

DON CARLOS'S RAID.

FREDERICK A. OBER IN LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.



(A story about the present revolution in Cuba.)

The shrill blare of a trumpet awoke the echoes of the mountain valley in which the insurgent Cubans were encamped. It was their call to arms, and an hour later the men of Don Carlos' command were filing down the mountain side.

The unwonted confusion also awoke one for whom the call was not intended—Tommy Walker, the young American, who had the day before wandered into the insurgents' retreat. He rubbed his eyes, and tried to recollect where he was. In a flash it came over him; he was no longer on the coast, in the mining camp, but far up in the mountains, the guest of a Cuban rebel. As he was hurriedly dressing his host looked into the hut for a word of farewell.

"Don't come out yet," he said; "it is only just dawn; go back for another nap. We shall be back about midnight, or to-morrow at the latest. If you can amuse yourself here during the day I may have something interesting to tell you when we return."

"But why can't I go, too?" asked Tommy. "Why do you leave me here alone with the women? You treat me as though I were a baby." He pouted, and the big rebel laughed.

"Indeed I don't," he replied; "but you must remember that I am responsible to your father for your safety. I can answer for you here; but down there, where we are going, the bullets will be flying, and all my time will be taken up in directing and fighting."

"Well, I guess I can fight, too. And as for my pony, Benito, he likes the smell of powder as well as I do."

"No, no, Tomasito; it would not do at all. But I will let you go as far as the Five Palms, on the bluff above the plain; and there we'll leave you, where you can watch the fight, and pick you up as we come back."

"Goody! I'll be ready in ten minutes." He was as good as his word, and twenty minutes later he was on Benito's back, riding happily by the side of Don Carlos, who was mounted on his fiery black stallion, Diablo. The chief was grave and silent, and Tommy, well knowing that he was mentally weighing affairs of life and death, kept discreetly quiet. At last, however, he spoke:

"Tomasito, mio, we are going to raid the ingenio of Santa Clara, that large sugar plantation on the Cruces Road, behind the hills from Santiago, and nearer the sea. A detachment of new recruits is there, just arrived from Spain, and I want to teach them a lesson. They think, perhaps, that their little excursion across the ocean is going to be a pleasure trip, and fighting the Cuban rebels nothing more than target practice. I want to correct that impression; and, though the poor fellows may show fight to some extent, still, there won't be any great danger."

"But why can't I go all the way with you?" insisted the boy. "You know I'm dying to be in a skirmish, and I can shoot a revolver as well from Benito's back as if I were standing on the ground."

Don Carlos smiled despite his anxious thoughts.

"Bravo, Tomasito. You are already a good rebel at heart. I thought you were in sympathy with the Spaniards."

"Well, so I was, when I was living amongst them, because I heard only their side of the story; and they were really friendly to me. But, now that I have heard the other side, and have been thinking it over, I find that I am with you, heart and soul. And so are most of my countrymen."

"Dios lo quiera! God grant it may be so," replied the chief, reverently and gravely. "I do not see how it can be otherwise, for we are fighting for more than personal liberty, and all Americans should be in sympathy with our attempt to throw off the chains of tyranny. But no, Tomasito, it cannot be; you must not descend to the plantation. Here is the trail; follow it down to the plateau, where you will find the ruins of a house, and there await my return. Antonio shall go with you. He has food and drink. Here, Antonio, this way. Take good care of the senorito. Adios! I must overtake my men."

Leaving the disappointed Thomas at the side-trail, with the mozo, or servant, Don Carlos touched his horse lightly with the spur, and flew down the rocky road after his troop. He was soon out of sight, and the boy then followed the servant to an open plateau, which, though surrounded by forest on every side, had once been cultivated as a coffee plantation. In the center of the open space were the

ruins of what had been a great stone house, with massive walls and open, arched doorways. It had long been in ruins, probably destroyed during a former rebellion, and great trees grew within the roofless rooms and the walls were half hidden in luxuriant masses of vines.

