

KYUSE TOUCHED THE BUTTON

Another Episode in the Stirring Life of a Pawnee Orphan.

INDIAN ATTACK ON WHITE HORSE STATION

Spring Guns and Firecrackers Appal and Hunt the Indian Pirates—Characteristic Story of the Plains.

(Copyright, 1897, by Cy Wasmay)

Renegade Indians had made so much trouble at White Horse station that Whip-saw, the station keeper, and Little Kyuse, the Pawnee boy whom he had adopted, determined to make it hot for the next gang that came.

White Horse was the widow, most dangerous and desolate station on the pony express line between St. Joe and Sacramento. The place had been cleaned out on an average of once a month since its establishment, and Wells, Fargo & Co., who owned the business, were growing weary finding horses and feed for all the lawless bands in Wyoming and surrounding territories.

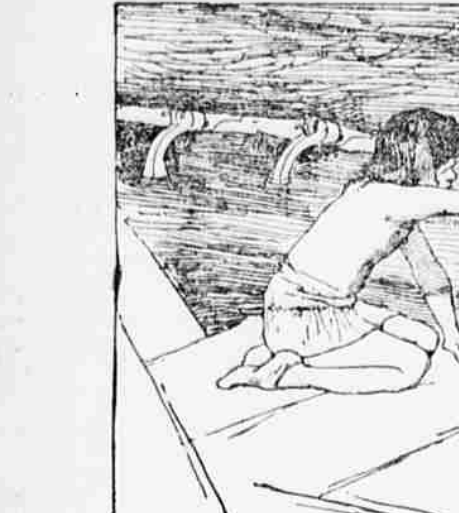
They had asked Whip-saw what he required for the better protection of the station, and the points allotted back to Sacramento with his answer.

"A jug of squirrel whisky, six six-shooters, a whole lot of firecrackers and a man." The man with the supplies came up from California, a few days later, and Whip-saw began to build his traps. He had been a trapper by profession up to the time he came to White Horse to take charge of the station.

He gave two of the six-shooters to the new man, lifted a log with the help of his companions, and fixed the other four firmly in a crack, all pointing into the cabin and toward the door. These instruments of death were so arranged that Little Kyuse, lying on the dirt floor of the lean-to, could work them with a single hand, and through this opening the boy was expected to feed the firecrackers when the house was full of Indians.

They made the "cat hole" large enough for Little Kyuse, and in that way he could slip from the cabin to the stable, and so to the roof of the shed.

When the boy had played with his battery



LITTLE KYUSE BEGAN WORKING HIS BATTERY.

and had mastered the mystery of the firecrackers Whip-saw expressed the belief that the thing would be a success. Little Kyuse grinned with savage delight as he listened to the din of the revolvers and the noise of crackers.

THE AMBUSCADE.

Almost 100 yards from the cabin door and some forty fifty yards apart they dug three pits, long enough for a man to lie down in. These pits were covered over with stumps, willows and earth, save a space at the end next to the house, which was covered by a trap door, hung to one of the willows, and strong leather straps. The tops of the doors were carpeted with burlap that had been wet and dabbed on the desert until it caught the color of the earth. It was summer time, and Whip-saw, the extra man and the rider, who was lying over there, now took their blankets and slung them on the ground.

Presently an Indian came cranking under the eve of the shed. Little Kyuse peeping over could see his bent back directly under him, and could hardly resist the temptation to plug him with one of the rifles that had been given him by the express company, but he knew that this was only a scout or spy and that more Indians were at hand. In a little while the Indian worked his way to the cabin door, found the log, smelled of it, took a drink and then darted away as noiselessly as a cat.

It was some time before a sound was heard, for the band of renegades would not stir until they had drained the two-gallon jug.

Usually these bands were small, from six to a dozen men, but this gang had thirty or forty desperate Indians in it. The first Indian to come was the scout, and he returned to the band with the patter of feet, like the noise by a band of boys running barefoot down a dusty lane, and then he saw the dark forms of the Indians coming to the cabin like a swarm of grasshoppers.

