To say that the Cubans are anxious leave and to join Gomez in what they confidently expect will, with the aid of the United States, be his last stand against the tyranny of Spain is putting it mildly. Yesterday I say General Lacret, their leader, and all the members of his staff, and found that, while they are making 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 ununiformed, un-organized, undisciplined. Hardly any of the men have had the slightest experience in military matters. The officers for the most part have happily seen some campaigning or have received some information in the art war, and drilling and organizing are being carried forward rapidly.

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 Cespe-des hall, in West Tampa. This provides a roof over their heads and nothing West Tampa is a town apart from Tampa, though adjoining it. Here 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. Spaniards lived here, too, and both here and in Ybor City 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 hearts' blood rather than inhabit one which was painted yellow. The houses are small and built in rows, and hardly any of them have kitchens. The family repairs to the restaurant for meals or has the meals brought to the house. Boys bearing food in tin trays, one on top of the other, may be seen on the streets at meal times, hurrying to and Some carry a board with hooks on the bottom on which are hung tin pails containing food. House rent is collected weekly in West Tampa. The people can move for fifty cents. Often families move every week; this makes their rent only \$2 a month.

Cespedes hall is a tall, bare build-ing, situated in the heart of West Tampa. It is unplastered and unpainted except on the outside-to a certain extent. The plazza, which runs along the second story at one side, has lost its lower supports, and the most valiant warriors dare not to walk underneath. The lower floor consists of a long hall and four rooms running along other side and leading out of it. These were once used for stores. They now constitute first, officers' lounging room, sumptuously furnished with two or three hard benches and one or two schoolroom desks; second, the interpreter's room, which contains even less, and, third, the headquarters of the Red Cross or Hospital Corps. There is a table in this room. Several doctors and surgeons joined the expedition and are busily organizing the departemnt.

THE MEN'S QUARTERS. 'Where do the men sleep?" I asked.

'Up stairs." stairs we went. More bare boards and beams, but not a sign of a bed. "I suppose you wonder how the men sleep here," said my guide. "They just lie on the floor in blankets. A few of them have hammocks, which they swing at night." At one end of the nuge hall was a stage, and the room sloped down to it and was filled with rude, narrow plank benches. An awkcatving instruction ward squad at one side; men were lounging around and talking in groups. There were supposed to be partitions, but they were just the beams, with not even jaths nailed between.

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 muskets in a way ludicrous to be-hold, they are up at half-past four in the morning, and get two hours drill before the sun gets high. Often they drill for as long in the afternoon.

The government has agreed to provide this small Cuban army with uni-forms 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. While the suits which they are to have will be exactly like those provided for the regular sol-diers who go to Cuba, the celebrated machete will in all cases take the place of the sword. Many of the men here are accustomed to its use; many of them have never held one.

General Lacret 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. I was allowed to examine the machete and pull it from the case. His beautiful pistols and small dagger were with it. On the blade of the dagger is written in the Spanish tongue, "All for Cuba." General Lacret 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 stars well on Cuban battlefields. He has a fine face, and his manners are both courtly and gen-His men are devoted to him, and tell me that he considers them before he considers himself.

General Lacret'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. Many of them have been for ten or twenty years in this country, but they have not forgotten "Cuba Libre." Some never expect to return, but are cheerful in the prospect of ending their lives on a battlefield of their beloved island.

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

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, mamma has got two nice new bayies. Johnnie—That's just like mamma; I suppose by getting two she got them

SOLDIER AND CIVILIAN.

It is no wonder that women love le militaire. All the camps the soldier demonstrates his superiority to the civand 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 pre-pared the mind for the proper enjoyment of solicitude.

A military camp must be rigid in restrictions, if for no other reason than to impress an inoffensive public; and to accomplish this sentries are to martial thoroughfares to prevent the entry of interiopers.

The guard is inexorable. Two or three young ladies, bewildering in their witchery of glance and smartness of costume, step lawlessly on the forbidden ground, and-the guard discreetly turns his back until they are beyond 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 mayeb they have just now thrust themselves upon him with an appealing look and the prefactory remark: "We are quite lost. Could you tell us which is the nicest 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 of three ladies, or, more happily, only one. It is with noble defiance that he risks the guardhouse to give pleasure to his proteges. He even smothers 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 appurtenances made into a 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 mis-creant who insists upon his right to sit in his section coatless and sew much needed buttons on his waistcoat loses caste for all time, because he sacrifices nothing for the ladies, but continues his selfish pursuits.