Riding around to the shady side of the walls, Antonio hitched his mule to a tree and then came for the pony. The boy dismounted, and strolled down to the edge of the plateau, which ended in a precipitous plunge into the plain beneath. Far away he caught a glimpse of the sea, between which and the forest that surrounded him rolled an immense plain, dotted with royal palms and smiling with fields of sugar cane. A river wended its way through the center of the plain, and near it shone the white walls of the ingenio (pronounced een-hay-no a sugar-mill). The planter's house, with high walls surrounding it, lay adjacent. An air of sweet security and peaceful stillness pervaded the beautiful plain. The boy shuddered, as he thought of the near approach of the rebel force, which was to change that aspect of brooding peace to terrible, grim-visaged war.

speculation. Then suddenly there was a great explosion, followed by a cloud of smoke above the walls.

"They have made a breach in the southern wall," whispered Antonio. "Now I see why the captain carried the dynamite!"

Another space of silence, followed by another cloud of smoke and the rattle of firearms.

"Ha! Now they have drawn the fire of the soldiers. They have flanked them; they are in the inclosure. God help our men now! The fight will be hand to hand. By the saints, but I wish I could be there!"

Antonio strode toward the place where he had hitched the mule, and Tomasito followed him.

"No, go back, muchachito, you can't go down there; it's against the captain's orders."

"Yes, I can," replied the boy, sturdily; "if you go. He told you not to leave me."

"True," muttered the mozo, who then dropped the rope halter and again tied his mule to the tree. "Well," with a sigh, "it would be of no use; we should be too late. The fight would be over before we could get there."

They returned to their outlook just



"HE WAS ON BENITO'S BACK, RIDING HAPPILY BY THE SIDE OF DON CARLOS."

Antonio came and sat beside him and pointed out the possible strategic positions; and together they awaited the appearance of their friends, the guerrillas. As yet, there seemed to be no suspicion of an attack, for the negro laborers were afield, with their great ox-carts laden with sugar-cane, which they were taking to the mill; the overseers could be seen making their rounds, and groups of soldiers were lazily stretched in the shade of the walls. The coign of vantage occupied by these two watchers was about eight or ten hundred feet above the plain, and securely entrenched in the embrace of the forest. They sat beneath the spreading limbs of a giant ceiba, or silk-cotton tree, which sent its branches far out over the precipice.

An hour passed, then the watchers noticed a disturbance in the fields; a sentinel at an angle of the walls fired off his gun; the laborers in the canes scurried toward the houses, and the groups of soldiers suddenly dissolved and disappeared. Next they saw the line of horsemen straggling out into the plain, leaping over whatever obstacles blocked their way, and pouring across the fields like an impetuous flood. They were too far distant for their cries to reach the plateau, but the anxious observers could see the flash of the chieftain's sword, as he led them on, and saw them deploy to the right and the left, as they approached the walls of the plantation works. As they neared the high, white wall that rose sheer in front of them, puffs of smoke leaped out, and, before the reports of the firearms reached to the silk-cotton, several saddles were emptied and riderless horses were rearing in terror.

"Dios mio!" exclaimed Antonio, gripping Tomasito's shoulder. "Did you see that? Three of our brave men gone!"

The boy could feel the blood forsake his face and settle around his heart; but he silently watched for further developments. The captain was still safe, for he could see his flashing sword as he led his men around the wall, where they all disappeared from sight.

Half an hour of dreadful calm then ensued, during which the fate of the brave attacking party was a matter of

in time to see a dense cloud of smoke and dust rise above the walls of the doomed buildings, accompanied by a dull, rumbling roar.

"Dynamite again!" shouted Antonio. "See, the roof of the dwelling has a great rent in it. Ha, ha! now the foreigners find the place too hot for them! Watch them pour out of that breach. Some of them are coming this way. See! Two, three, are running across the fields, making for the woods. Bueno! we may have a taste of the day's doings yet, Master Tomasito. They will climb the hills, and may reach our refuge. Then"—he made a significant gesture across his throat.