HOT FIGHTING. They believed that all the people of the station were in the house, and they would be caught like rats in a trap. Outside the door they paused for an instant, drew their hatchets and then rushed into the cabin. As soon as he heard their shuffling feet upon the floor Little Kyuse began working his battery. The Indians without rushed to the rescue of the comrades within, who, being unable to find the door, endeavored to fly from a Hogan whose very walls breathed thunder and lightning. The moment he had secured one chamber of each of the pistols the Indian boy lighted a few hundred firecrackers and shoved them through the crack, rolled loosely in a newspaper, so as to hide the fire. When they began to explode amid the savages the boy began the work of emptying the revolvers that were fixed fast in the wall. To add to the confusion the men in the pits now cut up their heads and each emptied a pair of forty-fives into the struggling, seething band of savages. These rushing in collision with the savages and each other all stumbled and fell over the twisted bodies of the dying and the dead. In the blinding smoke the drunken savages began firing their rifles, wildly, or backed out and sought to death in the awful darkness of the place, all of which the more confused the Indians without, causing them to continue the struggle to gain an entrance to the cabin.

Each passing moment added to the awfulness of the scene. The wild wailing whimpers of the children had an attack of group and we were afraid that we would lose him. Seeing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, advertised, we decided to give it a trial. It gave relief, and we believe it saved the child's life. Since we have never been without a bottle of this remedy in the house and we recommend it to every one we believe in. It is a great remedy. —L. W. Nichols, East New Market, Md.

And bewildered, the Indians, with a wild yell of despair, turned to fly. Catching glimpses of the glare of the guns that were aimed at them from the pits, the savages now rushed toward these yellow flames.

Instantly the men dropped back, like so many porcupine quills, pulled the doors down and were gone.

Being unable to compete with an enemy that could make itself visible or invisible at will, that could come and go like the spirits of the dead, the Indians, with another wild, despairing cry, fled from the field, leaving the dead to the mercies of the mysterious foe.

VELOCITY OF CANNON BALLS. Can Now Be Told to a Second's Infinitesimal Fraction.

An invention of the greatest importance to military science has reached Sandy Hook from Fort Monroe, where it had been submitted to tests which demonstrated its effectiveness most satisfactorily. It is an instrument made by Prof. John A. Brashear of the United States government, and relates the New York Herald, but is more complete than its predecessor.

In the present instrument but a single lever is used to fire the gun, to start the shutter fork to vibrate, to open the main shutter and also to release the electric connection, which throw the beam of light on the photographic plate. That is, as soon as the lever is pulled the cannon is fired to strike a wire at a point desired. This opens the way to the photographic plate, which is rotating 1,500 revolutions per minute. A streak is made on the photographic plate, the length of which is determined by the rapidity with which the ball is moving, as also the point at which the ball cuts the second wire, where it instantly strikes off the beam of light.

As this distance can be readily measured the question is to determine how long the ball is between the two wires. Before the cannon ball strikes the first wire any distance in front of the photographic plate. The vibrations of the tuning fork are known exactly, and as this makes a streak known by the moving camera ball it is only a question of measuring the vibration of the tuning fork covered by this streak, as also the distance between the two wires. In measuring the fractions of the vibration of a tuning fork is where the most delicate work comes in.

After the photographic plate is developed

PUNISHMENT IN THE OLD ARMY

The Lot of Refractory Privates Some Twenty Years Ago.

BARBARITIES THAT BROUGHT A REFORM

Tree Packing and Trotting in the Bull Ring—Bucking and Gassing—Prisoners Who Wouldn't Be Conquered.

