

THE CHILDREN OF NEW YORK

IN THEIR APPALLING BATTLE WITH MISERY.

A Little Girl of Twelve who Did all the Housework and Took Care of the Babies Finally Breaks Down--The Cry of the Children.

During the past few days there have occurred in New York, within the sound of church bells, within sight of appalling illustrations of the battle of little children with misery.

The battle of life begins for the poor little ones of New York long before strength to fight it begins. Walk down in the tenements and see the little mothers--tiny girls of twelve caring with all the responsibilities of true motherhood for half a dozen babies. The Gerry Society took charge of the eleven-year-old eldest daughter of a widower, a hod-carrier, last Thursday. For two years she had kept her poor father's poor home in such good condition for him as she could, cooking his meals, clumsily mending his clothes and attending with unceasing devotion to the wants of two little brothers and two baby sisters. The "cry of the children" arose from Michael Finert's home! Poor little Maggie! It was heard too late. Her sunken little cheeks, her bent little back, her skinny little body are at such peace as the illness brought on by overwork will give them in the comfortable surroundings of the society's home. But the peace is not great. The cry of this child is for eternal ease. And that it will soon come to her is certain.

One night last week Matthew Gardner, fifteen years old, homeless, parentless, friendless, staggered, wan, trembling and hungry-eyed, into the Oak street station-house. In common with all the street Arabs of the town he had feared and detested the police. The law! That frightful, invisible entity, that hideous, spider-like essence that spins its unceasing webs for the ensnarement of wandering boys. It did not occur to Matthew Gardner that under all this resplendent insignia of the law there could beat the heart of humanity.

So the boy avoided the police and tramped the streets looking everywhere for work. Only a little space in society did he seek, just room to breathe in, but society had no place for him. From door to door of offices and shops he went, his haggard face and imploring eyes turned in vain to the stony, indifferent face of society.

There were, to be sure, many charitable refuges to which Matthew Gardner might perhaps have turned for aid, but a boy of the streets knows nothing of charitable societies.

Moreover, real tape does not fill an empty stomach. By what process of reasoning Matthew Gardner came to regard the dull green lights as a beacon instead of a menace one does not know. But disheartened, faint, ready to drop in his tracks, the poor boy at last summoned up courage sufficient to face the majesty of the law.

Society had been cruel to him; the law perhaps could be no worse.

It was six o'clock. The station-house was very quiet. The curses and yells of the last drunk had died away in muffled sleep. The sergeant, ruddy, rotund and bluff, had finished looking over the list. His supper, hot and smoking had just been carried into the back room. It smelled well. The sergeant smacked his lips in anticipation of his feast.

"I am starving, I have no home!" the broken, pathetic words fell suddenly upon Sergeant's Hahn's hearing.

The officer got up from his chair and looked over the railing at a frightened, pale, hollow-eyed boy standing there, trembling at his own audacity.

The sergeant hesitated but a moment. His eyes had seen such sights before. He stretched out a broad, strong, comforting hand and took the gaunt fingers in his. He asked the boy a few kindly questions. He led him to his own hot supper. The lad sobbed aloud.

Then he ate like a ravenous beast. An then, in the grateful light and warmth of the station-house, he fell asleep.

The law, the relentless, implacable law, had heard his cry, but very likely it too was too late. Poor little Matthew is very ill.

Joseph Saunders is not much older than Matthew Gardner. He is dying in Hudson Street Hospital, dying from "malnutrition," the doctors say.

Plain, everyday starvation is "malnutrition."

Joseph Saunders is another victim of society. He has no home. Until the bed of the hospital received him he had no place to lay his head. He tried to sleep in the parks, but here the law took sides with society against the wayfarer. The police drove the boy out of the parks to totter aimlessly along the streets. Even sleep was denied this unhappy lad.

He, too, sought work. He, too, begged the world to give him just a little change. But the world turned its freezing face away from him and he tottered on, on to his grave.

He went without food one whole day.

Have you ever tried that; simply, of course, as an experiment?

He went another day without food. At night he tried to crawl upon a bench in City Hall Park and forgot his misery in the oblivion of sleep.

But a policeman prodded him. "Move on!" he said. "Poor Jo" moved on.

