

THE REVOLUTION IN SAN DOMINGO.

A Filibustering Expedition With Our Government Vessel and Arms Which Came Near Having Important Consequences.

Gen. Don Juan Isidro Jimenez says that he is the real leader of the Dominicans, that his agents murdered President Heureaux, and that he is going to take possession of the government. He ought to be able to do almost anything after his remarkable deception of the United States government, which nearly became a party to his schemes unwittingly and had to crawl out of a bad situation with the best grace possible. Is it partly for fear that Jimenez will land in the presidential chair of San Domingo that the navy department has dispatched the New Orleans and the Michas southward in hot haste? Or does the administration want to see Jimenez seated and secure the annexation of San Domingo?

San Domingo is a very beautiful, fruitful, but not a very big island. In fact, there is but room for one big man there at a time. This was the conviction of the late President Heureaux. He was the one big man. There was another, however. His name was Don Juan Isidro Jimenez, and he was a rich merchant, with immense plantations on the island, great warehouses, and commercial branches in New York, Hamburg and other cities of the world. Jimenez was a great traveler, which contributed to his longevity.

But every time he landed the island sagged considerably in that direction.

foreign standards. You are well liked at the custom house, so I understand, and it seems to be mutual." General Don Juan smiled proudly.

"Now, general, while you are growing richer, the presidential prerogative grows poorer. I am going to perform a grand coup. I am going to float a many million dollar loan with the Americans, and I am going to rebond the customs of San Domingo as security. I am going to allow a foreigner to sit in the seat of customs, and you know, general, these people have eyes in the back of their heads. Take heed, then.

"Make yourself less popular. Popularity is a growing disease on the island. Check yours in the incipient stage or it will be fatal. Remember, during my sixteen years of divine prerogative no less than four hundred of the most dashing amiable gentlemen of the island have been picked off because of these growing pains of popularity. If two great men—a Heureaux and a Jimenez—remain on the island at the same time without its sinking, it is because one remains quiet and I assure you it shall not be Heureaux. That's all. Adios!"

Gen. Jimenez went away a sad man. Soon he saw the Americans come, lay down bags of gold out of a ship's hold,

metropolis, Don Juan Jimenez was seized with a big idea. He went to the war department at Washington and became impressive. Secretary Alger and his assistant, Mr. Melklejohn, instantly fell under the spell of the eloquence of this Othello of the Antilles. Handsome, robust, swarthy, with abundant black hair, streaked with gray, he was a figure worthy of a heroic cause.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am no less a personage than Don Juan Rodriguez, with the blood of a hundred kings in my veins, but a patriot for all that, and a republican patriot, too. I have dedicated my life to a purpose. It is to help liberate Cuba from the Spanish yoke. I am in secret conference daily with the heads of the junta. I am a bosom friend of Gen. Gomez, a native of San Domingo, even as I, and I will lay down my life for the cause. Listen!

"We have arranged a grand filibustering expedition. We want from Uncle Sam three million rounds of ammunition, three thousand rifles, equipments, saddles, revolvers, dynamite, medicines, and, in fact, a whole ship load of supplies, and the ship, too. I will guarantee to land them safely in a secret port of Cuba, where I shall be met by two thousand of the patriots. The Spanish strongholds shall be attacked and demolished. Voila, gentle-

Panita will be there speedily. Go, and the ministering angels be with you. Only, look out for the Spanish cruizers."

Don Juan made his profoundest salute, and left the war department.

Back to New York he raced. By night he gathered unto him a handful of San Domingo refugees like himself. There was one Gen. Morales, intimate with the Porto Rican patriots, one Mercado, Villanueva and others.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have made the grand coup of my career. The tyrant Heureaux is as good as in his coffin. I have hoodwinked Uncle Sam into giving me a government vessel, and stocking it with ammunition from stem to stern, free of charge, on pretense of going to Cuba to help Gen. Gomez. Come, let us hie hence to Mobile. You, Gen. Morales, shall be my secretary of war. You, Villanueva, my minister of the interior. You, Mercado, I appoint secretary of the treasury. Hence, away! San Domingo, gem of the Antilles, shall be free!"

They started for Mobile by different routes. They arrived, meeting by night only. The arms and ammunition also arrived, consigned to "Rodriguez." The Spanish spies made note of it and informed their government. Then the Panita came up the bay and the ship was stocked from forecabin to garboard streak. There she was promptly libeled. In haste Jimenez wired to the war department, "Wherefore?" Back came the answer. The libel was a blunder. The department of justice was instructed by the department of war that the Panita's libel should be lifted. It was done. The vessel set

the conspirators met below decks and planned the attack on the morrow.

