

THAT LITTLE CUBAN ARMY.

When the Cuban Junta of New York City ordered the Cuban volunteers in the United States to Tampa it was with the expectation that they would pass directly over to Cuba...

To say that the Cubans are anxious to leave and to join Gomez in what they consider to be the best of things, they are wildly impatient.

It is hard to describe the little army of 600 patriots which is encamped in West Tampa. It is unorganized, unorganized, undisciplined. Hardly any of the men have had the slightest experience in military matters.

The small Cuban army is not encamped like our boys in Tampa. They are not provided with tents or other necessities for an outdoor existence.

They have simply taken possession of Cespedes hall, in West Tampa. This provides a roof over their heads and nothing more. West Tampa is a town apart from Tampa, though adjoining it.

There are rows and rows of houses which have sprung up as they have in Ybor City, principally on account of cigar factories. There are many refugees among the inhabitants.

Some of the houses were painted blue and some yellow. The Spaniards would never live in a blue house, while the Cubans would have drawn their hearts' blood rather than live in one which was painted yellow.

The lower floor consists of a long hall and four rooms running along the other side of the hall out of it. These were once used for stores.

The upper floor consists of a long hall and four rooms running along the other side of the hall out of it. These were once used for stores.

What the volunteers lack in experience they make up in zeal. Though few of them know enough to salute a superior officer, and the guards carry their rifles in a way which is ridiculous, they are up at half-past four in the morning, and get two hours drill before the sun sets high.

The government has agreed to provide this small Cuban army with uniforms and equipments, and to support it from the time of its start for Cuba. At present some have half, some a quarter of a uniform, and many of them nothing but their badge, which is pinned to the hat.

General Llacret has established his headquarters in a small empty house near "Cespedes Hall." A few chairs constitute his furniture. The general's room is provided with a hammock and his equipments hang on the wall.

General Llacret is all for Cuba—all his life has been for her, and he is content to die for her. He is an old campaigner and has won his share of Cuban glory.

General Llacret's staff and aids are quartered in his house and in the next, and formed a picturesque group. There are men from many parts of the United States who have come together at the call.

These 600 patriots will probably, under General Llacret, join themselves to the army of Gomez and fight under the banners of the United States and free Cuba.

Discerning Child (who has heard some remarks made by his father)—Are you our new nurse? Nurse—Yes, dear. Child—Well, then, I am one of those boys who can be managed by kindness, so you had better get some sponge cakes and oranges at once.

The pupils in a school were asked to give in writing the difference between a biped and a quadruped. One boy gave the following: "A biped has two legs and a quadruped has four legs; therefore, the difference between a biped and a quadruped is two legs."

Aunt (who has received a letter from Johnnie's home)—Oh, Johnnie, your mamma has got two nice new bayies, Johnnie—The same mamma, I suppose, by getting two she got them cheaper.

SOLDIER AND CIVILIAN.

It is no wonder that women love a soldier. All the camps the soldier demonstrates his superiority to the civilian with the eloquence of both word and act—not, perhaps, in intelligence, but the more appealing kind, which touches the affections.

Down the company street comes from the train the gayly decked crowd of women and girls holding up dainty skirts to display those still more dainty, and all the camp smiles welcome. Getting there was an unhappy experience with street cars and trains, and prepared the mind for the proper enjoyment of solitude.

A military camp must be rigid in restrictions, if for no other reason than to accomplish its ostensible purpose; and to accomplish this sentries are set to stalk the company streets and other martial thoroughfares to prevent the entry of interlopers.

The guard is inexorable. Two or three times, mangy-looking fellows in their wretched, step-lavishly on the forbidden ground, and—the guard discreetly turns his back until they are beyond his territory. After a while they learn that the sudden presentation of a back and a rigid retreat of sentinals do not mean a violent antipathy toward them, but a neat leniency instead, and they laugh in pleasure at the ruse.

A "high private in the rear rank" makes himself a special escort of the ladies. Perhaps he has known them in town and been icily indifferent, or maybe they have just now thrust themselves upon him with an appealing look and the prefatory remark: "We are quite lost. Could you tell us where the nearest part of the camp?" However, the acquaintance came about, this kind of soldier is to be seen in large numbers at the camps, having in charge two or three ladies, or, more happily, only one.

It is with noble defiance that he risks the ladies' unbridled and unbridled. He even smoothes his soldier's conscience sufficiently to erase the date from the pass he carries, so that it will accommodate itself to the day or hour, and thus enable him to take the ladies through the lines.