He went the third day without food. He staggered along Frankfort street. At 10.30 he fell prone upon the steps of Joseph Spitzer.

Spitzer raised him and spoke kindly to him. "What's the matter, my boy?" he asked.

"I'm done for," moaned the lad. "I've eaten nothing for three days and I don't suppose I ever will again."

Then he quietly fainted away.

"Poor Jo" moved on once more, this time to the hospital, where he lies patiently waiting for the end. There is no hope, the doctors say.

Jo is dying. Dying. Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order! Dying men and women, born

with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day.

And the winter is not yet begun. The cry of this child is certainly one to reach the heart.

Maggie McMahon, aged fifteen, killed herself to make one mouth less to feed in her poor home.

She was the bread-winner of all the family. There were seven children besides herself. Her father was gone, no one knew whither. Her mother toiled early and late, not only for her children, but to care for the grandmother and the great-grandmother, a withered old dame who crooned by the humble fire.

Maggie worked in a cigarette factory. Before she went to her daily work, she washed and dressed five younger children and got their breakfast. She was known throughout the street as "the little mother."

Two weeks ago she was discharged from the factory. She tried in vain to get other employment. She did not tell her hard-working mother that she was discharged. She could not bear to add to her burdens. So with a brave smile and a sinking heart she said that the factory stopped for a little while on account of hard times.

Every morning she went out looking for just a little room in the busy world.

But the world turned its Gorgon face on her and froze her heart.

She killed herself.

She left a pathetic note of farewell. Every word of which was torn from her tortured heart: "Good-bye all! It's nothing but work and trouble. Don't cry after me, for I was not worth it. I tried hard, but I seemed never to get ahead. I am so tired. Good-bye."

So passed the strong, heroic little soul away, terrorized and vanquished by the spectre of misery.

Too late, society sought to repair the wrong done this little mother and martyr. Money and assistance came to the family the poor child left behind. By her death she accomplished that which in life was impossible. This child of the tenements saw before her the sublime heights of self-abnegation and scaled them.

Out of the depths rises the cry of the children--the heart-broken children, who are battling with misery.

Who will listen?
EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE.

Fierce Duel Between a Man and a Grizzly Bear.

A fierce battle was fought between a man and a bear in the Chicago Zoological Gardens the other day, which came very near proving fatal to the man. The bear was a great Russian grizzly, weighing nearly 500 pounds, and the man, who was his keeper, used no weapons except his fists.

The animal's keeper, Cy DeVry, had occasion to poke the old bear, Billy, in order to exhibit him to some visitors. To his surprise, Billy, who is usually very gentle, snapped at him viciously. DeVry instantly caught up a whip and rushed into the bear pit to chastise the bear, meanwhile shutting the gate behind him. The animal proved to be thoroughly angry and instead of showing any fear, made at once for his keeper. The keeper cut the bear in the face with the small whip several times, but this only served to infuriate him the more.

In a moment the two were engaged in a terrific struggle. The position of the bear pit made it impossible for those on the outside to offer any assistance. A crowd soon collected around the pit, attracted by the cries of the man and the fierce growling of the bear. One of the helpers managed to drop a rake down into the pit, but the fight was going on at such close quarters that the weapon was useless.

The bear began the fight by making several quick rushes to secure a hold on the keeper's legs. It succeeded in getting a hold in a few moments and buried its teeth in the man's leg. With this advantage the bear was liable to throw the man violently to the ground, and the two, locked together, rolled over and over together in cmm rolled over and over in the pit. In the terrific struggle which followed, DeVry, in spite of his antagonist's weight, managed to throw him, but the bear still managed to keep his hold on his leg. The two went down again, and this time the bear was on top. The bear was trying all this time to secure another hold with his teeth. The keeper was trying to choke his antagonist, but without success.

Finally, with a tremendous effort, DeVry wrenched himself loose and sprang to his hind legs to try its favorite hugging tactics. It managed to get its paws on the man's shoulders and its teeth in the back of his arm, when DeVry, with a clean left-handed punch, sent the animal rolling on the floor. The brute was slightly dazed, and before he recovered the keeper was safely outside the cage. After the battle DeVry was so exhausted that he fainted.