The case of Private Hammond, who, at Fort Sheridan the other day, was dragged by the heels a distance of 500 feet, including some stairways, by order of the officer of the day, attracts more attention today than it would have done twenty years ago. Then cruel and unusual punishments indeed were meted out to refractory soldiers of the United States army, relates a correspondent of the New York Star. In those days a ten or thirty-day term in the guardhouse was not a comparatively minor matter as it is now. The soldier who nowadays lands in the guardhouse for drunkenness, insubordination, neglect of duty, or any other violation of regulations is put to work at some job about the post from fatigue call in the morning until recall from fatigue late in the afternoon. The work is never hard, and is mostly of the parading around sort—poling around the quarters, sweeping brick walks, washing windows, trimming hedges, mowing grass, or something of that sort. The guardhouse is a place where the soldier is that it is always performed under the watchful eye of a sentry with a loaded gun. On the other hand, the guardhouse prisoner gets every night a hot blanket, a hot bunk, and a hot supper. The sentry stands over him through the washes of the night. For this reason, no-account soldiers are often found in the guardhouse, but they do not themselves into the guardhouse for the purpose of resting.

CARRYING THE LOG. The soldier who worked himself into the state of mind to do this thing, in the night, in no way night in, from the day he began his term until its end. He walked his post, two hours on and four off, from the beginning to the end of his term. He did not carry a log while on post. He shouldered an unbarked log, from eight to ten feet in length and weighing from seventy to one hundred pounds, and carried it on his back. The business of the soldier with the log was to see that the soldier with the log kept on the move up and down in front of the guardhouse, from the beginning to the end of his term, until relieved, at the end of two hours, by another guardhouse prisoner, to whose shoulder the log would be transferred. It was also the business of the soldier to see that the log was not dropped, and if it was dropped, the prisoner could shift it from one shoulder to the other, or carry it under his arm, or horizontally, or in any other way he might choose; but he had to carry it, and he had to keep moving, on pain of being indented with the point of a bayonet. There are hundreds of such stories of the old army, and one of them speaks with a lightest degree of emphasis of a soldier who carried a log on his back for a week or more, and was out of luck in these days. A 100-pound log was invariably bestowed upon him. The smaller logs were reserved for the original offender.

WORKED OUT THE MOOSE. "It was a hard game and no mistake," said an old soldier at the Washington arsenal in commenting upon this punishment of the old army. "It was a hard game and no mistake," said an old soldier at the Washington arsenal in commenting upon this punishment of the old army. "It was a hard game and no mistake," said an old soldier at the Washington arsenal in commenting upon this punishment of the old army.

It is placed under a divided circle and the relations of the two photographic streaks measured with a micrometer. So exact has this method been found that the movement of a cannon ball two or three inches can readily be timed.

Heretofore measurements of such short intervals have been utterly impossible, because no photographic shutter that had weight could be moved in such a brief space of time, and it is in this very point that the new machine is such a perfect one of its kind.

Instead of moving a shutter that has mass the light from an electric arc impinges on two Nicol prisms, which lie at right angles to one another, in this position it is impossible for light to pass through at all, and it was Dr. Crooke who discovered that if a powerful current of electricity be passed through a coil placed between these Nicol prisms the light itself can be rotated without rotating the prisms.

It can be seen that the electricity acts as the shutter, and as an electric current has no weight it can be moved in an incredibly short space of time, and even at a distance of several miles, and from any view point over the one hundred thousandth part of a second can be photographed.

If you want to be on the safe side, stick to the old reliable, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It is sold by dealers everywhere.

THE PREACHER'S SALARY.

An Evangelist Makes a Contract Which Pays Him Very Well.

In certain sections of the United States, notably in those where the religious excitement is at its height, the religious conditions the poorest, and these characteristics are always combined, there is an ever-present conflict as to what the preacher ought to receive for his services. In one of these sections a visiting preacher talked the other Sunday at dinner with a reporter of the Washington Star.

"One of my appointments where I had been called," he was saying, "to conduct a revival I heard a couple of the members talking, though they did not think I was present, and they were talking about me. 'I wonder what that fellow expects to get?'" said one.

"All he can raise, of course," said the other.