Jimenez had notified his friend and ally, Gen. Toribio Garcia, a resident of Monte-Christi, that he and his arms and men were coming. He counseled the general to have all in readiness, with at least a thousand men ready to take the arms and advance upon the forts, slaughter the garrisons and then proceed to San Domingo city and the palace of Heureaux. That message never reached Garcia at all. If it had this history would probably never have been written.

It was the red break of day when the great rock that hits from the sea and shelters Monte Christi loomed in sight. It was an ideal tropic morning, worthy of a great epoch in the history of the dark republic. The conspirators came on deck, armed to the teeth, determined, savage for glory and spoil. Jimenez drew his glass and scanned the shore for Garcia and his thousand men. Then he trembled. Alas, they were nowhere to be seen! Undaunted, the vessel cast anchor, and two boats were lowered. Into them poured some 18 fighting men, with Jimenez at the prow of the leader. It was a thrilling journey in the silence of that red dawn, typical of blood.

Reaching the shore, Jimenez shouted "Viva, San Domingo libre!" and fired in air the first shot. Undismayed that Garcia and his men were nowhere to be seen, a rush was made toward the governor's palace. He was not found. On thence to the house of Garcia. That astonished gentleman was dragged from his bed by the heels. Back to the palace of the governor the party hastened. The governor was found at last and made an instant prisoner. "On to the fortress!" shouted Jimenez. The little band advanced up the hill toward the fort.

"I command you, on pain of death to call out to the general of the fort to surrender the garrison!" cried Jimenez, placing a cocked revolver against the governor's temple.

The general of the fort appeared on the parapet above.

"I am ordered, on pain of death, to command you to surrender the garrison," the governor cried to the chief of the troops, "but I swear before heaven now that if you do so, and I ever get free, you shall die for it!" The garrison then opened fire on the conspirators.

Seeing the governor's bravery, the besiegers lost heart. If they had slain him and the general of the garrison then and there they might have succeeded. As it was they hesitated and were lost. Volley after volley thundered from the garrison. The conspirators stampeded to refuge. Then the ignominious retreat began, shoreward, two miles away, with Jimenez in the lead, on horseback, too, at break-neck speed. In the shuffle their prisoner, the governor, was lost, and soon was overtaken by the garrison troops, whom he now led against the conspirators. Into one boat Jimenez plunged and escaped alone to the Panita under a rain of bullets. Then he ordered the vessel to turn tail and make for the Bahamas with hot speed. Meanwhile the rest of the men were either killed or made prisoners by the troops. Morales was shot, as were seven others.

Jimenez reached Inagua next morning in a state of stage fright. Thinking it high time for disappearing, he attempted to leave the ship and embark on the Schleswig for other points. Roberts, the pilot, gave information to the United States consular agent, Sargent, and Jimenez was arrested on a charge of violating the British foreign enlistment act, attempting an insurrection in a country which was at peace with Great Britain. Meanwhile President Heureaux, who had been instantly informed of the attack, arrived in hot haste on his man-of-war and offered \$20,000 for the conviction of Jimenez.

The prisoner was taken to Nassau and tried before the police magistrate of the Bahamas islands early in July, but the jury disagreed. Again he was tried before Sir Ormond Drimble Malcolm, chief justice of the Supreme Court, early in August, when the prisoner was discharged. This trial was the sensation of the islands, but owing to the Spanish war, it was of little consequence in America. The president of the Dominican republic brought all the prisoners to the Bahamas to turn state's evidence, and Jimenez's secretary, Manuel Mercado, did so to save his life. Every method was used to convict Jimenez, but the jury gave in the verdict of "Not guilty," and the Don fled to parts unknown.

He was last located in Havana, again conspiring to overthrow Heureaux. This was two months ago. Two weeks ago the San Dominican president was stabbed to death in Moca.

The hero was beside himself with rage. "The serpent," he hissed, for it was in these terms that he was wont to refer to the villain of the plot, "has won the golf trophy!" Genevieve shuddered. "That's what comes of his having been scotched, I doubt not!" she faltered, and would fain have wept. Ah, it was easy now to see where mistakes had been made!—Detroit Journal.

ANIMALS RELAPSE

INTENDED SOMETIMES TO EXTERMINATE PESTS.

Soon They Are Worse Than the Original Nuisance, Returning to Their Wild State—Wild Hogs of the Southern Pacific Islands.