Fashions For Little Girls.

The latest reefer jacket is a tucked blouse which reaches about three inches below the waist line. An unusually stylish little coat of this description is made of castor colored Kersey cloth. The sleeves are all tucked and are finished at the top with a pointed fitted epaulette of royal purple velvet trimmed with mink tails and caught at each side with a furry little animal's head. This jacket has also a high velvet collar edged with mink. The sort skirt of the blouse is inclined to ripple and is apt to show the pretty silk lining.

Fashionable small girls are no longer dressed with simplicity. Instead they look like dainty miniature fashion plates. Even the school frocks are much trimmed this fall.

The general characteristics of all the little gowns imitate the costumes designed for fashionable women. The dresses are made with small sleeves, much Roman striped silk and ribbon is used as a trimming, and the Russian blouse effect is everywhere.

Gay little plaid gowns are all the vogue for school wear. They are made with a full gored skirt and a blouse waist. Many of them have a plain cloth yoke and epaulettes of the same cloth. School frocks can be bought ready made as cheap as \$4.65, but those which are apt to be most satisfactory cost anywhere from \$10 to \$15.

A GOOD COMPLEXION.

How to Have Beautiful Smooth and Snowy Skin.

Tan which she has painstakingly cultivated since June; the few freckles across the bridge of her piquant little nose which have been her pride for three months--how shall the summer girl get rid of these laboriously acquired blemishes of beauty? For blemishes she regards them now, though they were once considered chief among her charms. How shall she make her neck white again against the evening dress season? How shall she make the hard, berry-brown little hand that bears mute testimony to her prowess with racquet and car-ones here a soft, white snowflake of a thing, fitted for such dainty tasks as pouring out afternoon tea or playing evening songs?

First, she must convert her dressing table into a small toilet store. There must be velvet sponges and camel's hair brushes for her face. There must be cold cream, benzoin, glycerine, lanoline and almond meal. There must be a heating apparatus over which a tin basin of water may steam and bubble merrily. Thus equipped the ex-summer girl is prepared to make war upon what she now considers enemies to her beauty.

Part of the daily regime of her who seeks to banish browned areas from her face is the daily bath and car-ones which excites the skin of one part of the body in great excess over that of the rest enlarges the pores and coarsens the texture of the part excited. If only the face is subjected to the soap and hot water scrubbing it is through the pores of the face that all the impurities of the system pass. This, of course, makes the pores larger, and may even result in blotches and pimples on the face. Therefore, in order to renovate the face, the daily scrubbing and rubbing of the entire body must not be neglected.

Once or twice a week the face should be steamed. On the heating apparatus a tin basin of water, to which a few drops of benzoin have been added, should be allowed to boil. The beauty seeker's face should be carefully coated and anointed with cold cream. When steam is arising from the benzoinized water a big Turkish towel should envelop the heater and the head of the patient. For ten minutes or thereabouts the steaming should continue.

On other nights the face should be scrubbed with a camel's hair brush and a good soap in hot water. Then it should be rinsed in clear tepid water, dried on soft towels and anointed with a mixture of benzoin and glycerine. This should be rubbed in every thoroughly. In the morning the face should be first washed in tepid water with almond meal instead of soap and then rinsed in clear, cold water.

The hands should be treated to a somewhat similar process. After being washed in hot water with almond meal, instead of soap, they should be treated to a thorough "creaming" with the bleaching benzoin and increased in loose, fingerless white kid gloves.

If the bright sunlight on the water and the sand has developed wrinkles about the eyes strained to see the summer sights, or if perpetual mirth has made laughter lines about the lips, the beauty seeker should have recourse to her lanoline jar. The movement with which these lines should be treated is the slightest of rotary motions, given with the tips of the fingers and continued for several minutes.

A KENTUCKY MULE.

Strange Experience of a Blue Grass Cavalier With One.

The well-to-do farmer of republican proclivities was in Washington looking for pie for the next three years and a half, not so much for desert as for steady diet during that period, and while he was looking around he found time now and again to talk a bit on other subjects, says the Washington Star.

