press.

A Coy Maiden. A girl played possum at a party and yelled and shrieked and howled and ran behind the door and scratched the young man's face in seven places, upset a lamp, kicked over the piano stool, and when he finally kissed her on the tip of the ear she fainted dead away and said she could never love anybody in the face again. They led the bashful, modest, gentle, sobbing creature home, and the next day she ran away with a married lightning rod peddler.—Altoona (Kan.) Tribune.

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