"He wears good clothes, and they've got to be paid for. I reckon we might as well make up our minds to pay for 'em." "The conversation was becoming personal, and before it got too much so and I would have left, he said he would be decidedly embarrassed. I broke in:

"Now, look here, brethren," said I, "you don't have to worry about what you are going to say. You don't have to pay me a cent unless you want to, and I am here to get money for my work. Still I am here to live, and I'll agree to this—every time you get a log, you get a nickel, and if I don't hit you at all it won't cost you a cent. Now is that fair? Is it a bargain?"

"They agreed to it with great unanimity, and I went about with my preaching, doing the best I knew how and praying for strength to tell the truth to the people and to help them to be better men and women. I kept it up for a week and was ready to start in on the second week, when one of my men came in and behind the little log meeting house where I was reading my bible.

"So you're going to preach another week?" he asked me.

"Yes," said I.

"Well, for the Lord's sake, Brother Hudson," he said in the most pleading tones, "don't say that you're going to preach. You hit me so many licks already that I'll have to sell the only pair of mules I've got and a yoke of yearling cattle to pay you what I owe you. You've got to stop preaching for a week. I'll have to give up the farm and put a chattel mortgage on the old woman and the children."

"Oh, my dear brother," I laughed at the preacher. "It wasn't quite so bad as he made it appear, but I had made a good friend of him, and I never said he was a bad man, but I insisted on his coming again and staying twice as long."

An Honest Remedy. "We could not say to much in favor of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. About three years ago one of our children had an attack of croup and we were afraid that we would lose him. Seeing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, advertised, we decided to give it a trial. It gave relief, and we believe it saved the child's life. Since we have never been without a bottle of this remedy in the house and we recommend it to every one we believe in. It is a great remedy. —L. W. Nichols, East New Market, Md.

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER IN THE CUBAN ARMY OF LIBERTY.

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

BARBARITIES THAT BROUGHT A REFORM

Tree Packing and Trotting in the Bull Ring—Bucking and Gassing—Prisoners Who Wouldn't Be Conquered.

The case of Private Hammond, who, at Fort Sheridan the other day, was dragged by the heels a distance of 500 feet, including some stairways, by order of the officer of the day, attracts more attention today than it would have done twenty years ago. Then cruel and unusual punishments indeed were meted out to refractory soldiers of the United States army, relates a correspondent of the New York Star. In those days a ten or thirty-day term in the guardhouse was not a comparatively minor matter as it is now. The soldier who nowadays lands in the guardhouse for drunkenness, insubordination, neglect of duty, or any other violation of regulations is put to work at some job about the post from fatigue call in the morning until recall from fatigue late in the afternoon. The work is never hard, and is mostly of the parading around sort—poling around the quarters, sweeping brick walks, washing windows, trimming hedges, mowing grass, or something of that sort. The guardhouse is a place where the soldier is that it is always performed under the watchful eye of a sentry with a loaded gun. On the other hand, the guardhouse prisoner gets every night a hot blanket, a hot bunk, and a hot supper. The sentry stands over him through the washes of the night. For this reason, no-account soldiers are often found in the guardhouse, but they do not themselves into the guardhouse for the purpose of resting.

CARRYING THE LOG. The soldier who worked himself into the state of mind to do this thing, in the night, in no way night in, from the day he began his term until its end. He walked his post, two hours on and four off, from the beginning to the end of his term. He did not carry a log while on post. He shouldered an unbarked log, from eight to ten feet in length and weighing from seventy to one hundred pounds, and carried it on his back. The business of the soldier with the log was to see that the soldier with the log kept on the move up and down in front of the guardhouse, from the beginning to the end of his term, until relieved, at the end of two hours, by another guardhouse prisoner, to whose shoulder the log would be transferred. It was also the business of the soldier to see that the log was not dropped, and if it was dropped, the prisoner could shift it from one shoulder to the other, or carry it under his arm, or horizontally, or in any other way he might choose; but he had to carry it, and he had to keep moving, on pain of being indented with the point of a bayonet. There are hundreds of such stories of the old army, and one of them speaks with a lightest degree of emphasis of a soldier who carried a log on his back for a week or more, and was out of luck in these days. A 100-pound log was invariably bestowed upon him. The smaller logs were reserved for the original offender.