One evening it was mules. "I'll be doggoned," he said, "if I haven't got a mule out home that ought to have the championship belt for kicking. Why, by snucks, one morning I tried to make that dern mule haul a cartload of rocks from a creek about half a mile to the stable and he just wouldn't stir a leg. All he would do when I tried to make him go forward was to move the other way, so to beat Mr. Mule at his little game I took him out of the shafts and turned him head on to the cart and started him up. Then he wouldn't move either way, but just stood still and began to kick. Not a one-legged kick, either, but the real thing with both feet, and gee whillikins, how he did launch them out into the atmosphere.

"I was sure I never would get him now, for I couldn't get near him; but all of a sudden I noticed that every time he kicked he kicked so hard that he would hold onto the ground with his forefeet, and he dragged himself about a foot or two, according to the ground he was on. That gave me an idea, and I just stood by and when he showed a disposition to quit I nged him a little and he went to kicking again; and I'll be blamed if he didn't get that cartload of rocks to the place I wanted it at mighty near as soon as if he had just hauled it there in the first place and made no fuss about it."

One or two of the men coughed a short cough, but when the Kentuckian looked around they seemed to have recovered from their pulmonary attack.

"Isn't that sear on your forehead where he kicked you once?" inquired one of them.

"No, exactly."

"I understand some one to say so," said the party with the cough.

"Somebody's mistaken, that's all. How it happened was that one day I was coming into the front gate and the mule was about 100 yards away, up at the other end of the big yard in front of the house. My hound made a break for him, and as the mule whirled to run away he let one leg fly at the dog, and the force of the kick, missing the dog, was such that the shoe flew off and whizzing through the air it took me a clip over the eye as I stood at the gate watching the two animals, and came mighty near settling my earthly accounts right then and there. You see, a mule's shoe is hardly as light as a lady's slipper, and when it is buried through the air it is just the kind of a thing you ought to stand aside for and let it have as much room as it wants."

\$3,000,000 FOR A BRIDE.

She was just five days old when her future was foretold. "She will have a life of adventure," said the prophetess; "she will take grave chances--but she won't come to any harm. Yes--I see risks she'll run--she's one that likes to leap, ma'am; but don't worry about the little lass--she's safe to land in luck, every time."

And, indeed, a life of adventure might well be predicted, for it was a very exciting day in the Negbauer home, this fifth of little Mildred's existence. A defective flue had taken this particular day to show its character in the home of the Negbauers' neighbors across the way. First a little puff of blue smoke crept cautiously through the boards, and then a tongue of flame leaped after it, and soon the entire structure was crackling, while small, venomous sparks shot across the way to neighbor Negbauer's.

Poor Mamma Negbauer, weak and ill, lay quaking in her bed. It was hard to be burned alive, just after one had passed safely through the perils of childbirth. Of what avail was it to bring a beautiful baby into the world if both must be burned to a crisp? And then in had rushed the firm and bundled Mamma Negbauer in blankets and bundled Baby Bunting into blankets, and carried them, very gently, down the street, out of danger.

To be sure, the baby caught cold, and Mamma Negbauer hovered between life and death for several days after, but no serious results could be counted from the baby's uncommonly early ailing. She had thrown back her little head and laughed in the face of Jack Frost, and the snuffles he sent her, in revenge, she took very amiably.

In fact, Mildred Negbauer was an exceedingly amiable child--except when you crossed her. She had some very determined notions of her own, and it didn't seem to her that the notions of her elders were as excellent. In fact, she didn't mind a small battle to win a point, and very seldom did she surrender. But how could one expect a little woman who went a-journeing at the age of five days to accept the routine roads of life? If left to play in the yard, she was soon creeping through the gates; taken for a walk, she must be closely watched, or she would be scampering out of sight. What was the big world for but to explore?

By and by she came to pinafores and school books, and small boys waited bashfully at the gate and took the book-strap from her. She was a favorite at school with both boys and girls, being always ready to romp at recess, and not such a serious student as to oust any head pupil from his place in class.

So Mildred Negbauer grew into a tall, graceful girl, and was sent to the high school to finish her education. Bigger boys carried her books now and vied with one another to win her smiles, and as this story happens in the city of New Haven, where good old Yale has its home, and several hundred students take up the study of beauty in their freshman year, Miss Negbauer did not lack for admirers.