"Turn you back, Jim," he calls to a sentry who is letting duty overpower gallantry, and the privileged American princesses go everywhere.

A circular tent, where sixteen men sleep with their toes toward tentpoles and their entire apparatus made of pillow, is not a fine reception room; but the soldier in camp manages to make it a tidy place of some comfort and much hospitality if he can coax his guests within a grumpy miscreant who insists on his right to the tent.

Wooden boxes rest on the straw tent floor, where there is space wide enough. In these are harbored toothsome delicacies sent to the boys to embellish the monotonous and inelegant fare of the camp. The choicest things are more than willingly produced and served to the ladies with unrestrained generosity.

With an abashed sort of pride and a magnificent scorn of hardship, he uses a soldier's mark, and is already in the use of the various equipments within the tent. He unpacks his knapsack to show how like a Chinese puzzle its contents are arranged.

When a battleship like the Indiana fires all its guns one round, it costs the government \$6,000. Both smoking and smokeless powder are used. The latter is somewhat stronger, but easier on the lungs.

Three new guns are to be placed on trial, one of which is a 13-inch gun, mounted at Sandy Hook; the Brown 30-ton, wire wound, 10-inch segmental gun now building; and a 30-ton 8-inch 45-caliber steel gun, cast in one piece, which has lately been shipped to the gun factory in Washington from Cleveland.

Thirteen-inch guns are the largest yet produced which are available for naval use. On English ships 110-ton guns of about 16-inch caliber have been mounted, but no vessels have been made which will stand the terrible strain of their discharge.

A 5-inch Brown gun tested two years ago promises well. Its recorded efficiency exceeds that of any other gun in use, and the government appropriated \$32,000 to build a 10-inch gun on the same model, which is now nearly ready to be tested.

The crowd of women bursts into the cars, impelled by those behind, and stands in an uncomfortable pack, filling the aisles from end to end. For the first time they realize that they would give anything for a resting place, but there is none. Every seat is filled with a civilian soldier, loud talking, tobacco smelling, insolently selfish in his indifference to women.

Allah ill, Allah even so, for; An Arab chief and treats his foe; Holds him as his own without fault; Who breaks his bread and eats his salt; But in fair battle strikes him dead With the same pleasure that he gave him bread.

Men go to war to protect the country. What is the country—stones or people? People, of course. Why not show respect to countrywomen (and others) here at home, as well as to perish for them in patriotic fervor in Cuba?

PROGRESS IN NAVY WARFARE.

Since the time when the world has witnessed any great conflict, changes have been going on in the methods of dealing death and destruction which practically revolutionize the warfare.

These new weapons to be used by the United States range from the Lee-Mitford rifle, with which the crews are armed, with a caliber of 326 of an inch, to the mammoth breech-loading rifled cannon, with a caliber of 13 inches.

One, three and six-pounders, and the three, four, five, and six-inch guns belong in the category of rapid-firing guns, in which the ammunition is all in one piece, like the cartridge of a revolver.

One, three and six-pounders, are carried on the weight of the projectiles, are usually attached to the fighting-tops of ships on military masts, where they command full sweep of an enemy's deck. Such guns have been fired at the rate of 100 rounds a minute, and a small number of them can keep a perfect shower of exploding shells falling on the decks of the foe, or may be used in destroying a torpedo boat flotilla.

The three-inch gun is quite portable, and can be taken ashore when a landing is made. Four-inch guns are the infant errors of the navy. They fire projectiles weighing 15 pounds, using 16 pounds of powder. The gun weighs 3,400 pounds, and its armor piercing projectile can penetrate seven inches of high-grade steel. It can be fired about twenty times a minute, and carries about three and a half tons, the bullet 60 pounds and the powder 30 pounds.

In our navy 10, 12 and 13-inch guns are mounted in turrets in pairs. The 10-inch gun is 25 feet in length and weighs 30 tons. Machinery used for raising and lowering it, making it operate slowly. The projectile, weighing 500 pounds, can be fired about four times an hour. Twelve-inch rifles are 30 feet long, weigh 50 tons, and throw a projectile of about 900 pounds at a distance of twelve miles. The muzzle energy represents 26,000 foot tons, or a power that would raise 26,000 tons one foot in a second, and is capable of piercing twenty-six inches of armor steel at a range of 10,000 yards.

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SOLACE FOR JACK TARS.