"Poor fellows!" said Tommy, pityingly; "if any of them reach this spot they shall have their lives spared anyway, provided they offer no harm to us."

"Oh, you think so?" rejoined Antonio, with a ferocious grin. "Let me get my hands on one, he will never get back to Spain again!"

Tommy said no more, but resolved to intercede with the captain for the lives of the captives, should there be any. But as yet it was by no means certain that victory would crown the efforts of the Cubans. It was very evident that the captain had underestimated the valor of the Spanish recruits, or that they had been reinforced by veteran troops since he had received his information. A few stragglers were scurrying through the cane-fields, but the main body of the enemy was still fighting desperately within the walls, which were now hidden by smoke. The rattle of musketry and the popping of revolvers became continuous. It was most agonizing to know that terrible things were taking place right within their view, but at the same time to be in ignorance whether friend or foe were coming out victorious. If that black pall of smoke could only be rent away—if the walls could be split, so that they might see which way the tide was turning! But nearly two hours passed by before their suspense was relieved at all; then the musketry fire seemed to cease, and the reports only of smaller arms came to their ears—a dropping, scattering fire, that finally died away entirely. Another hour of suspense, at the end of which a small

troop of horsemen swept out of a breach and galloped into the fields. "Victory!" yelled Antonio. "It must be—see, those are our men, and they have been sent out to gather in the stragglers."

The horsemen ranged the fields, ferreting out the miserable wretches who had hidden there, and driving them back toward the buildings.

"But they haven't got them all," said the mozo; "two, at least, have reached the woods. Do you think you'd be afraid if I left you alone a little while to look for those stragglers, Senor Tomasito?"

"Not I," said the boy, resenting the implied imputation that he could feel afraid. "Go, but, Antonio, if you do find them, don't harm them, will you?"

The Cuban turned, as he ran off to secure his carbine and machete, and for answer repeated that significant sweep of his hand across his throat, grinning fiendishly.

"Dear me!" sighed the boy, "this is terrible business! How can men be so cruel? They really seem to take pleasure in the shedding of blood. It is awful. I wish I had never come to Cuba, and wasn't obliged to know of these dreadful things."

Tommy could hear the terrific roar of the leaping flames and feel their hot breath, but he held to his post, waiting for the fire to burn out and Don Carlos to appear. But when at last the flames subsided, the brief twilight had faded and darkness covered the plain. A moon was shining in the sky, but it could not penetrate the murky veil that obscured the landscape; and Tommy was about to return to the ruined house, where the mule and pony were tied, to search for something to eat, when there was a crackling of twigs beneath him, in the ravine at his right, and he waited, listening. Soon, above the brink of the ravine appeared a hand, then an arm, reaching out for a limb to grasp. Hand and arm belonged to a human figure which followed, and which showed, to Tommy's consternation, the uniform of a Spanish regular! The enemy was upon him! What should he do? By keeping perfectly still he would escape unnoticed; but if he did, the man would certainly cross the plateau and discover the mule and pony, and perhaps make off with both. By a little deft strategy he might make the soldier his prisoner, and this he resolved to do.

The man approached, and was not ten feet away, when the boy stretched out his right hand, in which was his revolver, and covered him completely. "Halt!" he commanded. The man was unarmed—that is, he had no musket—though what he had concealed in his blouse the boy did not know. He made a pass as though to draw a knife from his belt.

"Hold up your hands!" This was commanded quietly, but in a determined tone, and the man held his hands high above his head.

"Now march in that direction!" indicating the ruined house, where the boy hoped to find Antonio. As they drew near the house, however, Tommy reasoned that perhaps the soldier might dart around the walls and escape; so he halted him in the open field, where he could the better cover him with the revolver.

Here the soldier attempted to parley. "Surely the senorito wouldn't deprive me of my life? I have never harmed him. I have a mother and a sister in Spain, who are hoping for my return."

"No," said Tommy, warily watching his prisoner. "I have no desire for your blood. I make you a prisoner in self-defense, but I will promise to give you your freedom later on."