One of these young men, however, made a very fatal mistake one day--fatal for himself--for he brought to Mildred's home a fellow student who at once found such favor with her that all the other boys were soon out of the running. She was not seventeen then, and her boy sweetheart less than twenty. "But they are old enough and big enough," said a gay little god, stringing his bow, for me to have a shot at, I think!" And no doubt he was right, and aimed his arrows well, for, as every one knows, Matthew Sterling Borden and Mildred Negbauer fell in love.

Now there were reasons--nice, conventional reasons, why it wasn't the proper thing at all for Matthew Borden to fall in love with Mildred Negbauer. And in such a monstrous misfortune befell him, the duly proper course was to fall out of love no less promptly than he fell in. There is all the difference in the world, you know, between linen sheets and cotton, between a china bowl and one of crockery, between a silver spoon, sterling, and one of nickel, silver-plated. To the former of these benefits had young Borden been born, and the latter had been Mildred Negbauer's position. Then, too, there was a vast way to travel between a millionaire manufacturer and a small retail tailor--and there was all that difference between the sire of Matthew Borden and Mildred Negbauer's parental parent.

Matthew Borden never thought of asking his father's consent to marry Mildred. He knew he might as well go ask for the moon. However, he didn't care a picayune for the moon and he cared the whole world for Mildred Negbauer--and have he must. He told Mildred so in all the impassioned sentences that a lad of twenty can command, and Mildred answered something that doubled his pulsebeat, and the robin's roundelay, chirped overhead, changed into an anthem as he took her in his arms.

When the school year closed, some six months later, Mildred went to visit friends of the family who lived in Brooklyn, and there Matthew Borden came to call. "It is no use," urged Matthew, "delaying our marriage; my father will never consent; but it seems to me it is you and I who are to be considered. I love you--and you say you love me--how can anything else matter? And if, indeed, you love me as I love you, how can you refuse, dear, to give yourself to me? See the unhappiness you inflict, when I worry and long for your dearest! I cannot study when I am constantly in fear of losing you. If once you were mine, I could acquit myself creditably in college, but now I simply mope and drone."

Mildred was a woman, with a woman's heart--a heart that was all Matthew Borden's. She put on a little blue silk frock and they went out for a little walk--and the walk ended with Christ Church, where the Rev. Dr. Kinsolving joined their right hands and made them one--one until death did part them.

Then Mildred Borden went back to her friends and her husband to his home. They corresponded and in the fall Matthew Borden came back to

Yale. And the gossips said he was very devoted to Mildred Negbauer, and since gossip flies like a feather, it was not long before Matthew Borden's parents heard of their son's devotion to the tailor's daughter.

Now, when a boy isn't of age, his father has the ordering of his ways, and it did not in the least please Millionaire Borden that his son should pay court to a maid of low degree. He sent, post haste, the family advisor--young Borden's godfather--to advise his son as to what was fitting; and you can figure to yourself the consternation of this well-intentioned man when his godson communicated to him that it was a little late in the day to interfere. "We are married, you see," he complacently explained, "and, although we have never lived together, she is mine and nothing can induce me to give her up."

Mr. Sterling hurried back to New York, and there were indignation and lamentation in the Borden mansion that night. Clearly something must be done. It was mere boyish infatuation, of course, and, obviously, separation might be trusted to mend the matter. The boy must be sent away--but where and how? Consultation lasted far into the night, but by morning young Borden's fate was settled. He was to go abroad, and a professor of Yale must be induced to accompany him, so he might continue his studies and take his degrees quite the same as though he continued in college. He was to travel wherever he wished--so long as he kept out of America. He was to have everything he wanted--the bills to be sent to the professor. All that cost he must be cured of his wretched infatuation!

Professor Tracy Peck undertook the task of tutor to young Borden, and preparations for the tour began. The separation between the young couple was pathetic in the extreme. "I go," said Matthew, "since my father can exact my obedience until I am twenty-one; but I swear to you Mildred, by the honor of my mother, that I will return. The whole world may be between us, but my thoughts will be with you always. Do not grieve; but I beg you be faithful. I cannot write you, for I have given my promise to hold no communication with you at all, but I will come back to you, dear, loving you as I do today. My father thinks the marriage illegal, since we are both under age; he may have the marriage annulled or desire you to apply for divorce. I do not advise you in that case. Do as seems to you best. But be very sure, my pet, that nothing can separate us. If the marriage is broken I will marry you again. I am yours for all time, and I believe in you, Mildred--I believe you will wait."