Wooden boxes rest on the straw tent floor wherever there is space wide enough. In these are harbored toothsome delicacies sent to the boys to em-bellish the monotonous and inelegant fare of the camp. The choicest things are more than willingly produced and served to the ladies with unrestrained generosity-not that the ladies need them, for they live within a stone's throw of shops where they can be bought, but because transcendant gallantry rises to complete abnegation of In the heart of the soldier boy self. sacrifices become pleasures, and even the luxuries that other women have given he will relinquish for the benefit of the woman at hand.

With an abashed sort of pride and a magnificent scorn of hardship he explains to the exquisitely sympathetic visitors the uses of the various equip-ments within the tent. He unpacks his knapsack to show how like a Chinese puzzle its contents are arranged. He gives practical demonstration of what uses a soldier makes with the square When a battleship like the Indiana of enamelled cloth belonging to his fires all its guns one round, it costs the equipment, and makes up a soldier's government \$6,000. Both smoking and bed to show how that is done. Stepping smokeless powder are used. The latto one side, where other soldiers may ter is somewhat stronger, but each has not see him, he draws a cartridge from its uses. Smoking powder permits a an ammunition box and proffers it as a souvenir, adding. "We are not allowed." to do this, you know." Then with a penknife he scratches on the cart-ridge his name, that of his regiment and company, and even the date, lest she for whom it is intended forget the pleasant day. With a low bow he presents the cartridge saying, "This was intended for a Spaniard, but I give it to you.

Several marriages have occurred in camp. Is it any wonder? I can imagine the coyest and most reluctant even maiden being convinced of the desirability of union with one so gentle, so gallant and self-sacrificing as the soldier boy. There is absolutely nothing he will not do for her; no trouble is too great when exerted for her pleasure. His life, about which she has supposed he had made some reservations, is as an open book to her now, and that book as simple as a primer.

Of a sudden life for these dainty ladies descends from the heavenly pro-tection of the soldier's gallantry to the predatory selfishness of the traveling civilian's ill manners. The platform of the station is jammed with hundreds of tired, but determined people standing in an eager line waiting for the train. It draws up from the military regions of the station grounds and is already filled almost to the full extent of its seating capacity with soldiers. But this is how they differ from the soldier in the camp. They have been sent home because of physical inability to meet reconstruction. requirements, or are on a day's leave, or have in other ways been released

from military life.

The crowd of women bursts into the cars, impelied by those behind, and stands in an uncomfortable pack, filling the aisles from end to end. For the first time they realize that a visit to the camp brings fatigue. 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 indifto women. All day a uniformed man has meant gallantry and courtesy. What makes the difference now? Merely the fact that in spite of the uniform these men are practically civilians, and firm believers in letting each individual take care of himself.

this could be accounted for. This is an anomalous condition. As soldiers, men will give their lives to protect the women of the country, but as civilians in daily intercourse visit them with insufferable inconsiderateness.