Jack Tar has a good friend in Mrs. B. A. Gardner, mother of Rev. W. A. A. Gardner, pastor of the Church of the Holy Comforter, down in New York. All the sailors are her "boys," and she feels a personal interest now in those who are going off to do battle for their country. And that interest has taken a substantial form.

Mrs. Gardner is busy at work supplying the gallant lads in blue with what she calls "comfort bags." A comfort bag, you must know, is a handy thing to have about. Of course, the sailor boys can't take their mothers or their wives to sea with them, so the next best thing is to take a comfort bag. So argues Mrs. Gardner, and proceeding on that basis she has started in upon her work.

But first I must tell you what a comfort bag is. It is a plain bag made of drilling cloth, duck or cretonne, or any heavy material of durable structure. It is a plain bag, with various small articles which Jack will undoubtedly find handy, such as needles and thread, buttons and the like, and there you are.

Under the circumstances it is but natural, perhaps, that Mrs. Gardner's first thoughts should be for the comfort of those of "her boys" who are in the naval service. Her original intention was to supply a thousand of the bags, and about 400 were sent to the navy yard. There is no reason why the movement should not become broader and more general, and there is no reason why every sailor in the navy should not have his own comfort bag.

Mrs. Gardner at the start was successful in interesting quite a number of charitable persons in her work, and she has received donations in money, supplies and in bags already filled. I asked her how much each bag and its contents would cost, and she estimated it at about 60 cents.

I opened one of the bags which had been made in a factory. This is what I found: One pair of scissors, a bottle of vaseline, a paper of pins, a paper of needles, a box of safety pins, a couple of handkerchiefs, a string of assorted buttons (which, it is to be hoped, will be converted into pocket chips), a comb, a piece of wax, a couple of spoons of thread, darning cotton, a roll of absorbent cotton, some writing paper and envelopes, a lead pencil and a small Testament.

And down in the bottom was an envelope which I found to be good cheer written by the Rev. Mr. Gardner; not too good to be in its tone, but just a straight-forward, manly message which no tar could fail to appreciate.

Inside of each bag is sewed a little tag on which is printed "From the Sewing School Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society for Seamen, Church of the Holy Comforter, No. 341 West Houston street, New York."

Mrs. Gardner told me she was anxious to secure, among other donations, a few more of the kind, as much old linen as possible, such as castoff tablecloths. This little girl tears into strips and a roll will hereafter be placed in each bag, to be used for bandaging purposes.

It is really wonderful how such small bags can hold so much. None of them—that is, those meant for the seamen—measures more than eight by ten inches. Jack Tar, you know, must carry his belongings in as compact a form as possible. They are gathered up in a place with tar and tied when closed.

Mrs. Gardner also showed me a sample of the officers' bags, and I found these to be much more elaborate. They had compartments within, made of tape to hold the various articles in place, and when opened the bag could be hung up by a loop, and there was a complete toilet and mending outfit.

Mrs. Gardner is anxious to enlist the aid of all who are in sympathy with the work. There are many who sigh because they have no opportunity to do anything for their country in the present crisis. They should go down to the little rectory in West Houston street and get a glimpse of the kindly old lady surrounded by her happy little "boys." Perhaps they could get an inspiration.

AN ARMY LOVE AFFAIR.

"Poor Comrade White," they are saying on the plains of Hempstead. "Jolly Comrade White," they said until that mist-driven morning when he carried him to Bellevue, mad for love of a beautiful woman.

He was the brightest young newspaper man in Rochester a month ago. Then the life that it was thought would prove a moving force in journalism sped away upon a martial tangent. James White, newspaper writer, became James White, private of the provisional regiment, Camp Black, Hempstead.

He was the most popular man in company I. He was the best singer of love and war ditties, was the most amiable and one of the best disciplined men in the camp.

Love he asked Colonel Hoffman for leave of absence for a day. It was his first request of the kind and it was speedily granted.

At noon he returned from New York, bringing with him two women, one a girl of eighteen, with a pink flower-like face and pearly eyes; the other, evidently her mother.

Once the soldiers encamped caught sight of a pretty tableau. White led the pretty girl a few feet away. He bent his dark head and talked earnestly, pleadingly to her.

Every one noticed a change in James White. He was sulky in his tent and quarrelsome at his meals.

On Sunday night he was on guard duty. He paced the line moody and muttering. At midnight he was heard to shout:

"Corporal of the guard," he cried, who goes where? Fight for my company, and I fight for her."

HER CUBAN HERO LOVER.