Ordinary domestic animals—horses, cats, and dogs—may multiply in certain parts of the world so numerous as to become serious pests. In some of the Western states wild horses have become a positive nuisance, and in 1897 Nevada passed a law permitting them to be shot. Recent reports from Washington say that "cayuses" in that region are considered of so little value that they are killed and used as bait for poisoning wolves and coyotes. In this connection it is worth mentioning that in some parts of Australia wild horses have multiplied to such an extent as to consume the grass needed for sheep and other animals, and hunters have been employed to shoot them. Where cats have run wild on isolated islands their work can be appreciated more accurately. On Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, they were introduced about 1880 and rapidly exterminated the rabbits, which had been in possession for at least half a century. In one of the harbors of Kerguelen land, a barren and desolate bit of antarctic terra firma to the southeast of the Cape of Good Hope, cats, escaped from ships, have made themselves at home on a little island known as Cat Island, which has been long used as a watering place for sealers. Here they live in holes in the ground, preying upon sea birds and their young, and are said to have developed such extraordinary ferocity that it is almost impossible to tame them even when captured young. Pigs have run wild in some of the Southern states and also on certain islands, where, as on the Galapagos, they were introduced to furnish food for crews of vessels in need of fresh meat. They were imported into New Zealand by Capt. Cook about 1770, and, soon becoming wild, increased to a remarkable degree. A century later wild pigs were so abundant in the flax thickets of the province of Taranaki, on the North Island, that a hunter could shoot fifty in a day. In one case 25,000 wild pigs are said to have been killed there by three hunters in less than two years.

Sheep and goats, when numerous, are likely to cause widespread injury, particularly in forest regions. An instructive example of the damage done by goats is afforded by St. Helena, a mountainous island scarcely fifty square miles in extent, its highest summits reaching an elevation of 2,700 feet. At the time of its discovery, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, it is said to have been covered by dense forest; today it is described as a rocky desert. This change has been brought about largely by goats, first introduced by the Portuguese in 1513, and which multiplied so fast that in seventy-five years they existed by thousands. Browsing on the young trees and shrubs, they rapidly brought about the destruction of the vegetation which protected the steep slopes. With the disappearance of the undergrowth began the washing of the soil by tropical rains and the destruction of the forest. Sable Island has suffered from several plagues of rats, as well as cats, and it is said that the first superintendent of the light station and his men were threatened with starvation, owing to the inroads made on their stores by rats. The common brown rat, otherwise known as the wharf rat or Norway rat, is of Asiatic origin, and until 200 years ago was unknown in Europe or America. In the fall of 1727 large numbers of this species entered Europe by swimming across the Volga, and, gaining a foothold in the province of Astrakhan, in eastern Russia, spread westward over central Europe. Five years later they reached England by vessels from western India. They arrived on the eastern shore of the United States about 1775, and became abundant at several points on the Pacific coast. The black rat was the common house rat of Europe in the middle ages, and was introduced in the new world about 1544, or more than 200 years earlier than the brown rat. In Porto Rico and some other islands the black rat has taken to living in the crown of coconut trees, to which it does great damage by biting off the unripe fruit. In various parts of the world domestic dogs run wild and have become serious pests, devouring sheep and in other ways making themselves a nuisance. On the Galapagos islands they have helped largely to exterminate the gigantic tortoises native to that group, making a habit of waiting for the eggs to hatch and then devouring the baby turtles.

An Ancient Comic Paper.

Brugsch Boy has lately described a comic papyrus which is unique. The artist lived in the period of the twenty-second dynasty and has painted burlesque scenes in which cats and rats conduct themselves like human beings. For instance, a rat attired as a great lady was served by a cat who is clothed like a slave and is presenting a mirror to the mistress.

Just Cause.

Brown—There goes a young fellow that's hated by everybody in his neighborhood. Jones—What's wrong with him? Brown—He is learning to play a cornet.

Long Colorado Snow Blockade.

A snow blockade kept railroad trains out of Breckenridge, Colo., from February 4 until April 25.



SOME PICTURES FROM THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

This displeased President Heureaux, whose palace was in the interior, and who rarely went to the shore for fear that the island would capsize with his weight. One day, when the president saw his palace tilting forty-five degrees to leeward and the crockery was rolling off the pantry shelves, he knew that Gen. Jimenez had arrived. He instantly invited him to dine.

Now, to have the president of San Domingo invite you to dine is not a pleasant sensation. It produces heart failure. Several important people within the sixteen years of President Heureaux's regime had been invited to the executive mansion to dine and were never heard of afterward. But Gen. Jimenez is a brave man. He accepted the invitation, made his will, wrote farewells to his family in Paris, and mounted a white bullock, rapping at the gates of the Dominican white house with true Jeffersonian simplicity. The president opened the door himself—a mark of great condescension as well as business acumen.