"I will wait," she answered with white lips. "Good-bye."

They found her in a poor little heap by the door when he had gone. For ten minutes she was blissfully unconscious. Then she woke to face reality, to fight despair, to entreat Hope. Matthew Borden settled down in Rome with his tutor and studied hard. He was not stunted in anything, and went about as he chose; in fact, he would have enjoyed himself immensely, no doubt, but for the fact that he never forgot a little face, far away in America--never ceased to hear the whisper--"I will wait."

As for Mildred, she went to bed with a fear, and when she began to mend, gained strength very slowly. But, by and by, she was downstairs again, and her friends trooped in to see her, and some one else came--some one she did not consider quite a friend, and yet he was Matthew's god-father. Mr. Sterling called a counsel of the family and laid before them a proposition. The marriage of Mildred Negbauer to Matthew Borden was clearly illegal, he set forth, neither being of age, and neither having the consent of their parents to the marriage. It was unlikely that young Matthew would return to America as romantically inclined as in the days of his youth and inexperience, and Mr. and Mrs. Negbauer should see to it that their daughter did not sacrifice her own youth and beauty by fruitless waiting. Moreover, if Mildred really felt the devotion for Matthew she professed, it was strange she should be willing to stand in his pathway--be a stumbling stool to his success in life. Mr. Borden, senior, would never look with favor upon his son's marriage, and would disinherit him if it remained in force. Of course, steps might be taken to annul the bonds, but Mr. Borden was disposed to be considerate, and proposed that Mildred go west and secure a divorce, he agreeing to make provision for her future.

What could a poor, little seventeen-year-old girl say in the face of such argument? Surely, she wouldn't stand in Matthew's way, and while he was at the other side of the world, what did it matter whether they were married or not? And, hadn't he promised to come back? If he didn't come, being married to him would be small comfort--if he did, surely they could be married again! And, after all, when one was so very miserable, a little more misery couldn't count.

So Mamma Negbauer and Mildred started for Dakota, and after ninety days a decree of divorce was entered on the court records of Sioux City in re Borden vs. Borden. Papa Borden sent his check for \$15,000, and it was invested in New Haven real estate by his ex-daughter-in-law.

Then the days and the months and the years dragged by. Mildred grew bright and cheerful again. She turned the rents of her real estate into trim toilets and combed her hair pompadour. "She is forgetting," said Father Negbauer; but his wife shook her head sadly. "It's hoping, I fear; she's looking for Matt back, now; but it's four years, you know--four years, without a word--it's not likely he'll come again!"

Other men came; men with wealth and position to offer; but pretty Mildred Negbauer shook her head. Even after she heard Matthew had returned, and had entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons, hope did not leave her heart. There was no definite date set for his coming, she argued, some day he was sure to come to her; he had promised, and she would not doubt.

Now, this isn't a fairy tale, it is a real, true story, and I am telling you what actually occurred. Matthew Borden came back to New Haven--came back to Mildred Negbauer. He did not come with coach and four, or on a prancing milk white steed, but in true end-of-the-century fashion, dismounted

from a bicycle before his sweetheart's door. He was a somewhat weary and dusty young man, for he had ridden all the way from Cromwell, thirty miles away; but Mildred saw only the light in his eyes, when he came before her; and he forgot his fatigue when she answered to the question that he asked her--"I have waited."

There is very little more to tell. Of course, they straightaway planned another elopement, and, this time were wedded in Worcester, by the Rev. L. Conrad, of the First Congregational Church. Papa Borden has not forgiven them, and Papa Negbauer thinks they ought to have waited until Matthew finished his course at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. "Two years more!" exclaims the bridegroom--"and I had already waited four! My name, I may mention, is not Jacob."

"And I shouldn't care to be Rachel," said Mildred, "though she had Jacob near her, and I was without a word from you, all that dreadful time."

"I must make you forget all that, dear," said Matthew gently.