Everybody knows the story of the romantic rescue of Evangelina Cisneros, the lovely Cuban captive. Everybody does not know the tender sequel to that story.

Miss Cisneros' arrival in New York, her welcome here, her formal adoption by Mrs. John A. Logan, her mastery of English, and her simply and tenderly written autobiography are matters with which an interested public are familiar.

From America then came the story in the chronicles acts and sayings of the nation's guest that Evangelina Cisneros no longer loved the man to whom she was betrothed. It was confirmed by this page from the history of her own life, as written by herself. Simply she tells the tale of her first love romance.

"I was my father's housekeeper in Santa Cruz, on the Isle of Pines. That was all I had to do, and for the rest of the time I would sit in a rocking chair on the piazza and watch the people walk up and down the road. I noticed, after a few weeks, one young man who always seemed in front of our house. He had a black mustache, and I thought I had never seen a finer Cuban gentleman. He kept looking at me and I pretended that I could not see him at all. When a young man in Cuba is anxious to make a girl's acquaintance he walks up and down in front of her house like that.

"Vender listas, they call it, because the men who peddle lottery lists walk up and down that way. He kept smiling at me, and after a while, when he had walked this way several days, I went inside the house when he came, and stood at the window.

Then he came up onto the piazza and asked me if we were comfortable. The house, he explained, belonged to his uncle, and he told me his name was Emilio Betancourt, and that he also was a prisoner on the island. After that he came up very often and talked to me through the window gratings.

"You see, I had no mother or guardian with me or he could have come inside. I suppose he said to me just what an American gentleman would say to an American girl. I only know I

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was glad to hear it, and my father consented that we should be engaged. Emilio thought he might be pardoned, and when we were free we were to marry. After that he came a great deal, and I was very proud of him.

"It is all over now, because I found out that he was not the brave Cuban patriot I thought him, but was willing to save his own life at the price of the lives of his fellow soldiers and his betrothed."

Miss Cisneros became convinced that her betrothed was a coward and a traitor. With the fire of patriotism in her veins, and the wrongs of her family and her country in her heart, she could find none but a hero, a Cuban hero.

Hope sprang up in his heart when Carlos Carbanel read this simple story of her love and its death. Certainly no charge of cowardice or treason could be laid at the door of Carbanel, the patriot. He had helped to rescue her, too, from the horrors of Recofigas prison. But brave, manly Carbanel stifled this thought at once as unworthy. He wanted her love, not her gratitude.

He left Havana on the quest of many a brave knight before him, the quest of a brave knight before him, the quest of a brave knight before him, the quest of a brave knight before him.

He telegraphed Miss Cisneros that he was going to Washington to sue for the gift of her hand, and made post haste to follow the dispatch. Meanwhile, she had gone to Richmond to visit the family of General Lee, who was the impatient suitor belonged. Thither the telegram followed her, and thither closely followed Carlos Carbanel.

It was in the Lee parlor at Richmond, therefore, that Carbanel told his love. Sanitized with a scene like that. One patriotic whisper, only, was stolen from that scene. It is that the pretty, patriotic Cuban answered her lover's plea simply, as she is wont to speak. Putting her hand in his, she said:

"I love you, because you are a hero." Mrs. John A. Logan, as Miss Cisneros' guardian, sanctioned their betrothal, and now they have a double reason for praying for the close of the war, because they believe it will mark not only the independence of Cuba, but their own happy marriage. She fitted one suitor because he was not a hero. She wed another because he is a hero.

Children's Sayings. A little girl, whose parents have recently moved from country to town, and who is now enjoying her first experience in living in a street, thus described it in a letter to another child: "This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened on our house."

Teacher—What became of the children of Agamemnon? Pupil (after mature deliberation)—I think they're dead by this time.

Does Your Head Ache? Are your nerves weak? Can't you sleep well? Pain in your back? Lack energy? Appetite poor? Digestion bad? Boils or pimples? These are sure signs of poisoning.

AYER'S PILLS. They daily insure an easy and natural movement of the bowels. You will find that the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla with the pills will hasten recovery. It cleanses the blood from all impurities and is a great tonic to the nerves.

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Little Boy—Isn't fathers queer? Antie—In what way? Little Boy—When a little boy does anything for his papa he doesn't get anything, but if another man's boy does it he gets a nickel.

Teacher—What became of the children of Agamemnon? Pupil (after mature deliberation)—I think they're dead by this time.

Teacher—What is the equator? Pupil (confidently)—An imaginary lion running around the earth.

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