Allah ili, Allah even so. An Arab chieftain treats his foe; Holds him as one 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 warfare. In no department has the change been more radical than in the construction of high-powered and machine guns for country. And that interest has taken suse on vessels and in fortifications, substantial form. 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 .236 of an inch, bag, you must know, is a handy thing to the mammoth breech-loading rifled to have about. Of course, the sailor cannon, with a caliber of 13 inches. Between these are the one, three, and sixpounders and guns from 3 to 12 inches. The one, three and six-pounders, and the three, four, five, and six-inch guns belong in the category of rapid-firing stalking the company streets and other guns, in which the ammunition is all in one piece, like the cartridge of a re-One, three and six-pounders, so-called from the weight of the pro-jectiles, are usually mounted in the fighting-tops of ships on military masts, where they command full sweep of an yy, such as needles and thread, but-enemy's deck. Such guns have been tons and the like, and there you are. fired at the rate of 100 rounds a minute, his territory. After a while they learn and a small number of them can keep that the sudden presentment of a back 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 land- yard. There is no reason why ing is made. Four-inch guns are the infant terrors of the navy. projectiles weighing 32 pounds, using 16 pounds of powder. The gun weighs 3,400 pounds, and its armor piercing projectile can senetrate seven inches of high-grade steel. It can be fired about twenty times a minute, and carries four miles. Five-inch guns weigh about three and a half tons, the bullet 60 pounds and the powder 30 pounds. Its armor-penetrating power is about nine inches at close range. Six-inch guns are both rapid and slow firing. the range being over six miles, piercing paper of needles, a box of safety pins, over eleven inches of armor near the muzzle. Eight-inch guns are the smallest of the monster class—the class in which the projectile and the explo- chips), a comb, a piece of wax, a couple sive are separate. They are 20 feet long of spools of thread, darning cotton, a and weigh 17 tons. Their range eight miles and the projectile weighs paper and envelopes, a lead pencil and 250 pounds. They can fire six shots a a minute, which would pierce 15-inch armor. The powder used is in hexagonal grains, of which about twelve weigh a pound. These grains are strung togeth- too goody good in its tone, but just a er on cord and wrapped in cheese cloth. in which condition they are shoved into the breech behind the projectile.

In our navy 10, 12 and 13-inch guns are mounted in turrets in pairs. The 30 tons. Machinery is 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 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 plercing twenty-six inches of armor steel at fighting distance. The 13-inch guns-the largest in the United States navy-are 33 feet in length and weigh nearly 70 tons. They require 500 pounds of powder to fire a shot weighing 1,000 pounds. They hurl such a projectile twelve miles with a muzzle energy of 34,000 foot tons. Such a bullet will pierce almost three feet of steel. To fire such guns, with the aid of machinery, twice Their an hour is doing good work. use is enormously expensive. The gun itself costs \$60,000, and can be fired only about 200 times. Each shot burns up \$175 worth of powder, and the projectile costs \$350.

When a battleship like the Indiana vessel to maneuver out of an enemy's range behind the cloud it raises. These immense modern guns are fired electricity. Wires run to every gunromm, and to the captain's quarters enabling that officer to fire every one of the big guns on his ship. Aiming them has been reduced to science by the use of range finders, and in a smooth sea the results are wonderfully accurate. Three new guns are to be placed or trial at once. They are the 126-ton 16-inch Watervliet riffe, intended to be mounted at Sandy Hook; the Brown 30ton, wire bound, 19-inch segmental gun now building; and a 30-ton 8-inch Fatling 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, and the guns themselves stand few firings. One of them went to the bottom with the Victoria in the Mediterranean before it had ever been well tested. Krupp ex-hibited a 120-ton gun at the World's Fair, but it has never been fired more than sixteen times.

A 5-inch Brown gun tested two years ago promises well. Its recorded effi-ciency excels any gun of its weight in use, and the government appropriated \$33,000 to build a 10-inch gun on the same model, which is now nearly ready o be tested. Much is also expected from Colt's new automatic, rapid-firq rifle. It fires 200 shots a minute, sweeping them over a large area within a range of 700 yards. The bullet is the Lee rifle cartridge, 1,000 of which are attached to tape and coned together like an endless cartridge belt. The government is also receiving a large quantity of the Hotchkiss guns, very similar to the Colt

Rear Admiral Howell has produced a new torpedo-rocket gun, the test of which is a matter of great intertst and speculation Maxim, the gun inventor, has a new weapon in the shape of an aerial torpedo fired from a pneumatio gun of his own design. It is intended to carry on ton of explosive a distance himself. The women are evidently of five miles, or half a ton nine miles, weary, their faces drawn, their looks If successful, Mr. Maxim's claim, that forlorn; in the motion of the train they he can "for the cost of one battleship sway and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger, but no one pities, produce a fleet of torpedo cruisers cap-graph and stagger and to be also cruisers cap-graph and stagger and to be also cruisers cap-graph and to be also cruisers c such death-dealing terrors to be experimented with, it is not to be wondered at that the nations are watching with bated breath the outcome of our naval war against Spain.

> A small boy was ambitious to be long, shapeless something, and, when grape tree and the currant tree, and asked what it was, replied, "It's the eleven others voted for the Christmas tall of a dreadful dragon." "But where is the dragon?" "Oh, it wouldn't do draw him, he's such a dreadful dragon.

