

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

BANISHED FOR LIFE.

THE OUTCAST OF CHURCH ISLAND IN GREAT SALT LAKE.

He Has For Years Lived the Life of a Wild Man and Rarely Sees a Human Being Branded For Robbing the Dead by Order of Governor Brigham Young.

In the center of the Great Salt Lake in Utah is a large body of land known as Church Island. This land consists of mountains and valleys, with trees and vegetation, and has always been used as a herding ground for cattle belonging to the Mormon church. Several years ago the water on the east side of the island was shallow and cattle could be driven across easily, but now the water is deep and everything must be conveyed to and from the land in boats. A distance of about five miles covered with salt water must be gone over by canoes to get to or from the island. On this famous spot, amid millions of pelicans, sea gulls and other fowls, wanders a lonely old man, without clothing and devoid of language or any of the instincts of humanity. He was banished years ago by the Mormon church on the charge of robbing the dead.

Jean Baptiste was a Frenchman who came to Salt Lake City a young man nearly 40 years ago. He grew up among the saints, and, after marrying, was made sexton of the small cemetery. His duties were light and his remuneration correspondingly small. He resided in a little cabin on the mountain side overlooking the city, and spent his time, when not employed in the cemetery, in collecting junk and trading and trafficking with a few Jewish secondhand clothes dealers who had the hardihood to engage in business among the Mormons. A regiment of United States troops was then camped near the city, and the gentiles engaged in business were assured protection.

The little Frenchman was an avaricious man and was noticeable because of his picking up every cast away article and carrying it to his home. Old dry goods boxes, barrels, tin cans and other packing articles cast away by the soldiers were especially well cared for by Jean Baptiste, the sexton. He dressed as a scavenger and resembled the modern saloon loafer, who is always searching the slums for barrels and boxes of garbage and cast off garments. The actions of the sexton created some comment, and not a little curiosity was aroused among people who had occasion to visit his residence on the mountain side, over the city.

One day Jean appeared on the streets dressed in an elegant suit of broadcloth. A few days before a wealthy stranger had died and was buried in the cemetery. The suit in which the body was dressed resembled that worn by the sexton. An examination was ordered, and the corpse was found to have been robbed of its clothing. A committee waited upon the sexton and made a most startling discovery. The graveclothes of over 200 persons were found in the baskets and boxes stowed away in his ghastly cabin. Excitement ran high in Salt Lake City. The boxes of clothing were emptied and the contents taken to the city hall, where many a fond mother identified the burial robes of her child. Elegant silk dresses, at that time a luxury even to the rich, were found in the various bundles. The man was arrested and cast into jail, pursued by a mob who sought his life.

Brigham Young, then governor and general dictator in Utah, ordered the man to be branded with a hot iron and banished to Church Island. During the quiet hour of midnight Jean Baptiste was taken from the jail, and his whole forehead was seared with the following inscription: "Branded For Robbing the Dead." Two men escorted the quivering, naked form from the city of vengeance. A canoe was entered near the city, and the doomed prisoner was taken in chains to the island which in future was to be his home. Without clothing or food he was landed upon the shore, the boat returned to the mainland, and the ghoul remained a hopeless exile. He could not leave the island, because instant death would follow should he be seen by any of the inhabitants of the Mormon land of Zion. He was forced to seek food and shelter amid wild animals, the birds and reptiles.

The island was soon known as the land of banishment. People slung their shoes as they would a haunted house. Many persons were lost upon the lake while rowing in canoes against heavy winds. The general supposition of all was that those who were driven to the island and were devoured by the wild man. Even the fearless cowboys has ever refused to intrude upon the home land of the exile. Wild horses roam over its acres of broken canyons, rugged cliffs and grassy meadows. The sea gulls and other birds find a home undisturbed on the deserted shores. All the natives, including Indians, warn newcomers of the fate of scores of pleasure seekers who have been drifted upon the shores of the fated island. The crags, bluffs, dark caverns and lonely canyons warn every boatman nearing the shore to keep away from the hidden dangers.