WORKED OUT THE MOOSE. "It was a hard game and no mistake," said an old soldier at the Washington arsenal in commenting upon this punishment of the old army. "It was a hard game and no mistake," said an old soldier at the Washington arsenal in commenting upon this punishment of the old army. "It was a hard game and no mistake," said an old soldier at the Washington arsenal in commenting upon this punishment of the old army.

It is placed under a divided circle and the relations of the two photographic streaks measured with a micrometer. So exact has this method been found that the movement of a cannon ball two or three inches can readily be timed.

Heretofore measurements of such short intervals have been utterly impossible, because no photographic shutter that had weight could be moved in such a brief space of time, and it is in this very point that the new machine is such a perfect one of its kind.

Instead of moving a shutter that has mass the light from an electric arc impinges on two Nicol prisms, which lie at right angles to one another, in this position it is impossible for light to pass through at all, and it was Dr. Crooke who discovered that if a powerful current of electricity be passed through a coil placed between these Nicol prisms the light itself can be rotated without rotating the prisms.

It can be seen that the electricity acts as the shutter, and as an electric current has no weight it can be moved in an incredibly short space of time, and even at a distance of several miles, and from any view point over the one hundred thousandth part of a second can be photographed.

If you want to be on the safe side, stick to the old reliable, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It is sold by dealers everywhere.

THE PREACHER'S SALARY.

An Evangelist Makes a Contract Which Pays Him Very Well.

In certain sections of the United States, notably in those where the religious excitement is at its height, the religious conditions the poorest, and these characteristics are always combined, there is an ever-present conflict as to what the preacher ought to receive for his services. In one of these sections a visiting preacher talked the other Sunday at dinner with a reporter of the Washington Star.

"One of my appointments where I had been called," he was saying, "to conduct a revival I heard a couple of the members talking, though they did not think I was present, and they were talking about me. 'I wonder what that fellow expects to get?'" said one.

"All he can raise, of course," said the other.

"He wears good clothes, and they've got to be paid for. I reckon we might as well make up our minds to pay for 'em." "The conversation was becoming personal, and before it got too much so and I would have left, he said he would be decidedly embarrassed. I broke in:

"Now, look here, brethren," said I, "you don't have to worry about what you are going to say. You don't have to pay me a cent unless you want to, and I am here to get money for my work. Still I am here to live, and I'll agree to this—every time you get a log, you get a nickel, and if I don't hit you at all it won't cost you a cent. Now is that fair? Is it a bargain?"

"They agreed to it with great unanimity, and I went about with my preaching, doing the best I knew how and praying for strength to tell the truth to the people and to help them to be better men and women. I kept it up for a week and was ready to start in on the second week, when one of my men came in and behind the little log meeting house where I was reading my bible.

"So you're going to preach another week?" he asked me.

"Yes," said I.

"Well, for the Lord's sake, Brother Hudson," he said in the most pleading tones, "don't say that you're going to preach. You hit me so many licks already that I'll have to sell the only pair of mules I've got and a yoke of yearling cattle to pay you what I owe you. You've got to stop preaching for a week. I'll have to give up the farm and put a chattel mortgage on the old woman and the children."

"Oh, my dear brother," I laughed at the preacher. "It wasn't quite so bad as he made it appear, but I had made a good friend of him, and I never said he was a bad man, but I insisted on his coming again and staying twice as long."

An Honest Remedy. "We could not say to much in favor of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. About three years ago one of our children had an attack of croup and we were afraid that we would lose him. Seeing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, advertised, we decided to give it a trial. It gave relief, and we believe it saved the child's life. Since we have never been without a bottle of this remedy in the house and we recommend it to every one we believe in. It is a great remedy. —L. W. Nichols, East New Market, Md.

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER IN THE CUBAN ARMY OF LIBERTY.

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."

Since the beginning of the revolution one privileged character has shared the tent of the president and vice president of the Cuban republic. He is little Venancio Veronita, or "Veronita."