

SPAIN'S AFRICAN TORTURE HOUSE.

Cuban Political Convicts Chained by the Waist to the Prison Walls so They are Unable to Lie Down.

There are at present more than 500 men, samples of the best blood and brains of Cuba, living the lives of rats in the prisons of Figueras, Cartagena, Valladolid and Ceuta. A few of these were captured in war, but most of them were transported for reasons purely political, so far as many of them knew, without rhyme or reason.

This story deals with one of the most interesting and long-suffering of Cuban patriots, Juan Gualberto Gomez, the editor of La Lucha and La Igualdad. Mr. Gomez is a leader of the negro race in Cuba. It is a type of his people that the Cubans have solved the negro problem by producing negroes that can stand shoulder to shoulder with white men in the march of civilization.

He was first called upon to suffer for his opinions at the close of the ten years' war for freedom, when he was arrested and sent to Ceuta for two years. After he got out he was kept in Spain for nearly two years, and then he escaped to Cuba and revived his Cuban newspaper. His first editorials had their effect on the temperature of Havana, and the place soon became warm for him, so he went to the revolutionary prison in Morocco castle in Havana.

Then the ships came to the wharf at Ceuta. There was a short march through the town and then the gates of Ceuta prison—after those entrance the mind's eye saw a mound formed by the abandoned hope that have accumulated there during a century—opened and the life that had been Gomez's taste of hell, began again. But he carried his hope with him—Cuba would soon be free.

Down in the lowest tiers of dungeons in the citadel of Ceuta is a room twenty feet square, with a little window in it at the top of the low wall. This room is called the "Calabozo." Probably our "calabozo" is named from it or some similar Spanish dungeon. There is a window in the door at each end, and the guards used to stand watching day and night. In this dark hole Mr. Gomez and eighteen other Cubans were crowded for nine months. Every man had an iron band around his waist, which was connected by a chain to another band at the ankle.

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six rooms opening into each other, and six rooms in charge of a director. The directors are convicts and only murderers are eligible to the position. The rooms are luxurious in one respect—they have dry floors. There are no beds nor chairs, but the prisoners may wash at a small water pipe—that is, if they have money to pay for the privilege. Friends of the prisoners are allowed to send money for them to the governor of Ceuta, and from this an allowance of \$2 a month is given. Twenty per cent of this goes at once to the sentry.

The regular diet at Ceuta consists of beans and potatoes served twice a day, at 12 o'clock and at 6 o'clock. It is served in troughs, each containing twenty small portions. Each man has a plate. Coffee, rice and an ordinary food can be procured by those who can pay for it, but the wretched who get nothing but beans and potatoes until January 1, 1904, unless some more fortunate prisoner gives them a bite of his crusts. Even the walls of a Spanish prison have ears for the clink of gold, and the prisoner with money fares comparatively well. But woe betide the poor devil who has not cash for the sentries or the man who refuses to give them the portion of his wealth that they demand. His back will be raw from blows from the iron stick covered with rawhide that they carry. One man received fifty blows which nearly killed him for running the guard's chain. He will also be treated to the dreaded blanca. This mode of torture is to chain a man—there are no women in Ceuta—to a wall by a chain three feet long attached to his waist. He cannot lie down, and the treatment excoriated his person and thoroughly I could obtain much data of historical as well as scientific value.

The prisoners in the large apartment are compelled to work on the fortifications and roads about the prison. The guards with their iron rawhides stand over them, and instead of a word of correction there is a blow. The Ceuta convicts are also used and also treated as beasts of burden. They are harnessed to the work of building and repairing the forts. Mr. Gomez was fortunate in never being broken to harness. His work for many months was that of sweeper inside the prison.

It is necessary for all prisons to provide a convict costume, but the authorities at Ceuta have hit upon a very profitable plan. They supply trousers twice in three years and coats twice in six. The uniform is blue and white in summer and brown in winter. To further prevent escape the prisoners are shaved twice a week. None of the 30,000 inhabitants of Ceuta shaves less than once a week.