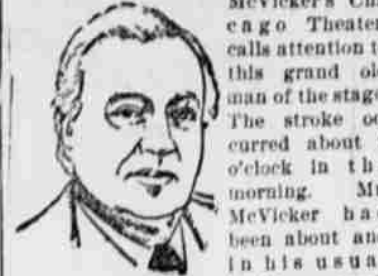
In a dark cave about half a mile from the shore lives the wild man. His home is strewn with the wrecks of boats, benches of victims and other cannibalistic indications. Away back in the deep darkness of the cavern is his sleeping place, made of clothing stripped from unfortunate victims shipwrecked on the fatal shores. A collection of leaves, grasses and branches from the trees of the island forms the foundation for the bed, in which this human monster spends most of his time. Several hunters and explorers have recently viewed the man. He is described as old, stopping, destitute of clothing, incapable of speech and covered with long hair. Upon the appearance of man he utters a wild, weird shriek and rushes to the cavern, from which he cannot be lured or forced to return.—San Francisco Examiner.

He was Not in Her Set Anymore. The teacher of the infant class at the Sunday school, to interest the little ones, had begun to tell them the story of the fall of man, when a mile of a girl was heard to exclaim half aloud, "Oh, I'm so tired of that story about the Adam and Eve."—Boston Traveller.

JAMES H. McVICKER.

Veteran Theatrical Manager Recently Prostrated by a Paralytic Stroke.

The recent paralytic stroke which prostrated James H. McVicker, the veteran show manager and proprietor of the Grand Old Chicago Theater, calls attention to this grand old man of the stage.



The stroke occurred about 9 o'clock in the morning. Mr. McVicker had been about and in his usual health, attending to business in the city the preceding day.

James H. McVicker is the oldest theatrical manager in Chicago and the West. He was never profligate, but had a kindly heart and was generous to a fault. There is perhaps not another gentleman in the dramatic profession so popular as Mr. McVicker, and thousands were deeply pained to learn of his affliction.

Some good stories are told of the hard work necessary some times in the old days to make the "ghost walk" at regular periods; how the stock company's salaries were paid one week with a couple of thousand borrowed from a good friend, to be returned the next week, and so around the circle. However, all difficulties were finally overcome, and, in 1871, Mr. McVicker rebuilt his theater. He opened in August of that year, himself assuming the leading role in the comedy, "Extremes."

The new house was then admitted to be the handsomest in the city, and for two months there was "standing room only" as a regular sign at its doors.

Then a drama never thought of made the theater itself an accessory to one of the most terrible spectacles of the century—the Chicago fire of October, 1871. This loss was a serious one for Mr. McVicker, but steadfast and determined to operate a model play-house, he went to work and rebuilt this house, and on Aug. 15, 1872, announced the opening of the third McVicker's Theater.

In 1885 the theater was remodeled, and was again burned to the ground Aug. 23, 1890. Mr. McVicker was summing in the East, and upon receipt of a dispatch announcing his loss, determined upon its immediate restoration; and for the fifth time McVicker's was soon opened to the public.

Why He Took the Seat. A touching scene witnessed on a New York car. A pathetic incident occurred in a Broadway cable-car one evening recently. Two men boarded the car at Chambers street. They were broad-shouldered, athletic looking men, and one familiar with professional athletes would have recognized in one a ball player, well known in the National League, and the other a well-known prize fighter. The men were chatting and did not pay much attention to the way they were jostled as the car filled up rapidly. It was early in the evening and the theater crowd was moving.

At 14th street the car stopped and two young women got on. They were handsomely dressed and had a general look that would cause one to take them for actresses. They were at once recognized by the men mentioned. The two men sprang to their feet and greeted the young women warmly. The car was filled, and many were standing. Just as the pugilist got on his feet a man who was standing pushed a friend gently into the seat just vacated. The pugilist turned angrily and laid a strong hand upon the man who had just seated himself and said in a firm voice:

"Excuse me, sir, I mean that seat for this lady." It looked ominous to those who saw the gleam in the eye of the pugilist. The man addressed said hastily: "I beg your pardon. Excuse me." Even as he spoke he was trying to rise, but as he did he felt in front of him an uncertain manner. The pugilist looked searchingly into his face, and then caught him by the shoulder, firmly, but gently, and pushed him back into the seat, saying: "That's all right, old man; you keep the seat." Then he turned to the young woman and said quietly: "You'll have to stand, Blanche, the poor chap's blind."—New York Tribune.

The North Kingdom. Norway is more properly Norea, meaning "North Isle." It is called by the natives "The North Kingdom."

CUBA'S LAST CHANCE.

LITTLE HOPE FOR HER IF SHE FAIL THIS TIME.

To End the Fight in Six Months—Summary Measures to Wipe Out Bushwhackers—Novel Plan to Build Up a Spanish Navy—Attempt to Take Campos.