The prisoner was a young man, with an honest countenance, open and frank. He told Tommy that he had been drafted in Cadiz, when he was in that city attending a fair, and that his family had not heard from him since his compulsory enlistment. He did not know what he had been sent to Cuba for, but he found out soon after he got there, for he was sent off with others to guard the plantations and

fight the rebels. He didn't like the business, and he had availed himself of this first opportunity he had for escape.

"If the senor will allow me to go, I will give my word not to harm him or any of his friends."

"That may be," said Tommy, with a wise smile; "but I would rather keep you till the captain comes. In the end it will be better for you anyway, for you can't escape from the mountains without some of the patriots finding you; and on the coast the Spanish would pick you up and send you to the Morro for deserting. I give you my word you shall be liberated in good time."

"That he shall," said a gruff voice, coming from the direction of the ruined building.

"Hola, Antonio! Is that you? Come here and help me guard this prisoner. Bring a rope and we will fasten his arms till the captain comes; then I will have him liberated."

Antonio shuffled forward out of the shadow, but as he came into the moonlight Tommy noticed that, instead of a rope, he carried a long knife! The prisoner noticed it also, and turned to the boy with appealing gesture.

"Ho, Antonio! what are you doing? Drop that knife and get the rope! He is not your prisoner; he's mine—mine. I tell you!" shrieked the boy, as Antonio, saying nothing, still advanced on the unarmed soldier. "Stand back, Antonio, or I'll shoot you!"

But the savage mozo, whose blood was now inflamed with passion, did not stand back; but with an oath sprang upon the prisoner; and Tomasito, confused by this unexpected turn of affairs, held his fire. The Spaniard, seeing that his life was threatened more by the knife of the Cuban than the revolver of the young American, had dropped his arms and was in a posture of defense when Antonio sprang upon him. He caught the blow in his left arm, and with his right hand grasped the villain by the throat.

Antonio was no match for the strong young soldier, whose severe training had made him lithe and agile; and, although the latter was unarmed, he soon had his antagonist at his mercy. Forcing him to the ground, he placed a knee against his right arm and another on his breast, and then held him writhing there. The tables were now most strangely turned; the captive was now the captor, Tommy was bewildered. One thing was still clear to him—he was yet master of the situation, for he could hold either of the men off with his weapon. But which was he to regard in the light of an enemy? Antonio had been unfaithful to his trust; the Spaniard only a short time before was fighting against his friends. Something must be done, and quickly, for the soldier was choking the life out of the mozo; yet he could not release him, lest he spring again at him with his knife.

"If the senor will get me a rope," said the soldier, "I will release his friend, after I have bound him, and again become his prisoner. For if I hold him much longer here it will cost him his life."

That was the only alternative, and Tommy ran for a rope, returning with which the soldier bound Antonio's arm to his side, and then released him. It was none too soon, for the man was gasping for breath. As soon as he came to himself, however, he glared savagely at his captor and tried to reach the knife again. But he was securely bound, and his efforts were futile. Meanwhile, the wound in the soldier's arm was bleeding profusely, and Tommy could not allow even an enemy to bleed to death. He made him strip off his blouse and tied a bandage around the arm, then brought water, which he gave to both the combatants. The soldier received it gratefully; but Antonio, after he had cleared his parched throat, turned and cursed him.

"Yes, you take the part of this renegade against me! But wait, wait till the captain comes! You will see what you will get!"

The boy said nothing, but he had no

fears as to what would be the captain's verdict. Still, he waited anxiously for him to come. At last he heard the tramp of hoofs, and soon a troop of horse galloped into the moonlight. At their head was a familiar figure, but mounted on a white horse—not on the gallant black stallion—and his face was half concealed in a bloody bandage. But it was the chief, for his voice soon reassured them, though it became gruff and commanding when his gaze met the strange group awaiting his coming.

"What! Antonio bound a prisoner?" "Si, my good master! These men have played me false! They would have taken my life!"

"Tomasito, what does this mean?" sternly demanded the captain.