Over the tropical dainties the conversation ranged through the affairs of the island, from the exportation of logwood to the French wine growers, to the importation of Ansonia clocks, which were quite recherche among the Dominican elite as neck ornaments. When the swarthy "slavey" had guillotined the third bottle of champagne with a machete the host opened out.

"Gen. Jimenez," he said gravely, "it is with increasing apprehension that the presidential prerogative views your growing popularity. You are a rich man, a benevolent man, and a just man, so far as you can judge by effects

seen an iron cage built around the customs department of Monte-Christi, and a bearded Dutchman, with a cold, glittering eye, two revolvers at each hip and a great head for figures, seat himself within the place of authority. Poor Jimenez bought and sold as before, but his profits fell. The bearded Yankee exacted his tithe from the customs, according to the bond; then he gave into the government treasury the balance, and the island began to grow rich, with sanitary devices, clean water, hospitals for the sick and roads for the traveler, forts garrisoned and three gunboats.

About this time the whole country was in the throes of suspense with Spain. We had little time to consider the bickerings of big men on small islands. War was formally declared. A little before this, in the heart of the

men! Here is the chance of your lives. Cuba shall be free! I will give you ten hours to think it over."

Jimenez had the full confidence of Gen. Gomez, with whom he was believed to be co-operating. There seems to be some doubt whether the expedition was intended for Cuba or Porto Rico. It never got to either place.

When the ten hours were up, returning to the war department, the insistent Jimenez found all that he had asked for, and more. "We shall place our newly chartered steamship Panita at your disposal," said an official. "We shall stock it from stem to stern from the ordnance supplies. Go and gather your men together, and hasten to Mobile, Ala. There you will find the arms and accoutrements shipped to you under the name of 'Rodriguez. The

sail southward on May 24. It was a journey worthy of history. It outshone the doubtful glory of old privateering days.

But did the Panita make straightway for the green shores of Cuba, as pledged to the war department? Nay, nay. When well to sea she simply swerved southeasterly, and on May 30 arrived at a little island of the British Bahamas called Inagua. There, the coast being dangerous, she took on a pilot—one Christopher Roberts. He was told that the Panita was loaded with general cargo bound for San Domingo. The vessel was flying the American flag, and also the ensign of the Clyde line, from which company she had been chartered by the government. Two stops were made, and co-conspirators were taken aboard. At ten o'clock of the last night

WITH THE PARAGRAPHERS.

Bachelors are taxed 25 per cent higher in Hesse than married men. We are unable to say whether or not this bachelor tax is excessive. We haven't seen the Hessian women.—Kansas City Journal.

"Why pay £20 for a bicycle when you can get one for £5?" asks an English concern in its advertisement, and then as a reply quotes a daily paper, which says: "Well, you know the value of your own neck."

Blasting by Steam.

H. Schaw has invented a method of blasting by electricity and steam combined. Mr. Schaw found by experiment that it would be easy to boll water in a cartridge through which electricity is sent. The steam pressure within the cartridge would rise to 150 pounds per square inch and far in excess of that. If the water cartridge is successful in mining its application to heavy blasting may be made of use by railroad engineers, western mining concerns and in large quarries.

IN A NUTSHELL.

There undoubtedly are those who build better than they know, but, unfortunately, we cannot get them to build our houses.

Could you see every man's career in life, you would find a woman clogging him—or cheering him and goading him.—Thackeray.

Those who are quite satisfied sit still and do nothing; those who are not quite satisfied are the sole benefactors of the world.—Landir.

Asylum for Insane Indians.

Work will soon begin on the asylum for insane Indians at Canton, S. D., for which congress made an appropriation of \$42,000, with an additional \$3,000 for the purchase of grounds. It is interesting to know that out of a total of 250,000 Indians in the United States there are only 58 who are insane, one doubtful, six idiotic and two partly idiotic. This is a wonderful showing, and, according to statistics, is not equaled by any race of people on earth, civilized or uncivilized.

CONDENSED SMILES.

"Jones was in today with a lot of fish stories." "And did you let him tell them?" "I let him tell one, and then I opened with a lot of bug stories that made his fish stories sound as out of date as a last year's popular song."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I spent the whole day today helping Julia buy a hat." "What kind did she get?" "Oh, this was only the first day; she never makes up her mind until after the third day."

Mr. Gotham—I see that a new law