The Havana correspondent of the Washington Star has sent the following letter which explains the situation in Cuba as it is at the present time:

Cuba is undoubtedly waging her last war for freedom. All sides think this and agree that within six months the island will have won her independence or be hopelessly crushed. Of course Spanish military men insist that the result cannot but be favorable to their arms, but recent events, and especially those transpiring in the vicinity of Colon, give ample room to doubt the correctness of that idea.

A few days ago the rebels crossed the border of the province of Matanzas, thereby breaking through the sixth strategic line thrown across the island by Captain General Campos. During the ten years' war in Cuba, from 1868 to 1878, the rebels never were able to leave the eastern section, and not a gun was fired in the province of Santa Clara, the government being able with 25,000 men to hold back the insurgents. How different is the spectacle today! After marching nearly 300 miles in the face of 125,000 troops, entirely crossing the province of Santa Clara, the insurgents are denting the doors of Matanzas, after having driven back the Spanish army from its entrenched position at Colon.

The correspondent talked with one of General Campos' adjutants yesterday. He said: "I do not think Spain will send any more troops. If we cannot suppress the rebellion with the number of men now here, we had better gather our traps and return to Spain."

General Pando, who is soon to succeed Campos as general-in-chief, made the statement upon his arrival at Havana two weeks ago that he would end the war in six months or resign his commission and return to Spain.

Pando is now in command of the First army corps, with headquarters at Santiago de Cuba, and his operations thus far against Jose Maceo's division of the insurgent army have been vigorous. In an order to the people of the eastern end of the island he says: "If you favor the revolution, get out into the woods and join the rebel forces. I can respect an open enemy, but no mercy will be shown those who remain in the towns and cities to work conspiracy."

The warning to bushwhackers, or "mojados," as they are called in Spanish, given several weeks ago by General Campos, has not been heeded by those energetic pillagers, who have robbed from both armies and from peaceable inhabitants alike, and they are beginning to suffer. From many sections it is learned that large numbers of them have been killed during the past week, and today Carrillo's rebel band near Cabarran put 17 to the machete. Ammunition, which is valuable, is not used upon them, but the rope or machete is usually employed.

The Spanish government has recently adopted a novel plan for the building up of the navy. In a circular, giving the details of the many proposed new ships, the government asks all loyal Spaniards living in Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America to contribute \$9 per annum each. No return for the money thus given is promised except "the pride of again seeing our holy and glorious Spain a power on the seas."

The Spanish army in Cuba is a great conglomerate. Of course the vast majority of the troops are from Spain, but volunteers have been brought here from the West African coast, from Sicily, the Canary Islands, the faraway Philippines and from the different republics of South America. The city of Buenos Ayres alone sent over 800 recruits. Among them were many anarchists, who, of course, were pardoned upon their enlistment. One of them, however, was too great a sinner, according to the government's later view, because he attempted the assassination of General Campos in Barcelona four years ago.

This prisoner, Bernardo by name, was shot in the yard of Morro castle. The Spanish gunboat Fradera, which ran aground a few days ago on Las Coloradas reef, has been floated without serious injury. Albuera, the coast pilot, has been arrested and will be tried on the charge of being in league with the rebels. Four months ago he ran the Colon, and two days later the Conde de Venadito, both Spanish warships, on the same reef.

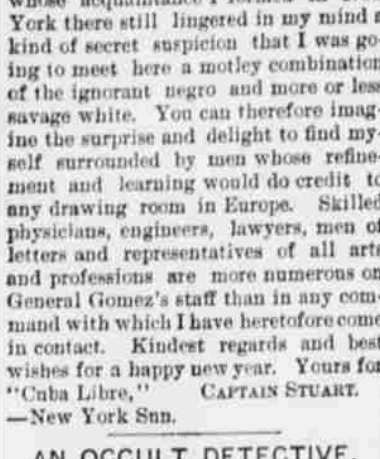
The gunboat Arzilla, a few days ago, carried General Campos from Cienfuegos to the San Juan river. When seven miles from the mouth, a force of insurgents in small boats came out and attacked the gunboat, with the idea of capturing the captain general, but they were driven back, and many of their number killed by the fire from the Arzilla's Hotchkiss guns. The gunboat, however, did not proceed farther up the river, but returned to the mouth, where Fort San Juan is located. Here two rebel schooners with cargoes of provisions, arms and other stores, were encountered and captured. A large batch of rebel correspondence and 50,000 post-age stamps recently issued by the Cuban Junta in New York fell into the Spanish hands.

COL. BOB'S CHURCH.

ONE WHICH THE GREAT INFIDEL WOULD JOIN.

Teachings of Rev. Bartlett at Kalamazoo, Mich.—Congregation Comprises Jews, Gentiles, Protestants, Catholics, and All Creeds.

Popular with the People. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has at last found a church which he likes. It is in fact, a most remarkable church, the only one of its kind in the United States. It is the People's Church, of Kalamazoo, Mich., and its pastor is Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett, whom Col. Ingersoll characterizes as a remarkable person. Before the lecture he met Miss Bartlett and she showed him through the People's Church and explained its features to him. Its doors are open to every one—Jew, infidel, agnostic, atheist, or Christian—who desires to see the world grow better and a fitter place to live in. "I believe in God and immortality and prayer," said Miss Bartlett, "but I grant perfect freedom to every member of the church."



COL. INGERSOLL.

Christmas in a Foreign Land. The great hall was gay with holly and Christmas greens. It was snowing outside for the first time that year, and the huge fire-place was full of logs blazing and snapping in a splendidly cheerful way. Dinner was to be earlier than usual. A great festivity was going on in the servants' hall; and when Warford went out with Lady Mary to the great Christmas party and having his health drunk, Betty and Edith went, too; and everybody stood up and cheered, and cried, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! and God bless you!" in the most hearty fashion. It seemed as if all the holly in the Danesly woods had been brought in—as if Christmas had never been so warm and friendly and generous in a great house before. Christmas eve had begun, and cast its holy charm and enchantment over everybody's heart. Old dislikes were forgotten between the guests; at Christmas-time it is easy to say kind words that are hard to say all the rest of the year; at Christmas-time one loves his neighbor and thinks better of him; Christmas love and good-will come and fill the heart whether one beckons them or not. Betty had spent some lonely Christmas in her short life, as all the rest of us have done; and perhaps for this reason the keeping of the great day at Danesly in such happy company, in such splendid and warm-heartedness of the old English fashion, seemed a kind of royal Christmas to her young heart. Everybody was so kind and charming. —St. Nicholas.

AN OCCULT DETECTIVE.

A Clairvoyant Discovers a Thief and Causes Some Sorrow.

Mrs. Emma Whitton of Hoboken, N. J., believes that she has had a practical demonstration of the value of clairvoyancy as a means of catching thieves. The experience was an interesting one, but nevertheless surprising, as the thief for whom she was searching turned out to be somebody whom she would have preferred not to have caught.

Not long ago Mrs. Whitton missed some silver spoons and a soap ladle. One day she visited a friend and chanced to speak of the missing silver. The friend told her that there was a clairvoyant in Jersey City who had a wonderful insight, and strongly recommended her to visit this person for the purpose of learning who had stolen her property. Mrs. Whitton followed the advice and learned many things which opened her eyes. The clairvoyant gave her a description of the thief, which corresponded with her nephew, Frank Van Wart.

Mrs. Whitton asked Frank the next time she saw him if he was a believer in fortune tellers, and he answered that they sometimes prophesied with wonderful accuracy. The aunt then told him the clairvoyant's opinion of him. Frank denied the allegation, but promised to assist in a search for the spoons and was very successful. He had to pay 60 cents to redeem them. A confession and his arrest followed, but Mrs. Whitton felt sorry for her nephew and did not press the complaint. —New York Tribune.

GREAT 3 CENT ROAD.

The Pullmans Said to Be Interested in the Enterprise.

Judge F. E. Dallenbaugh of Cleveland, attorney for the Henry Everett street car syndicate, is now in Chicago. It is understood that Mr. Everett is planning to build an immense street car system in the Illinois metropolis, and Dallenbaugh is there to look over the ground. It is also stated that the Pullmans will be with Everett in the enterprise. Mr. Everett has a street system in Detroit, and petitioned the Cleveland council for a similar franchise last night. It is also quite certain that Mr. Everett will endeavor to place 3 cent lines in Cincinnati and St. Louis. —New York Journal.

THE WISDOM OF SLEEPING.

Some of the Notions Which Were Entertained Years Ago.

That idea was almost dominant in religious society sixty years ago, and sometimes assumed forms which, if not ridiculous, were at least quaint. It was, for instance, held to be wrong for any but the aged to sit in easy chairs, not, as is now vainly imagined, from any ignorant idea as to the injury done to the figure, but because "lopping" betrayed a blameworthy tendency to ease and self-indulgence. That was the origin also of the extraordinary prejudice against taking any extra sleep. The old knew well that sleep, when sleep is not needed, is to the young the most wearisome of all obediences, but nevertheless they believed that to wish to sleep more than a strictly regulated time, which, according to modern hygienists, was too short, was a mark of sluggish self-indulgence, and it was visited, therefore, with moral reprobation.

Early rising was extravagantly praised, not because it lengthened the day, for the early risers went to bed early, but because it was disagreeable, and some curious rules of diet—for example, abstention from sugar—were defended in part upon the same principle. We have known girls cut off their curls avowedly because they were proud of them, and men go about in shabby clothes, because, as they averred and believed, it was well by diminishing comfort to promote serious reflection.—Spectator.

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REV. CAROLINE J. BARTLETT.

How She Got the News. Two Louisville women who are "great friends," as the phrase goes, from one cause or another had not met for several weeks, though living only a few squares apart. The other night one dame went down to visit the other one and said on entering the house:

"Margaret, I came down to visit you because I heard you were sick."

"Well," answered Margaret, who seemed a trifle out of sorts, "you took your time about it. I have been sick a week."

"Yes," Deborah replied, "but I could not come sooner because you took such a roundabout way of letting me know you were sick."

"Roundabout way? I don't remember sending you any word at all. How did you hear?"

"Well, you wrote the news to your daughter Alice in Milwaukee; she wrote to my daughter Mary in New Orleans; Mary mentioned it when she wrote to me—and that is how I happened to come over."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PARIS IN WINTER.

Not Very Comfortable for Warm-Blooded Americans.

Coal in Paris is bric-a-brac," laughed a woman who is just home from a year's residence in the French capital, "and a stove, oh, a stove is a large article of vertu, which we did at freeze last winter, when we were the first cold weather, over tiny grates set in a corner of the room where they set in at their best. I announced that we must have a stove. There were three women of us doing Paris in lodgings, and the others agreed, commissioning me to act as purchaser. 'You shall see a stove here to-night,' I said, 'and down before I fell in with my American ideas of a stove, and when finally I did find an approach to my standard, I found its price, too. That was larger than the stove. Sixty dollars! Of course, we couldn't pay that for a couple of months use of a stove. I asked the dealer if he would rent it. After a parley he consented, but wanted \$5 a month. I reported the proceedings to my friends, and we decided to rent the stove. The Frenchman assured me the stove consumed ten cents worth of coal a day. Perhaps it did, with the fire kept at his conception of what a fire is for, but we piled that stove to its limit, and it ate up a dollar's worth of coal at French rates every twenty-four hours. Those who treasure notions that Paris is a cheap place of residence for Americans should keep out of it in winter. They will find themselves bankrupt before spring, and there will not have been one cold day that their apartments will be filled with a general warmth such as pervades all our American rooms outside the most squalid homes.'—New York Times.

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Artificial Scenting of Flowers. Flowers that have lost something of their perfume are now scented artificially by watering them with an alcoholic solution of essence, using a little glycerin to fix the odor. Thus, for violets, the liquid is composed of 100 grams of glycerin and 10 grams of essence of violet. In many places, while scented violets are comparatively rare, the unscented kinds grow wild in great profusion. These are now bought up in large quantities, scented artificially and put into the market in advantageous competition with the perfumed violets grown by the horticulturists. Cut flowers which have wilted from time or transportation are revived by being plunged into a weak solution of sal ammoniac. Flowers which have little or no scent are also perfumed for sale by being put into a box with ice and then saturated with a current of carbonic acid charged with perfume.—London Public Opinion.

Muscular Christianity. The Westminster Budget tells a characteristic story of the late Rev. Peter Mackenzie of London. Many years ago, after delivering a lecture in a village near Sunderland, he was returning to his host's house along a lonely road, when he was accosted by a robber. The latter was a believer in the right of might and requested Mr. Mackenzie to turn out all the cash he had got. "Well, my dear man," replied Mr. Mackenzie, "you know I am big enough to thrash you. If it's money you want, I'll give you half a crown." The robber would not accept this very charitable offer. Mr. Mackenzie "doffed" his coat and gave him what the man is now pleased to call "a dashed good hiding." That thrashing did the man a great service, and became one of Mr. Mackenzie's many converts.

A Sincere Wish. She—I have an instinctive feeling that I can trust you. He (passionately)—Ah, my darling, would that some others felt that way!—London Tit-Bits.

WASHINGTON OF OLD.

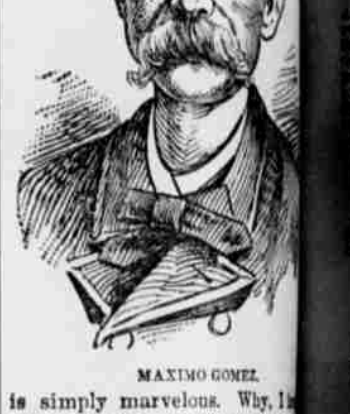
GOMEZ' SUPERB HANDLING OF REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.

A Letter From an English Cavalry Officer Who is Now on the General's Staff. How the Warfare is Waged.

The following letter is from a Lieutenant in the British cavalry, under the name of Stuart, who was one of the recent expeditionary force where he accepted a captain's commission on General Gomez's staff:

IS THE FRIEND. NEAR THE CITY OF SANTA CLARA. TO MY DEAR FRIENDS—I promise to be a very active participant in the results of war, and as the results of war cannot be predicted, I have made this letter in hope that one of the army of "Cuba Libre." I am on the side of liberty, fighting for the flag of the single star, which near future is surely destined, over an acknowledged and free republic. Whatever doubt may exist outside the world is not shared by ranks of Gomez's army. I have such faith, such confidence in a leader, in my life. Napoleon did more devotion from his soldiers. General Gomez receives from me whom he is leading on to the Neither man nor officer in the recesses of his own private ever dreams of questioning the ment or the ability of this warrior. I tell you he is a military leader. He is a Cuban Hannibal.

As I told you in New York seen service in South Africa and Sudan, but for planning and execution under difficulties, successful campaign this little "takes the cake." It's very interesting to consider our comparative numbers, our scarcity of



MAXIMO GOMEZ.

is simply marvelous. Why, I seen, all told, could carry a party, but I will pick up more in Matanzas present sortie is made on patriotic backed up by cane knives and generalship.

"The rapidity with which we keeps me all at sea. I understand all ask where we were, but I put it up now; I simply go with the putting in a shot when I get a ward intelligent and effective. But in this so called guerrilla war, but little direction is necessary. It is a degree of individual independence and responsibility to which in warfare we are strangers. I would better than I could believe. But I mean that we are without orders or direction. On the contrary, Gomez's plans are most carefully conceived and his orders executed with a precision which is almost perfect. But every one of his men intuitively to anticipate the details of desires. There is a certain general purpose which all seem to understand. Although surprised by this peculiar individual independence, which seems strange in military operations, there is absolutely no fault. All are actuated by one impulse, and there is no dissension from the mind, and that belongs to Martinez. His will is absolute, and he says to each man: 'Do not risk your unnecessarily. You have only to can best serve your country by keeping Dead men cannot fire guns. Keep head cool, your machete warm and will let free Cuba."

I have been with the general short time, but each day my admiration for him increases. He is a study in pose and motion, slender in build, over 140 pounds in weight, about 7 inches in height, straight as an arrow, although he is 60 years of age. His is tanned, his hair and moustache iron gray, his cheek bones are prominent, and his chin firm. His cool, calculating eyes seem at first to absolutely mesmerize you, and then the face breaks into an assuring smile. His knee is stiff from wound received in the last war, but the saddle he is simply a part of him, for he never seems to guide a would do his heart good to watch an old man lead a column through the fields and forests of Santa Clara. He never at a loss which way to turn.

We have had a fight every day we commenced our march westward from the Santa Clara line, but seems to daunt his courage and determination. We go ahead in spite of the Spanish troops have come on extended line of the enemy's formation to prevent our advance. General halted on a little elevated ground, stood in his stirrups, looking ahead, and then gave the order to our advance guard, who swung to the southwest at a sharp angle, some word back to Gomez, and then our own cavalry, and a little to the right, got the order to faintly succeeded; the Spaniards immediately commenced to concentrate troops in a little valley where thought we would cross. I had considerable trouble in restraining them from attempting to take a battery of opened fire on us when at a distance of 400 yards. We afterward learned that was supported by 1,800 infantry. orders were to make the charge and retreat to the woods about a half mile east. The moment my cavalry

needed to fall back, a battery of