But Mildred had already forgotten, as her hand crept into his, for the smile she gave him spoke only of peace and gladness and infinite content. Mildred was his at last, although his fourth share of the paternal \$12,000,000 was gone forever.

MARIE ST. FELIX.

FOUGHT WITH CUBANS.

The Adventures of a Young Woman Now in Philadelphia.

Three years ago Miss Eloise Brunet was the belle of the South Cuban port of Cienfuegos. She was healthy and rich. Now she lies upon a cot in a ten-by-ten room in a small house on the outskirts of Philadelphia, her body burning with fever, her mind racked by terror of the Spaniards, her memory full of the horrors of an experience abounding in starvation, suffering and peril. In her delirium she cries pitifully for protection against the Spaniards, who she thinks are seeking to murder her. In a similar condition, aggravated by wounds, is Dr. Andrew Brunet, who served as a major in the Cuban army.

The father of these refugees was an American, who owned a large estate at Cienfuegos.

He died in 1893, and his son, Dr. Brunet, went to Cuba to settle up the estate. The Spanish administration of such affairs made this a long and difficult task.

In September, 1895, General Rego raised the Cuban standard in the Cienfuegos district and the young Cuban-American was of the first to join him. It was impossible for his sister to remain on their plantation, and she therefore went into the Cuban service as a nurse. For twenty months she shared the hardships of the patriots, with scarcely even sufficient food and with never a roof over her head or a bed to lie upon. She toiled bravely in the Cuban cause, caring for the sick and wounded, helping to cook the scant provisions and proving herself a heroine on many occasions.

At Huanabilla she was cooking food for her brother, when the Spaniards began firing into the woods. Dr. Brunet started to go to the front, telling her to go deeper into the woods, but she insisted on his finishing his meal. He had not eaten for forty hours and might not have another meal soon. To his anxiety about her safety, as the shells fell about them, she replied: "Those don't hurt! I am not afraid of Spanish bullets!"

On another occasion Miss Brunet and her brother were mistaken for Spaniards and the Cubans opened fire on them. They jumped into a river and swam across. The bullets splashed water in their faces, but they were not hurt, and the mistake was discovered. They then had to sit up all night to dry their clothes.

After twenty months of this life, they both contracted malarial fever, and were so ill that they had to leave the insurgent party and seek shelter and food. They found neither, and were compelled to take refuge in a cave, where they lived for three weeks with no food, but some green pumpkins, half grown sweet potatoes and water from a stagnant pool. Once they were two days without a morsel of food, when an old man discovered them and brought them a few roots. Both suffered terribly from fever, and were often delirious. Finally the brother managed to climb the hill and attract the attention of a Spanish planter, who took them to Sierra, whence they were taken by boat to Cienfuegos.

When they landed at the wharf, Miss Brunet had no shoes, and her dress, which she had worn for three months, was in shreds. Their feet, hands and faces were swollen, and they were pitiable looking objects. Though almost unable to walk, they were ragged along by the Spanish soldiers, who cursed and struck them. The Spanish commander examined them separately to find cause to put them to death, but falling in that he permitted them to go to their sister's, who lived nearly a mile away, on condition that they reported in person every three or four days. This, in their condition, entailed the most intense suffering, but the order was pitilessly enforced.

Dr. Brunet appealed to the American consul, Owen McGarr, for aid, but it was refused him.

There followed a long correspondence with the state department at Washington, and in the end the consul was ordered to help them. They received their passports on August 30, and sailed on September 7. Their passage was paid all the way to New York instead of to Florida. Dr. Brunet and his sister have filed a claim at Washington against the Spanish government for the destruction of their property at Cienfuegos.

Kelp, or seaweed, usually considered one of Nature's superfluities, if properly treated is a source of wealth. One ton of good kelp will produce eight pounds of iodine, large quantities of chloride of potassium, four to ten gallons of volatile oil, three or four gallons of ammonia, one hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds of sulphate of ammonia. It may be used as food, drink and medicine. When converted into gelose it is a vegetable insignias. In France a gelatine or gum is made from it which is used in finishing cotton fabrics and in making artificial leather. Large crops of seaweed may be cultivated by placing large stones within tide-water mark on sandy shores.