

Eugene City Guard.

I. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

They may fight against Santa Claus, but this is a yarn that will never be worsted.

A device has been invented to black shoes by electricity. Possibly some adaptation of the Brush system.

So far as wheat represents the farmer's grasp of the plow, he is still a big shareholder in the country's wealth.

Prof. de Morgan asserts that Adam was a Chinaman. Did he get the queue to that discovery in the Biblical account of creation?

Every now and then a European country steps forward and makes it clear that it will not stand much provocation from any country except Turkey.

Three hundred Western towns are said to be under the curfew law. And yet, by the time they're men and women the boys and girls affected will be melting the bell into latches all the same.

"A woman," said Euripides, "should be good for everything at home, but abroad good for nothing." The unbalanced women who make a practice of attending murder trials satisfy at least one of these requirements.

It is now explained that the German Emperor treated the Haytiens so harshly because he wanted to teach them some manners. The thoroughness of the instruction is beyond question, but in Port au Prince the opinion prevails that the tuition fee was outlandishly high.

A medical authority asserts that "so long as a searcher breathes through his nose instead of his mouth there is no danger." But how is a pedestrian to know when a searcher breathes down in his direction at top speed whether the fellow is breathing through his nose or not?

The old Arabian tales, of mischief done by evil spirits that had been confined in jars and vials, are full of meaning yet. A party of hoodlums in Windsor, Nova Scotia, released the demon imprisoned in a bottle of whiskey. Result: Half a town destroyed by fire, and 3,000 persons made homeless.

Southern journals are discussing with earnestness the propriety of establishing a system of Federal quarantine against the spread of contagious diseases than either local or State regulation. In fighting an enemy which takes no cognizance of city limits or State lines it is best to oppose it with an authority equally unscrupled in the extent of its operations.

In butter-making, how far can the cow be from the churn? Certain New Zealand dairy farmers have given a practical answer to the question. They have made a successful experimental shipment of frozen cream to London, where it was churned, and the fresh butter was put on the market. A company is forming to carry out the idea on a large scale.

A striking illustration of one of the changes that have taken place in this country is the fact that a posse of Cheyenne Indians has been trailing a band of white train robbers in the West. Probably the red men have overtaken the paleface outlaws by this time and caused them to meditate on the sometimes queer reversal of situations through the advancement of civilization.

Patriotism in China is sometimes displayed in a peculiarly wise and practical way. If a wealthy man wishes to do something to benefit the district in which he lives, he gives it a carefully built road. Mrs. Bishop, the well-known traveler, passed over some remarkable "highways of commerce," cut through the rock in mountain passes, scaffolded over rivers and carried through galleries in which were tablets in honor of the giver of the road.

The young Queen of Holland is learning a lesson common to human experience—that the solitude which surrounds us is, as often as not, a sad bar to pleasure. The Privy Council of Holland have agreed that Wilhelmina must not ride a bicycle. Ideas of propriety have not been given as a reason. She, in all likelihood, would combat those. But it has been gravely announced that the life of one so precious and so necessary to her subjects must not be endangered. And all this is after the Queen has learned to ride and knows the fun of it.

It is truly singular that the slaughter of a few hundred or thousand seals on and near the shores of far-away Alaska should get this and several other large nations into what looks much like a quarrel, while campaigns of extermination, now in progress right here at home, and involving interests vastly more important, create no excitement at all. For what is the value of every seal alive compared with that of our rapidly disappearing forests? As one cent to a thousand dollars, perhaps, and yet the work of devastation is going on at a rate so rapid that the end is already in plain sight.

It would seem that one of the chief cares of schools and colleges would be that students should learn to speak correctly. The mental drill that accompanies the study of language is invaluable. Of course, it is easy to say that there are many things in life more important than correct speaking. This is true, but as a nation we are old enough to have acquired not merely the essentials, but some of the graces as well. In other words, it is time we were adding to our common schooling evidences of culture. And one of the most indispensable of these is correct speech.

The dual monarchy, Austria-Hungary, is passing through a parliamentary and constitutional crisis of a serious character. There exists between

the two States which constitute the monarchy an "Ausgleich," or compact, which regulates their relations and fixes their respective contributions to common expenditures. This compact runs for ten years, and expires the present year. An ineffectual attempt has been made by Austria to secure a new adjustment of the financial burdens of the common government so that Hungary should bear a larger portion than formerly. As a compromise, it is proposed to renew the Ausgleich for a year on the old terms; and the Hungarian Reichstag has passed a bill for that purpose.

James B. Angell, the United States Minister to Constantinople, has renewed our demand for indemnity because of losses suffered by American missionaries in Armenia. The Porte has continued to meet the demand with the declaration that it is not responsible for the losses because they grew out of a revolutionary movement. Minister Angell insists on Turkey's responsibility because its troops participated in the outrages. Turkey replies that the troops were suppressing the revolution and that the missionaries and their property happened to be in the way. The chances are that this kind of discussion will continue for some time before any indemnity is forthcoming. A surer way of getting it doubtless would be that which Germany has adopted in connection with other similar outrages in China.

Most of the many and serious troubles that have occurred in the coal mining regions of Pennsylvania in recent years have been directly chargeable to the excessive greed of the mine owners. In order to get cheap labor they imported a squalid mass of ignorance and poverty. In order to still further cheapen labor they have, in plain violation of the State laws, maintained company stores and virtually compelled the miners to get their family supplies there. The law declares, in the plainest terms, that no coal mining employer shall own or be interested in a company or partnership store. In some instances, the employees are not permitted to have a dollar, and many of them are kept constantly in debt at stores where they are compelled to expend their money if they would secure continued employment. This is slavery, and it is little better than that "peculiar institution" which once flourished in the Southern States. It is true that the coal operators cannot buy and sell human beings, and in that respect their victims have the advantage over the slaves that worked on the Southern plantations. But the masters of the blacks were obliged to feed, clothe, and shelter the feeble and helpless, and this obligation does not attach to the mine owners. Such liberty as belongs to the men, who are kept in debt by manipulation of book accounts, is a sham. They cannot get means to move their families if they desire to break away from bondage. And if they could go to other mines where that kind of slavery does not exist, they would get no employment, because they had left unpaid debts.

A pamphlet has been prepared for use in the schools of a New England town, which reverses the usual method of teaching history, and begins with the town itself. It describes the town geographically in its relations to neighboring communities. It describes the geological formation of the area which the town covers. It tells briefly the story of its settlement and early history, points out noteworthy buildings, and gives an account of the services of its citizens. Then it describes the methods of town government, shows what officers are chosen to carry on the town affairs, and what each one does, and tells how taxes are raised and spent, and how money is borrowed for town uses. The pupil who learns what is in this little book will have at least the rudiments of local history, local geography and local government. He will gain clearer ideas of the relation of things and men around him to the State and nation, and of the relation of present conditions to those that are past. Usually history and government and similar subjects are taught through general statements and principles. There is an obvious advantage in beginning with what is near at hand, for the pupil's own observations stimulate his curiosity and interest. In another way, such instruction as this which is attempted in Brookline may be useful. One of the greatest needs of the time is a higher standard of citizenship. It is in town or city administration that questions of government come closest to the individual citizen; yet it is these usually in which least interest is taken. If some knowledge of these matters be early imparted in the schools, the voters of the next generation should take a keener interest in local government, and should be better equipped to deal with its problems.

MEDALLION OF WESLEY.

Ex-Ambassador Bayard Presents It to a Delaware Methodist Church.

Former Ambassador Bayard has given a cameo medallion of John Wesley, founder of Methodism, to the Methodist Episcopal church at Brandywine, Del. In presenting the medallion Mr. Bayard said of Wesley: "So remarkable a man cannot be spoken of without reference to the faith he had in civilized manhood. He was born, lived and died an Englishman, and his life was a most extraordinary illustration of energy, earnestness and fearless persistence in following conscientious belief. It was his intention to broaden, widen and deepen religion. He was driven from the use of the churches and compelled to preach in the fields and highways."

Mr. Bayard said that the medallion was the work of Josiah Wedgwood, a remarkable man, also blameless, home-like and of pure life. He was a potter, but he had the genius that raised that occupation to a fine art. The work of Wedgwood in England led to the manufacture of china baking. Mr. Bayard's mother and father secured the medallion from Wedgwood while visiting the latter's home in England. There is nothing more uncertain than a sure thing.

I LOVE YOU.

She climbed upon my willing knee
And softly whispered unto me
"I love you."

Her sunny curls were round my neck;
Her sunny curls were in my face;
And in her tender eyes I saw
The soul of innocence and grace.

And like a sunbeam gliding through
The clouds that hide the skies of blue,
Her smile found access to my heart
And bade the shadows all depart.

O, moment of apocalypse,
In which I saw the stately ships,
That erstwhile sailed away from me,
Come riding back across the sea;
I would you might return and stay
Within my lonely heart always.

God bless the darling little child
Who looked up in my face and smiled,
And wrought into my heart a spell
More sweet than songs of Israel.

O, angels, listen well I pray
That you will make her life as sweet
As that brief moment was to me,
Whenever I heard her lips repeat,
"I love you."
—Family Mail Bag.