"Bobbie, how many sisters hes your new school fellow?" "He has one, mamma. He tried to stuff me up by saying that he had two half-sisters; but he doesn't know that I study fractions."

SOLACE FOR JACK TARS.

Jack Tar has a good friend in Mra. A. Gardner, mother of Rev. W. B. A. Gardner, mother of Rev. W. A. A. Gardner, pastor of the Church of the Holy Comforter, down in New York, Al. the sallors are her "boys," and she feels a personal interest just now in those who are going off to do battle for their

Mrs. Gardner is busy at work supplying the gallant lads in blue with what she calls "comfort bags." A comfort 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

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. In it are placed various small articles which Jack will undoubtedly find han-

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 naval service. Her original intention was to supply a thousand of the bags, and about 400 were sent to the navy movement should not become broader and more general, and there is no reason why every sailor in the 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 ask. ed her how much each bag and its contents would cost, and she estimated if at about 60 cents.

I opened one of the bags which had been filled and made an inventory. This They weigh nearly seven tons, the pro. is what I found: One pair of scissors, jectile 100, and the powder 50 pounds a bottle of vaseline, a paper of pins, a a couple of handkerchiefs, a string of the assorted buttons (which, it is to be hoped, will not be converted into poker is roll of absorbent cotton, some writing

small Testament And down in the bottom was an envelope containing a letter of good cheer written by the Rev. Mr. Gardner; not straightforward, 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 to help along the work, as much linen as possible, such as castoff tablecloths. This the little girls tear 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 seamenmeasures more than eight by ten inches, Jack Tar, you know, must carry his belongings in as compact a form as pos. sible. They are gathered at the top with tape 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 were designed to be rolled up. When open the bag could be hung up by a loop, and there was a complete tollet and mending outfit.

Mrs. Gardner is anxious to enlist the Mrs. Gardner is anxious to enlist the consented that we should be engaged. aid of all who are in sympathy with Emilio thought he might be pardoned 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 sewing girls. 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 un-til that mist-driven morning when they carried him to Bellevue, mad for love of

a beautiful woman. He was one of the brightest young newspaper men in Rochester a month 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 at Camp Black, Hempstead.

pany I. He was the best singer of love war ditties, was the most amiable and one of the best disciplined men in the camp. Last week 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 piquant, flower, like face and pansy 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. He waved a good-by to the women as

the train started. He tried to smile, but his face was the hue of death. 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

'Corporal of the guard," he cried, who goes there? I fight for my company and I fight for her." The corporal found him brandishing his gun as though to frighten invisible enemies. He pointed the muzzle at his head and made what was designed to

be a farewell speech. He was taken to Bellevue hospital in frons. In the insane ward of that gloomenvironed institution he says a hundred times a day:

going to die for her."

The school children of Newark, N. J., have voted in favor of the maple as their favorite for state tree, giving it 6,927 votes. The oak came next with Two children, who love jam betconsidered a skillful artist, which he ter than maple sugar, divided their was not. He drew on the blackboard a votes between what they called the

> Every man stamps his value on himself. The price we challenge for our selves is given us by others. Man is made great or little by his own will.-

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

Miss Cisneros is betrothed to Carlos Carbonel, one of her rescuers, and an aide on the staff of General Fitzhugh

Carlos Carbonel is a young merchant of Havana, and an ardent Cuban patriot. He it was who played the role of coachman in the exciting drama of her release, and he it was in whose home she hid when General Weyler and pack of bloodhounds were on her track. He scarcely spoke a word to, or touched the hand of, the lovely refugee before she left her stricken country for the land of the free.

But Cupid spurns conventions and th delay of ceremony. The Havana mer-chant fell in love with the girl at sight There was a story that she loved one Emilio Betancourt, and good Carbonel held his own passion a secret.

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 chronicled 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 ro mance.

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 ! 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 Cu-ban 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 smil-ing 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 plazza and asked me if we wer comfortable. The house, he explained, belonged to his uncle, and he told me his name was Emilio Betancourt, and that he also a prisoner on the island. that he came up very often and talked to me through the window grating. '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 l

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.