Tommy told him, narrating the events as they had happened.

"So? You rascal!" he thundered, turning to Antonio, and placing a hand upon his holster, as if to draw a pistol. "I have a mind to shoot you, as it is. Did I not give this young man into your care? You were under his commands, miserable dog! What was it to you that he should wish to save a prisoner?"

"Oh, my captain, pardon! I did not—I wanted to share in the fight." "Oh, oh! Well, the next time you shall have your share of blood and fighting. Now be off. Go saddle the beasts, we must start at once for the mountains. There is no time to lose."

Antonio's bonds were cut and he sneaked off, while the chief turned to the soldier.

"You seem an honest man enough, but you were found fighting on the wrong side. You couldn't help it, I dare say, so it was not your fault. Will you serve us well, if I trust you?"

"Gladly, captain," said the soldier, seizing the chieftain's hand and kissing it.

"Well, then, get into the ranks. You shall have a gun to-morrow, and soon you will be put to the test. Come, Tomasito, here is the pony. Mount and away! We have some tough climbing to do, you know. Was I hurt? Only a cut from a brave man's saber—no poison in it. 'Twill soon be healed. Yes, poor Diablo received his quietus—shot from under me. That's the hardest blow next to losing my brave men. But it's the fortune of war. Forward! to the stronghold!"

And the troop charged up the trail.

SHORT-SIGHTED SCIENCE.

A Spirit That Has Bred Contempt for the Past.

I am a student of society and should deem myself unworthy of the comradeship of great men of science should I not speak the plain truth with regard to what I see happening under my own eyes, says a writer in the Forum. I have no laboratory but the world of books and men in which I live, but I am much mistaken if the scientific spirit of the age is not doing us a great disservice, working in us a certain great degeneracy. Science has bred in us a spirit of experiment and a contempt for the past. It has made us credulous of quick improvement, hopeful of discovering panaceas, confident of success in every new thing. I wish to be as explicit as carefully chosen words will enable me to be upon a matter so critical, so radical as this. I have no indictment against what science has done; I have only a warning to utter against the atmosphere which has stolen from laboratories into lecture rooms and into the general air of the world at large. Science—our science—is new. It is a child of the nineteenth century. It has transformed the world and owes little debt of obligation to any past age. It has driven mystery out of the universe; it has made malleable stuff of the hard world and laid it out in its elements upon the table of every class room. Its own masters have known its limitations; they have stopped short at the confines of the physical universe; they have declined to reckon with spirit or with the stuffs of the mind, have eschewed sense and confined themselves to sensation. But their work has been so stupendous that all other men of all other studies have been set staring at their methods, imitating their ways of thought, ogling their results. We look in our study of the classics nowadays more at the phenomena of language than at the movement of spirit; we suppose the world which is invisible to be unreal; we doubt the efficacy of feeling and exaggerate the efficacy of knowledge; we speak of society as an organism and believe that we can contrive for it a new environment which will change the very nature of its constituent parts; worst of all, we believe in the present and in the future more than in the past, and deem the newest theory of society the likeliest. This is the disservice scientific study has done for us; it has given us agnosticism in the realm of philosophy, scientific anarchism in the field of politics. It has made the legislator confident that he can create, and the philosopher sure that God cannot. Past experience is discredited, and the laws of matter are supposed to apply to spirit and the make-up of society.

Treasure Buried by the Indians.

Joseph Omslicker, a farmer, found \$10,000 while digging a cellar for a new house at St. Joseph, Mich. The money was in a rusty iron box and consisted mostly of gold coin. Omslicker kept his find a secret for some time, but finally sold his farm and came to Chicago. It is said the money was buried by an Indian chief thirty-five years ago, to prevent it being stolen by a rival tribe. The Indian's son came here twenty-five years ago to find the money, which, he said, had been buried on the bank of a stream, near a pine tree, but was unsuccessful.



"TOMMY NOTICED THAT INSTEAD OF A ROPE HE CARRIED A LONG KNIFE."