To escape a prisoner must swim the strait of Gibraltar. Some of them have done this, but not Mr. Gomez. One morning he received a letter—the prisoners are allowed to get letters at stated intervals, and to write one every fifteen days. This letter stated that his friends' efforts to secure his pardon were fruitless. He had about touched bottom in the depths of despair. The guards were particularly surly to him—the one sign by which Cuban prisoners tell of Spanish reverses. But his spirits were so low that even a Cuban victory failed to raise them. This was at 10 o'clock. At 2 he was a free man, on his way to Spain. How did he get his pardon? He has not the least idea. Mr. Gomez got away from Spain with all speed and has just arrived in the United States. There are 300 Cubans still at Ceuta.

WHY AMERICANS ARE GOOD SHOTS.

An Inherited Fondness for the Rifle makes Good Shots—The Bloody Work of Americans Good Marksmanship in the Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

The war with Spain has demonstrated one thing quite clearly, and this is that the American gunner knows how to shoot. His nice accuracy in pointing his weapon has produced most satisfactory results. This skill has been inherited by the part of the Spaniard almost pitiful. Indeed it seems like taking advantage of the situation to shoot at men who appear to have no notion that the ultimate purpose of a bullet is to end up somewhere with a bone-breaking, brain-crushing crack that will keep indefinitely on plowing the air.

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so-called cavalry troops were in reality mounted riflemen. It was the famous "minute men," with their long rifles that threw a bullet no larger than a pea, that drove the British regulars at Lexington, with one killed and wounded over 300 of their number.

It was the close shooting of these same "minute men"—raw farmers—that under General Stark defeated Burgoyne and his splendidly trained German mercenaries.

Later, in the civil war, it was this skill that made the battles of the period bloody beyond anything recorded in history.

The freedom of the citizen in the use of weapons was found to be responsible for a curious condition at the outset of the rebellion. As cavalrymen the volunteers viewed the saber with mistrust, much preferring to pin their faith to the arm with which they were most familiar.

The effect of horsemen charging with sword in hand was very great in all European armies and it was one of the military maxims of the time that cavalry relying on firearms must surely be beaten.

In America the idea of the common soldier at least was quite different, and at the breaking out of the war the volunteers displayed an extraordinary contempt for the saber. The very names of "skirmisher" and "line" were replaced by the approved European plan, alone placed trust in it.

The southern troops in particular so heartily despised the weapon that nothing could make them give way to a charge of cavalry, saber in hand. Lines of skirmisher and line of rifle when charged by the regularly equipped cavalry of the north would send up the jeering cry, "Here, boys, are those fools coming again with their swords; give it to them!"

The western troops had the same feeling, at first, and when the "rough riders" of the sixties were moulded into cavalry they showed the utmost reluctance to abandon the rifle. At the very beginning of the war much of the cavalry was hastily raised and very imperfectly armed, often with double-barreled shotguns, which did deadly work at close quarters when loaded with a handful of slugs or buckshot. So armed they would charge at full speed and deliver their fire in the very faces of the enemy, and then dash through with a dreadful thumping of gun-butts on the men's heads.

AN ABSENT MINDED REMARK

The dinner was given in his honor and as a consequence the eminent Oxford archaeologist was ill at ease. He had never been much of a society man, and evening clothes were a bother to him. He didn't know what to do with his hands. He had for so many years browsed like a vagrant goat among the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh and other forgotten sites of fleeting civilization that he was reminiscent of a mummy. That was what the eminent archaeologist was like—a mummy. He sold of myrrh and other things that go with the wrappings of a defunct Pharaoh and, taken all in all, he wasn't much of a chap to dine with.

You have seen them often, those persons who know what they want to say, but either become confused in the saying or cannot do it at all. That was another characteristic of the eminent Oxford archaeologist. His mind wandered about in thoughts of coniform bricks and the glory attendant upon their translation. So he wasn't what one would call a brilliant success as a dinner table talker.

To do him honor, the conversation, after the second course, was allowed to drift about into his channels. The hostess saw that he was ill at ease, and she started it herself. She thought he would feel better conversing on something he knew about, so she threw out a word regarding the recent finds at Pompeii.

"Ah, yes," said the eminent Oxford archaeologist. "Pompeii is the dream of my life. I should like to be the man to make the greatest discoveries there. The glory would be magnificent. I have my ideas concerning the burying of the city, and feel that by exploring the ruins, excavating personally and thoroughly I could obtain much data of historical as well as scientific value. But I haven't the time. My other work takes all my hours. Still, my desire, not expanded, is to work in Pompeii. So when I remember that the chance may never be realized it saddens me greatly. You have no idea how a man feels who has within him a half-warmed fish."

The woman at the table dropped her fork and lower jaw at the same time. Three American professors on the table, who had been looking at her with interest, were startled and gazed at her forehead and winked at her friend across the table. There was a silence so deep you couldn't plumb it.

"I—I didn't mean that," she said, "I meant to say I know now how a man feels who has within his heart and mind a half-formed wish."

Oh! ejaculated everyone present. And the eminent archaeologist left immediately after dinner, even forgetting to say good-bye to his hostess.

To Wed if Husband Died.

Mrs. Wilhelmina Schmitt, through her attorneys, Messrs. Lewis W. Thomas and Goodwin Westmoreland & Hallman, has filed a petition in the superior court of Atlanta, says the Journal of that city, in which she makes highly sensational charges against J. T. Schneider.

Mrs. Schmitt sues for half of Schneider's property, and the following are made parties defendant: The Maddox-Rucker Banking company, with whom Schneider is alleged to have about \$10,000 on deposit; the Citizens Loan and Mercantile company, in which he is said to have \$1,200 worth of stock; and Mattie O. Davis, W. H. George, S. M. Born and Mary E. Thompson, each of whom is alleged to have borrowed several hundred dollars from Schneider.

Judge John S. Chandler has granted a temporary restraining order preventing any of the defendants from paying Schneider any money due him pending the hearing, and Schneider has been restrained from altering the status of his property.

Mrs. Schmitt recites that in 1878 she left New York City, apart from her husband. She kept a boarding house, and Schneider was a boarder. Schneider was living apart from his wife, but showed Mrs. Schmitt a document that he said was a decree of divorce. Schneider became acquainted with his wife's friend, Mrs. Schmitt fell in love with her boarder. It was a case of mutual affection.

According to the petition a contract was made by which Mrs. Schmitt was to keep house for Schneider till she got a divorce or her husband died. Then they were to share the property equally. A few months after coming to this understanding they moved to Cincinnati. O. Mrs. Schmitt kept house and cared for Schneider's children, at the same time working as a professional nurse and earning considerable money.

In 1883 John Schmitt, the husband, died. Schneider said no marriage ceremony was needed in Ohio, and that a formal declaration on the part of a man and woman that they would live together constituted a legal union. From that time until last November they lived together as man and wife, moving in the meantime to Georgia.

THE "BUMMERS" OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Deeds, Reckless, Criminal or Ludicrous Committed by Them During the Rebellion—Origin of "Bummer."

There was no man in civil life to whom the term "bummer" was applied previous to 1861. The war brought out the man and the name. Sherman's "bummers" gained a reputation over a wide area, and every comrade of the free lances, and they were more or less of a factor in the field.

The "bummer" of the war was neither a guerrilla nor a robber, in point of fact, though the element had its dregs. He was a man restive of discipline. He didn't shirk fighting, but he wanted to fight when and how he pleased. His appetite craved something better than army rations, and he also had a curiosity to know what was going on between the lines. No matter how stringent the orders or how watchful the provost guard, the bummer found a way to get out of camp or overhauled a command of one of their number, they marched through the woods and fell on the enemy's flank and routed him. But for their timely arrival and the way they fought, not a man of the provost guard would have escaped. They had been raiding farm houses and some of them were wearing women's bonnets and skirts as they went into the fight. Three or four of the fellows were killed, but the body of them escorted the guards back to within a mile of our lines, and then sent a dozen fat chickens to General Hooker as a token of their esteem.

Just before Hooker set his army in march for Chancellorsville a provost-guard of 100 men was ordered out to round up a lot of bummers who were raiding the country to the east. Four or five men had been overhauled and taken prisoners, when the guard rode into a confederate camp in the woods and a sharp fight began. Unknown to either side, a crowd of fifty "get-aways" were encamped in the same piece of woods about half a mile away. As soon as the firing began they seized their arms, fell into line, and under command of one of their number they marched through the woods and fell on the enemy's flank and routed him. But for their timely arrival and the way they fought, not a man of the provost guard would have escaped. They had been raiding farm houses and some of them were wearing women's bonnets and skirts as they went into the fight. Three or four of the fellows were killed, but the body of them escorted the guards back to within a mile of our lines, and then sent a dozen fat chickens to General Hooker as a token of their esteem.

HOLDING UP A BANK.

Perhaps the first confederate bank raided by union soldiers was one at Charleston, Va., as Milroy was making his way up the Shenandoah valley. Bumping was in its infancy then, but a dozen of the fellows from the rebels struck for a big stake. They made a sudden attack on the town at daylight, and then dashed in and mad for the bank. The broke in the door with an ax and a hatchet, and the vault was safe, and something like a half million dollars was carried away as they retreated. A day later they bundled up \$100,000, strapped it on the back of a mule, and hired a farmer to deliver the wealth to General Milroy in person. Accompanying the money was a note, which advised the general to bribe the confederates to keep ahead of him and do no fighting. As his military maneuvers had been checkmated right along, and his reputation was under a cloud, it was a hard shot at him. The story got to Washington, Lincoln, and it has been asserted that the president's levity caused the general to tender his resignation.

A WOMAN'S ROUNDUP.

When Stonewall Jackson flanked in on Pope the bummers were scattered over a large extent of country. There was not a company in any regiment which had not contributed at least one man. They went roaming in squads of three and four, over highways where no commander dared send less than a regiment, and many were left, or taken prisoners. Enough were left, however, to terrify the people of every farm house in every direction. By some circumstance about forty of them reached a certain farm house at the same time, and finding only a woman and three children about, they killed the only pig left, devoured the last few chickens, and plundered the house of whatever took their fancy.

As it was a rainy night they took up their quarters in the barn. No sooner were they settled down than the woman took to her heels and ran out for help, and after walking several miles she encountered a confederate picket post, and told of the game in the trap. Before midnight the barn was surrounded and every bummer captured, and some of them had not got back to their homes when the war closed.

BURNSIDE'S ORDERS.

A month before General Burnside was relieved of his command, the bummer element was called to his attention so forcibly that he issued more stringent orders. It was announced that any soldier who should be found absent from his command without a pass would be imprisoned during the remainder of the war, with a forfeiture of all pay and allowances. The provost-guard was increased and ordered to be constant. Just the same. Then came a second order, to the effect that any soldier absent for two days without leave should be considered a deserter and treated accordingly. This brought back some of the men to duty, but one of the professionals at last came into headquarters solely in search of information. He did not get to see the general in person, but he had an interview with one of the staff, and looking at a printed copy of the last order in his hand he said:

"Kurnel, the boys kind o' want to know what this means, and have sent me in to find out."

"More or less, but we can't get into the hang of things. Is the war coming to an end?"

at a farm house. Two hours previously a gang of several bummers had come along and started in to loot the house. The farmer was a confederate soldier, who was home on a furlough to be nursed for a wound in his thigh. He was not able to leave his bed, but his wife, a hardy woman, and a young girl, the rest of the family, and drove however, being determined to kill him and burn his house in revenge. He had his bed drawn to the door, and being propped up, he kept them away from the rear of the house, while his wife, who was armed with an old revolver, fired often enough to prevent any approach to the front. There was a spring house of solid build a few rods from the back door, and the bummers entered it to regale themselves before closing in on the house. The door opened into the barn, and they were playing havoc with the milk cows when a woman approached and pulled the door to and thrust a stick through the handle. The structure was too solid to be beaten down, and as there was but one window the men tried to make their escape that way. They propped up his bed, with his wound paining him, and every movement, the confederate fired at every head thrust out, and his bullets flew so close that all attempts were soon abandoned. We found him with his musket in his grasp and a dead body on the floor, and we also found the soldiers huddled together at the spring house. The confederate could have been carried off a prisoner of war, but he was not disturbed. On the contrary, while a hundred blue-coats were dividing their rations with the officers, the bummers were making cash donations to the husband. As the bummers, they were turned over to the rank and file to be kicked, and they got a dose to be remembered all their days. Custer rather favored a man who set out for adventure between the lines, but he had no mercy on looters and robbers.

Before crossing the Potomac he issued the strictest orders against looting, but they were observed only in Maryland. When the Yankee state was once reached thousands of men went to foraging on their own account. They were ahead of the army—behind it—on both feet and in wagons. For fifteen miles on either side of the highway they did not miss a farm house. The next callers gobbled the horses. The next wanted provisions. The next looted the houses. Men on foot bore away looking glasses, trunks, bedding, crockery, tinware—anything they could carry. Those on horseback had great bundles in front and behind them. In a train of twenty-eight confederate wagons captured on the retreat was found almost every article used by civilized people. The bummers had taken plow points, drag teeth, old harness collars, rusty iron cranks, jugs, kegs, vinegar, handless axes, and even the tin oaken buckets' from the wells. There were crowbars and iron wedges; there were buggy wheels and lace curtains. There were farmers' boots, children's shoes and women's slippers, and hosiery on either side of them. In one wagon a family bundle, two checkerboards, an old gun barrel, children's picture books, Webster's dictionary, a lot of cucumber pickles and a worn-out harness were flung into a box together. The Pennsylvania Dutchmen were the most careful, and they did not get through filing their claims for years after the war. No houses or barns were burned, but no farmer escaped being despoiled. Not one in a dozen of them had time to hide anything, and a quarter of an hour after the first bummer showed up the farmer was a financial wreck. Nine-tenths of the stuff loaded up was worthless to the captors, but forage and commissary supplies were thrown away to take it. After the battle of Falling Waters, when Lee finally crossed the river, he left the Pennsylvania shore about thirty broken down wagons. One of these was a Dutch bedstead of mahogany, which looked to be 200 years old, and it was so heavy that it must have taken four men to lift it. It weighed 300 pounds, and what its captors were going to do with it was a puzzle. There was at least one big looking glass in every wagon, and the various rag carpets put together would have measured two miles. A coffin and a tombstone were about the only two articles missing.

How Uncle Sam Originated. Do you know the origin of the title "Uncle Sam," as applied to the United States government?

It is an old story, but a good one, and particularly interesting in these warlike times, says a New York newspaper. Immediately after the declaration of war in 1812 Elbert Anderson of New York a contractor, visited Troy, where he purchased a large quantity of provisions for the inspectors for the government were Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson. The latter was more familiarly known as "Uncle Sam," and he superintended the work in person. On this occasion a large number of workmen were employed in overhauling the provisions purchased by the contractor for the army. The caskets were marked E. A. U. S. This work fell to a lot of a facetious fellow in the employ of the Messrs. Wilson, who, on being asked by some of his fellow workmen the meaning of the mark (the letters E. A. U. S. for Elbert Anderson, Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson) the joke took among the workmen, and "Uncle Sam" himself being present, he was occasionally rallied by them on the increasing extent of his possessions. Many of the workmen soon followed the recruiting drum to the war and their old joke on "Uncle Sam" Wilson accompanied them and gained favor rapidly until "Uncle Sam" was finally recognized as the materialization, in name at least, of the American government. It was regarded, even in those days, as very odd that this silly joke which originated in the midst of beef, pork, pickle, salt and other edibles, should be the foundation of what eventually became the national cognomen.

A new fad has struck Paris. A cluster of cherries is the swell boutonniere there now, and corsage bouquets of cherry twigs, with leaves and fruits, are in high favor. The effect is said to be good, but the custom must be a sad discouragement to sentiment, and an affectionate embrace would be complicated by a cherry corsage bouquet.

On second thoughts, this Parisian fad may be recommended for the summer season.

CAUGHT IN A SPRING-HOUSE.

A portion of Custer's command was scouting toward Ferry's line one day before the battle of Winchester, when it came upon a queer state of affairs

MURDER FOR TWO DOLLARS.

Albert Martin, the murderer of M. Banderly, the dentist of the Rue Poissonniere, who was arrested on Thursday at the house of his parents, has confessed to the crime and given an account of his movements after the murder. "After having killed M. Banderly," he said, "according to the account in the Temps, I mingled with the crowd which was standing before the dentist's house. I was without my hat, but in my pocket was a cyclist's cap, which I placed on my head. I went immediately to the exterior boulevard. When in the way I noticed a blood stain at the bottom of my trousers, so I covered it with a little mud. I then entered a cafe, where I wrote to tell one of my sisters what had happened. 'M. Banderly provoked me,' I wrote, 'by making an unjust remark to me. I replied sharply, my master having struck me. I saw a mailed which was near me and struck him a blow on the head which killed him. I ask forgiveness for what I have done. There is nothing for me to do now but to kill myself. It is untrue that I have made a sum of 2000.—I only took 350.' I sent my letter. Night having come I took a bedroom in the Rue d'Angouleme. A woman passed the night with me. I left at six o'clock in the morning, proceeding to the Buttes-Chaumont thence to Noisy-le-Sec, and only returning to Paris at nightfall. I met a woman with whom I took a room in a furnished hotel on the Boulevard Rochechouart. You can imagine what a troubled air I had when I tell you that my companion several times said: 'What is the matter with you? But I replied evasively to her questions. 'I left her early the next morning. I went into a shop to buy a silk handkerchief, which I placed around my neck, to replace my collar, which I had thrown away because it was spotted with blood. I was in the suburbs at the whole of the morning. When at Neuilly the idea struck me of calling upon one of my relatives, but seeing a number of men before the door whom I took to be detectives, I made off. Then I went to my mother's, with the idea of killing myself, and the police captured me and prevented me from doing so."

After hearing this recital, M. Cochefert, the chief of the detective department, had food supplied to the murderer, who refused, however, to touch a morsel. At 12:30 a. m. he gave his name. When he had had a good meal he slept soundly until yesterday morning.

M. Cochefert, who has again questioned him, states that Martin is a degenerate. He talks quite calmly of his crime. Martin, who is twenty-four years old, had been earning his money each week the money which he earned at the edictist's. Recently he borrowed from M. Banderly ten francs, a sum of money which the dentist deducted on Saturday last from his weekly wage of fifteen francs. How was he to explain to his mother the large sum for being ten francs short? He told his mother that he would not be paid until Monday. From that time he conceived the idea of killing his employer with the object of stealing the money which he needed. On Monday evening Martin lingered behind in the office after the other employees had left. M. Banderly asked him what he was doing there after hours, and Martin told him that he was going to mend a gas pipe. At that moment M. Banderly turned his back to the young man to strike a match on the wall to light his cigarette. Judging the position a favorable one, Martin struck the unfortunate dentist over the head, killing him on the spot. The murderer, fearing that the fall of the body would attract attention, hurried in Paris the Brussels police, by a curious coincidence, arrested a youth whose description coincides absolutely with that of the murderer. Detectives were about to be sent to Brussels to verify the identity of the supposed murderer when the real one was arrested.

CONDITION OF CUBA.

It has been computed that during our civil war one man in every thirty died of disease, or proportionately five times as many as were killed in action. The proportion of deaths resulting from disease and wounds within the past three years has been infinitely higher than this rate among the Spaniards in Cuba during the war. Some statisticians it is asserted that no less than 50 per cent have succumbed, the vast majority of whom have died from disease. That this is not an exaggerated statement seems probable from the report for 1896 of Dr. Angel de Larroa, Chief Surgeon General for the Spanish army in Cuba, which has just been published in Madrid, and, considering the source from which it emanates, may be taken as a fairly correct account. From it we gather that of the 200,000 Spanish troops landed in Cuba during the war, 90 per cent were invalided in the first two months of their arrival by endemic diseases and exhaustive marching. Of the patients admitted to hospitals during 1896 there were 7,035 suffering from yellow fever, the admissions and deaths were 11,840 and 4,836 in the first six months of 1897, making a total of 35,250 cases of yellow fever, of which 11,347 were fatal. The fact, too, must be borne in mind that this awful death rates takes no account of the mortality records of the ever recurring fevers in the towns and villages throughout the island. From June 30, 1896, to June 30, 1897, there were 79,552 cases of malaria of such severity as to necessitate the patients being sent to hospital. The island of Cuba, as is well known, has for long rested under the imputation of being one of the most unhealthy portions of the globe; the deadly palmetto swamps lying on either side of the trocha are from May to October hotbeds of malaria, in addition to the prevailing climatic fevers. In regard to the mortality among the Spanish soldiery, much of the excessively high death rate must certainly be ascribed to the lack of efficient sanitary arrangements and to improper food and clothing. It is stated that the rank and file of the army are attracted in lines, the dripping mud, the adoption in the rainy season, when the whole air is impregnated with fever germs. Yet, although there can be no doubt that the troops of this country will be looked after with far greater regard for their health than the unfortunate soldiers of Spain, still the fact must be faced that the dangers from disease will be very great, even though every precaution be taken. We drew attention some weeks ago to the absolute necessity of having sterilized water for the use of troops on active service, and the recommendation of the adoption of an efficient portable filter. Especial point is given to these remarks by a report published in the London Lancet of May 14, which runs as follows: "Enteric fever is now very rare in Alexandria, where Berkefeld filters have been provided for about two years."