From what poisons? From poisons that are always found in constipated

If the contents of the howels are not removed from the body each day, as nature intended, these poisonous substances are sure to be absorbed into the blood, always causing suffering and frequently causing severe disease.

There is a common sense

cure.

AYER'S

They daily insure an easy and natural movement of the bowels. You will find that the use of

2 Ayer's **Jarsaparilla**

with the pills will hasten recovery. It cleanses the blood from all impurities and is a great tonic to the nerves.

Write the Doctor. Our Medical Department has one of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Tell the doctor just how you are suffering. You will receive the best medical advice without cast. Address.

PAINT YOUR WALLS & CEIL CALCIMO FRESCO TINTS

FOR DECORATING WALLS AND CEILINGS Purchase a package of Calcimo paint dealer and do your own kalsomining. This material is made on sessnilide principles by machinery and milied in twenty-four that and is susperior to any consoction of Giue and Whiting that can possibly be made by hand. To be mixed with Cold Water. EFFERD FOR SAMPLE COLOR CARDS and if you cannot purchase this material from your

THE MURALO COMPANY, NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., NEW YORK

was glad to hear it, and my father | 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 be-

Miss Cisneros became convinced that her betrothed was a coward and traitor. With the fire of patriotism in her veins, and the wrongs of her family and her country in her heart, she could

love none but a hero, a Cuban hero. Hope sprang up in his heart when Carlos Carbonel read this simple story of her love and its death. Certainly no charge of cowardice or treason could be laid at the door of Carbonel, the patriot. He had helped to rescue her. too, from the horrors of Recojidas pris-But brave, manly Carbonel stiffed 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 love. He telegraphed Miss Cisneros that he was going to Washington to sue for the gift of her hand, and made He was the most popular man in compost haste to follow the dispatch. Meanwhile, she had gone to Richmond to visit the family of General Lee. whose staff the impatient suitor be-longed. Thither the telegram followed her, and thither closely followed Carlos

Carbonel. It was in the Lee parlor at Richmond. therefore, that Carbonel told his love. Sanctity veils a scene like that. One tantalizing 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 filted one suitor because he was not a hero. She weds 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 de-scribed it in a letter to another child This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened on our house."
It was the first time Johnny had ever

heard a guinea hen. "Oh. mamma." "come and hear the chicken a-windin' itself up. A little girl, whose mother left her

alone at night after telling her the roon. was full of angels, was heard saying to her doll: "Now, dollie, you mustn't be afraid. The room is all full of angels. It beats the devil how afraid I am of angels."
Gracie—Mamma, what does Santa

Claus do after Christmas? Mamma-Why, he begins to collect toys for the following Christmas. Gracie-Oh, 1 know. He reads the papers and watches

out for bargain sales. A certain schoolmaster, who used round snuff box during the week and a quare one on Sunday, was accustomed to point to his nuff box when speaking of the shape of the world. Now, when the examiner came along and asked "Now, Benny, do you know what papa is whipping you for?" "Yes; you're bigger'n I am."

Burlington Route

Shortest Line

from Omaha to Kansas City, Denver, Helena, Butte. Spokane, Seattle, and Tacoma.

Go west through Omaha and see the Trans - Mississippi Exposition. Tickete at offices of connecting lines.

J. Francis General Passenger Agent. Omaha, Neb. more more market

N. E. A. Route to Washington

from the West and Northwest will be through Chicago thence over the Pennsylvanta Short Lines No change from Chicago to the National Capital Send for guide to Washington containing interesting information about that attractive city. Address H. R. DERING, A. G. P. Agt., 248 South Clark St., Chicago

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

"Bobbie," asked the visitor, "have you any little brothers and sisters?"
"No." replied wee Robbie, solemnly, I'm all the children we've got."

dren of Agamemnon? Pupil (after ma-ture deliberation)—I think they're dead this time.

Teacher-What became of the chil-

Teacher-What is the equator? Pupil (confidently)-An imaginary lion run-ning around the earth.

Agents wanted to sell a new patent household article Address J. C. LEARNED, Lock Box 569, Chicago, Ilis.

O. P. Co., Omaha, No. 24, 1898

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Testes Good. Use
In time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION