

# GEN. WEYLER'S INHUMAN TORTURE OF NEUTRALS IN CUBA.

If there is anybody who believes that Spain is entitled to the slightest diplomatic consideration or is to be regarded as a civilized nation, he should go to the town of Sagua la Grande and ride thirty miles southward to the ruin of the Oyallita plantation, which was the scene of the most horrible of all the atrocities that have taken place in the island of Cuba since the accession of Gen. Weyler.

At Oyallita, in the latter part of February, the forces of Quintin Bandera skirmished with two Spanish columns under the command of Col. Arce. The insurgents took up a position about the "ingenio," or sugar mill, of the Oyallita plantation, and retired southward, after having inflicted a heavy loss on the Spanish troops. As soon as the insurgent column had marched away from the "ingenio," the Spanish infantry made a general charge on the sugar house and its surrounding buildings. There were no less than twenty-three "pacificos," innocent non-combatants, plantation hands and their families, employed on the estate. The foreman was M. Bernardo Duarte, a French citizen, brother of the proprietor.

On the approach of the Spaniards M. Duarte locked himself in his house, a small, two storied frame building, lay down on his bed and wrapped himself

in a blanket. I went down a short flight of steps to the chamber where the furnaces were, and here I found the remains of a Chinaman, one of the coolies employed about the place, perfectly preserved, in a mummified state.

I examined the body very carefully. There were wounds of the machete about the back and legs, as though he had been driven into the cellar, but none of them was fatal. The body was writhed in intense agony and the face fixed in an expression of extreme horror. Parts of the clothing were singed, and there was every indication that the man had been driven into the cellar, locked in, and forced to die from the heat of the burning ingenio above. The flesh was turned to parchment and each muscle and line of facial expression was intensified by suffering.

In the little passage that led to the bake shop lay the body of another Chinaman with a gash of a machete in the back of his head. His expression and the contortion of his body were similar to those of the first, and distinctly indicated that he must have died under the same conditions. On the floor by his side lay a paper score of the loaves of bread baked for the settlement that morning. Though the wound in the back of the head was deep and some stains of blood remained on the floor, it was evident that he had died by the torture of heat.

Three months had passed, and these bodies had dried without the slightest trace of decomposition. They probably

remained in that state as perfect a state as when I saw them. Among the cane fifty yards from the ingenio I found the corpse of a laborer who had attempted to escape. His head was completely severed from the body, and the clothing, such as remained, bore traces of machete wounds and were thickened and stiffened with dried blood. The shoes and hat had been removed, evidently by poor people living in the neighborhood, who do not let such relics go to waste. Another "pacifico," I was told, lay in the canes nearby, but I did not have time to look for him.

I saw the grave of M. Duarte and that of his secretary, for the Spanish officers had had the decency to bury them near the ruins of their cottages. The remains of eleven of the twenty-two victims were as I have described them, and will so continue until the Spanish government sees fit to remove them, or so long as the insurgent government preserves them as a relic of the mediaeval barbarism of the war.

Can you place yourself in the position of this ignorant negro woman? Can you imagine yourself falling before this cyclone of weak, dirty, blood-thirsty little Spanish soldiers? The case of the Duarte estate has been presented to the French consul, and prompt disavowment of the assassination of M. Duarte, with a comfortable solace to the nearest of kin, is likely to follow.

On the 2d of May I rode with the force of Major Manolo Menendez near the town of Soledad. At evening we passed by a little hamlet of half a dozen houses. The peasants recognized us as insurgents and came out to meet us in great excitement. This was their story: The Spanish guerrillas of La Rodas had passed through the town that morning and, finding no insurgents to fight with they halted before the house of Desiderio Vida, a man of thirty, who supported his mother, his wife and a family of small children by his labor as a farmer. The captain of the guerrillas entered the house with three of his men and addressed Vida in the presence of his family with abuse and profanity. "Thou art a Mambo, Come, scoundrel, tell us what thou knowest of the Mambises." Vida protested that he knew nothing. Calling him a traitor, a shameless one and a Mambo, they dragged him from his house and took up their march, leading

him, arms tied behind him, off among the cane fields until he was lost to sight of his home. His neighbors dared not follow, and there were no witnesses of his murder. Desiderio Vida was led from the roadside into a little grassy arroyo or gully. Here he was cut down and his body was left, to be found, after the departure of the guerrillas, by his neighbors.

He had been buried already when I got there, but I saw the place where he fell, the hollow in the tall grass, and the blood that stained the plants as thickly as when you have slaughtered a bullock. His hat remained. There was a cut in the brim an inch from the band where the first stroke of the machete had fallen. It must have cut his shoulder. With the next blow the crown was pierced, and the stains of dried blood remained, scarcely dry, when I saw them.

The peasants told me that Desiderio Vida had no less than a dozen wounds on his body when he was picked up by them, and that his left arm was nearly severed from his body. This is but one of the many murders so frequent in all parts of the island that they have ceased to attract attention or comment.

Here are the details of another horrible crime, as they come to me in a letter: "A mechanic at Hyde Park, the sugar plantation of Mr. Fowler, the British consul, was said to have furnished the insurgents at the Mayari arsenal with a receipt for a bath to be given a field piece. The guerrillas from Cienfuegos passed by Hyde Park, took the mechanic, and suspending him by one leg to a rope, bumped his head on the ground until he was insensible. He was brought to by tapers lighted and stuck in his nostrils and ears, and then put to death by nameless tortures."

The strangest of all Mrs. Earnst's strange collection is a horse fly. During the summer of 1894 the fly came buzzing into her kitchen. It made a dive for the sugar bowl. Then it was put into a milk pitcher. After a while it flew out of the window. The next day the fly was back to see Mrs. Earnst. It came every day during the summer. One morning in the fall the lady caught the fly in her hands and petted it. After that it would light on her hands or face or wherever it was convenient. When the cold weather came and the windows were closed the horse fly did not attempt to go out, but was content to stick to the wall over the range. Throughout the winter the fly made Mrs. Earnst's kitchen its home. When summer came it flew out and was gone for several weeks. One morning it came back. The same day it went away and was not seen again by Mrs. Earnst until late in the fall. Then the fly became a regular visitor as before, and when winter came on the fly went to its old place back of the range.

A canary bird named "Bob Toombs," which has reached the extreme old age of 19 years, is another of Mrs. Earnst's pets. The bird was hatched in Jersey City March 3, 1877. Bob was hatched from an egg laid by a canary brought to New York in 1876 in a ship from Madeira.

Mrs. Earnst also has one thrush, a black crow with its tongue split and three parrots. Two of the latter birds speak both English and German.

**A Bath in Beer.**  
Orfordville, Wis., farmers reported to Chief of Police Acheson of Janesville that Officer Nels Thorston of that village had been roughly handled while trying to break up a "beer keg party." Officer Thorston discovered the party in a vacant barn, and while "stealing a march" on them he was captured by the crowd, who took his club away and finally amused themselves by pouring the contents of the keg over him.

**THE CHURCH MILITANT.**

Rev. Dr. A. B. Leonard delivered the annual address at Mt. Union college, Ohio.

The Cumberland Presbyterian Sunday School Assembly was held at Warrensburg, Mo., lately.

Rev. Dr. Cornelius Brett celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his pastorate over the Bergen Reformed church, Jersey City, Aug. 2.

Central Metropolitan Temple, New York, has received 160 members since conference in April. The evening congregations average 1,000 souls.

Asbury Grove camp meeting, near Boston, engaged Rev. Sam P. Jones to do all the preaching this year. The meeting continued for eight days.

St. Michael's Lutheran church, Germantown, Pa., which was erected in 1730, is to be torn down and a new building, costing \$20,000, is to take its place.

The pulpit of the Second Baptist church, Germantown, was occupied recently by the Rev. Frank M. Goodchild, pastor of the Central Baptist church, New York.

Statistics of the Baptist churches recently published give the entire number of Baptists in the world as 4,795,353. More than half of these are in the United States.

About forty pastors from New York and Brooklyn have united in asking Mr. Moody to conduct a series of services in New York, such as have been in progress at Northfield.

Rev. Dr. Henry A. Stimson, lately in charge of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, has been invited to the pastorate of a new Congregational Church recently organized on the upper west side in that city.

## ODD PETS IN A FLAT.

**A Cat, Rat, Dog and a Horsefly That Are Boon Companions.**

A cat and a rat are boon companions, and a dog and a horsefly have fun with each other up in Mrs. Frances Earnst's flat at 24 Columbus avenue. The lady has perhaps the strangest collection of pets on earth, says the New York Journal.

Three years ago, when Mrs. Earnst was living at 327 West 59th street, she found one morning in her kitchen a little pink rat. She picked it up and petted it. The next morning the little visitor was on hand again. She gave him cheese, cracker dust and bits of meat. He began to grow and within six months was a full developed rat. Just where the rat slept up to that time Mrs. Earnst does not know. She arranged a bed of cotton in a cigar box, with a round hole cut in the corner through which the rat would go in and out. He has slept there ever since.

Another pet of Mrs. Earnst is a tremendously large gray cat.

"The rat and the cat have been the very best of friends all along," said Mrs. Earnst. On one or two occasions while they were both eating from the same dish the rat would get on the cat's side. I have heard her growl at him, but she has never bitten or abused him in any way. Many mornings while the sun is shining through the east windows the cat and rat lie sprawled out in a heap on the carpet. Of course you have noticed a mother cat giving her kittens a bath with her tongue. I have often seen my cat bathe the rat in the same way."

While the cat and rat were on exhibition a terrier ran into the room barking.

"He's jealous," the owner explained. "When he sees me fondling the cat and the rat he is never pleased until I take him up with them. The dog and the cat sleep in the same box and put in the greater part of each day playing together."

**Delicious Orange Dessert.**  
Shred half a dozen juicy oranges, leaving all the pulp. Pile these pieces up in a china bowl. Make a rich syrup by boiling a pound of cut sugar in water and a little lemon juice. Pour this syrup over the oranges and set away in a cool place. Before serving spread over the top a small quantity of whipped cream. This makes a delicious dessert for either luncheon or dinner.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**Fence on Earth.**  
This is once more enjoyed by the rheumatic wife enough to counteract their progressive malady with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. No testimony is stronger than that which indicates it as a source of relief in this complaint. It is also eminently effective as a treatment for kidney trouble, dyspepsia, debility, liver complaint and constipation. Use it with persistence for the above.

**Reflections of a Bachelor.**  
From New York Press.  
After a girl gets married she isn't near so careful about eating onions. Even if marriage is likely to be a failure, a wedding is always a success. Women would scream when they saw a mouse even if they wore trousers. The woman who says, "Oh, never mind me; I'm married," wouldn't be fazed anyhow. Some men refrain from telling women they are married for fear of hurting their feelings. Some women can never be happy because their husbands are forever tracking dirt over their floor.

**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**  
If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

**Con't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**  
If you want any attention paid to your advice, put on your best clothes when you give it.

**When you have another man's money in your pocket, it is hard to remember that it is not your own.**

**Some people kept their business entirely to themselves they would forget how to talk.**

**Some men refrain from telling women they are married for fear of hurting their feelings.**

**Some women can never be happy because their husbands are forever tracking dirt over their floor.**

**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**  
If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

**Con't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**  
If you want any attention paid to your advice, put on your best clothes when you give it.

**When you have another man's money in your pocket, it is hard to remember that it is not your own.**

**Some people kept their business entirely to themselves they would forget how to talk.**

**Some men refrain from telling women they are married for fear of hurting their feelings.**

**Some women can never be happy because their husbands are forever tracking dirt over their floor.**

**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**  
If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

**Con't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**  
If you want any attention paid to your advice, put on your best clothes when you give it.



In the French flag. The troops burst in the door, dragged M. Duarte outside and cut him to pieces with their machetes on his own doorstep. The flag was soaked with blood.

An indiscriminate slaughter of the plantation hands and their families was now begun. Men, women and small children were driven from their houses and cut down in the usual brutal manner. The "ingenio" and all the surrounding buildings, the storehouses and the cottages of the plantation negroes, were set fire to, and the bodies of the victims, dead or dying, were thrown among the flames. Only one escaped, a Chinese coolie, who succeeded in making the woods near by with six Mauser bullet holes in him.

This is the story of the Oyallita massacre, as it is told without variation by peasants of the neighborhood. None of the "pacificos," as I have it from officers who were there, took part in the skirmish between the troops and the insurgents, but lay, overcome with fear, in their houses as long as the firing continued.

On the 6th of May I rode with the cavalry squadron of Col. Robado and Maj. Saenz over the field of the massacre. It was a hurried visit, for a column was then after us, and I could devote but thirty minutes to a study of the remains that still exist of the butchery. The sites of the cottages and outhouses were gray heaps of ashes. Of the sugar house itself, a tin roof still remained, covering a mass of rusty machinery and charred timber.

In the trunk under the great driving wheel I found the charred remains of seven of the victims; uppermost of all, wedged between the wheel and the masonry, lay the body of a negro woman, with a baby in her arms. The clothing had been burned away, but the charred flesh remained, with a portion of her leather slippers. Of the body that had been most exposed to the flames the bones were visible. The negro lay in an almost natural position, clasping the infant tight to her breast with a hugging, clutching embrace, that death had only intensified. The body of the child was but little disintegrated by the flames. The other bodies in the pit were reduced to charred skeletons. The negro and her child had evidently been the last thrown in.

There were other bodies, they told me, in the debris of the central part of the building, which had fallen in, but I had not time to look for them. I was also told that the bodies of two other women and two little girls were thrown into the burning cottages and entirely consumed.

Beneath the "ingenio" there is a cellar, where were the furnaces that heated the great iron sugar boilers. There was also a large tobacco shop in this cel-



remain to this day in as perfect a state as when I saw them.

Among the cane fifty yards from the ingenio I found the corpse of a laborer who had attempted to escape. His head was completely severed from the body, and the clothing, such as remained, bore traces of machete wounds and were thickened and stiffened with dried blood. The shoes and hat had been removed, evidently by poor people living in the neighborhood, who do not let such relics go to waste. Another "pacifico," I was told, lay in the canes nearby, but I did not have time to look for him.

I saw the grave of M. Duarte and that of his secretary, for the Spanish officers had had the decency to bury them near the ruins of their cottages. The remains of eleven of the twenty-two victims were as I have described them, and will so continue until the Spanish government sees fit to remove them, or so long as the insurgent government preserves them as a relic of the mediaeval barbarism of the war.

Can you place yourself in the position of this ignorant negro woman? Can you imagine yourself falling before this cyclone of weak, dirty, blood-thirsty little Spanish soldiers? The case of the Duarte estate has been presented to the French consul, and prompt disavowment of the assassination of M. Duarte, with a comfortable solace to the nearest of kin, is likely to follow.

On the 2d of May I rode with the force of Major Manolo Menendez near the town of Soledad. At evening we passed by a little hamlet of half a dozen houses. The peasants recognized us as insurgents and came out to meet us in great excitement. This was their story: The Spanish guerrillas of La Rodas had passed through the town that morning and, finding no insurgents to fight with they halted before the house of Desiderio Vida, a man of thirty, who supported his mother, his wife and a family of small children by his labor as a farmer. The captain of the guerrillas entered the house with three of his men and addressed Vida in the presence of his family with abuse and profanity. "Thou art a Mambo, Come, scoundrel, tell us what thou knowest of the Mambises." Vida protested that he knew nothing. Calling him a traitor, a shameless one and a Mambo, they dragged him from his house and took up their march, leading

him, arms tied behind him, off among the cane fields until he was lost to sight of his home. His neighbors dared not follow, and there were no witnesses of his murder. Desiderio Vida was led from the roadside into a little grassy arroyo or gully. Here he was cut down and his body was left, to be found, after the departure of the guerrillas, by his neighbors.



In riding over the island, through Matanzas, Las Villas and Camaguey, I have always inquired for the latest Spanish atrocities. The answers have always been: "There were four pacificos shot outside of the towns two weeks ago," or "Last month ten men were shot," or "The guerrillas cut down old Jose So and So, and left his body by the high road."

It would be a fair estimate to take every town in the island of Cuba that is big enough to have its name on the map and count it as having ten pacificos murdered without cause by Spanish troops or guerrillas to its credit. I have not counted how many townships there are in the island of Cuba, but I know these murders if estimated or taken account of, if that were possible, would make an astounding number. These murders are all on the head of the present captain general, before whose time they were almost unknown.

GROVER FLINT.

**Colored Widows.**  
"Uncle Hasbary, do you think married people are the happiest?"  
"Why, dat ar' depend altogether how dey enjoy demselves."—Washington Times.

**A Fly.**  
Speaking of hog cholera, Miss Blunt remarked the other day, as she hung to the strap: "What a pity it couldn't be!"

**March Sentence.**  
A prisoner in New York got eleven years in prison the other day for stealing \$2.

**Christ lived all the truth he taught.**

**A Household Necessity.**  
Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispels colds, cures headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. today; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

The October number of Harper's Magazine contains the first installment of Mr. du Maurier's long-expected novel, "The Martian." The opening scenes are laid in a boy's school in Paris in the early fifties, and the hero is introduced at the very beginning of his career. From this fact and from the hint conveyed in the introduction it seems not unlikely that Mr. du Maurier, following the example of Fielding and Thackeray, will attempt in "The Martian" to portray the character of a man in the same catholic spirit in which "Tom Jones" and "Pendennis" were created.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**  
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

**A Nice Way to Cook Beets.**  
New beets, especially white ones, are quite delicious, if parboiled about an hour, peeled, and then simmered in a cupful of stock until tender. Thicken the stock slightly by adding to it a teaspoonful of butter, rubbed with a teaspoonful of flour. If the beets are large, slice them in rather thin slices. Season with salt and pepper to suit the taste.—New York Evening Post.

# Now Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

do not cause pain or gripes. All druggists, Sec.

**HOOD'S PILLS**  
FOR BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, BRUISES, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BOWELS.

**AVOID BUCKET SHOPS!**  
THE ONLY RESPONSIBLE FIRM,  
E. S. MURRAY & CO.,  
BANKERS AND BROKERS,  
122, 124 and 124 1/2 State Building, Chicago, Ill.

Members of the Chicago Board of Trade in good standing, who will furnish you with their latest Book on statistics and reliable information regarding the markets. Write for it and their Daily Market Letter, both FREE. References: AM EX NATIONAL BANK, CHICAGO.

**DO NOT KICK! TAKE CASCARETS!**  
This button with a ten cent box of CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the ideal laxative and guaranteed constipation cure, sent FREE on receipt of five 2-cent stamps. Address: STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

**ROBT PURVIS**  
Commission Merchant, Omaha.  
WANTED! In making returns, and responsibility. Game, Yeal, able. References: Any bank in the State.

**STEADY WORK**  
WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and millions test. "Absolute best," "superior," new system. STARK BROTHERS, LOUISIANA, Mo., ROCKFORD, Ill.

**OMAHA STOVE REPAIR WORKS**  
Stove Repairs for any kind of stove made.  
1207 DOUGLAS ST., OMAHA, NEB.

**PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.**  
JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.  
3 yrs. in last war, in adjudicating claims, etc., since.

**OPIMUM**  
Habit Cured. Est. in 1871. Thousands cured. Cheapest and best cure. FREE TRIAL. State case. DR. MANN, Quincy, Mich.

W. N. U., OMAHA—41—1896  
When writing to advertisers, kindly mention this paper.

**PISO'S CURE FOR COUGES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.**  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.  
CONSUMPTION

# Columbia BICYCLES

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

Even if Columbia bicycles were not so good to look at they would give the same unequalled satisfaction, delight and content. Only Columbia riders know the full enjoyment of bicycling.

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE



POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Branch Houses and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.