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

JIM BOURN and I were boys together at Westminster; we went to Oxford together—to Balliol; we took our degrees together in the Classical (Honors) School, and were ordained together by the Bishop of London, as curates for his diocese. Here our paths separated for some years, and when next we renewed our old friendship I was the vicar of the town, still single at 34, and Jim was the chaplain of the famous jail in the same town, and married.

We were talking in my study, as in olden times. Somehow the conversation drifted to the subject of a recent newspaper article: "Ought Married People to Have Any Secrets from Each Other?" I said "No," Jim said "Yes." We both smilingly stuck to our text. It was not often that we differed in opinion, but this was one case, anyhow. "Why, Jim," said I, "you would have been the last person I should have expected to take that line, for I am sure, from what I have seen, that if ever two folks were happy and loving, they are Ella and yourself. I can't conceive of your having any secret, which you would not wish Ella to know."

"Ah," returned he, with a peculiar smile, "that's just it, Well, Howson, I'll tell you one, if you like, though," he added, "it must remain a secret between us two. I have never spoken of it to any one in the world, and never shall, except to yourself."

"Thanks, Jim, you need not fear me, as you know, I am only curious to know the case," and I assumed an attitude of eager attention to Jim's story.

"I was the chaplain at Lowmarket, as you are well aware, before I came here. It is a pretty place, and one wonders whatever made the government build a jail there. However, there it is, and there was I. The amount of society that one got in Lowmarket was perfectly astonishing. Had I had the time and inclination for it, I might have turned out a regular 'society' clergyman. As it was, I had a full amount of lectures, soirees, parties and entertainments. Among the people I got in with none were neerer than the Yorks. Miss York, a maiden lady of 50, lived in a large and beautifully furnished house called 'The Cedars,' in the best part of the town. She was known all over the district for her charity, kindness of heart and pure life. Everybody had a good word for her. Nor was her niece, Miss York, any less popular. People in Lowmarket fairly worshipped both of them.

"I was 28 when I first saw Ella York, and at once succumbed to her charms. For weeks her praises had been in my ears, and now, on acquaintance, I found her beauty, her manners, her kindness of heart, not one whit less than reported stated. I loved her. Of course, I could not say so at once; and whether, after two or three meetings in the course of my work—for Miss York the elder took great interest in our sphere of labor—she guessed my love, and reciprocated it, I could not then say. I found, upon judicious inquiries, that Miss York—Ella—had lived with her aunt from childhood; that she was now 24; that her mother was dead, and her father lived on the Continent for his health; also that she was her aunt's sole heiress. These facts were of course only learned by degrees, as one cannot go to the fountain head for such information.

"After much heart searching and debating within myself I thought I saw that Ella York was not wholly indifferent to me, and I resolved to ask her to be my wife. I need not go into details as to how I did it, beyond saying that it was one summer morning rather more than five years ago, when, having gone to see her aunt, who was out, I met Ella in the grounds; and after talking, as we walked along on various subjects, somehow it came on unexpectedly, and almost before I could comprehend what it all meant, Ella York had promised to be my wife, subject to her aunt's consent.

"But her aunt didn't consent. I received a dainty note that night—how tenderly I regarded it, Howson!—from Ella, saying that she had spoken of my visit to her aunt, and had told her I was coming to-morrow for her approval. Miss York had been very kind, but acted rather strangely, and said she would see me, but she could not consent, as she did not wish to lose Ella. My dear girl went on to say that she had in vain tried to get from her any more than this.

"I was in a curious frame of mind as I went next morning to see Miss York.

"I was destined to know her objection. As I approached the lodge the portress met me.

"'Oh, Mr. Bourn, this is shocking!'"

"I was more puzzled than ever! Why my engagement to Ella should be 'shocking' I couldn't see, and I no doubt expressed it in my looks.

"So sudden, too, sir," said the woman. "Nobody expected it!"

"'Whatever the matter?' said I.

"'Why, haven't you heard that Miss York is dead? No! Oh, dear! Poor thing! had a fit in the night, doctor says; was quite unconscious when Miss York got there, and died at 9 o'clock this morning.'

"My heart sank; I felt faint and giddy. It was some minutes before I could move. You will never know how it feels, Howson, unless you should have such a blow, which I hope you never will. But I am bound to say that my one thought was 'My poor, lonely darling, Ella!'

"There were no more details to be learned about Miss York's death. She was buried in Lowmarket churchyard. Ella was ill for weeks, and could not see even me. When she was well enough to attend to business it was found that she inherited all her aunt's money, and as she had already accepted me, we were married a twelvemonth afterward. She had been a fairly lonely, she said, since Miss York's death, but no couple have ever lived happier and been nearer and dearer to each other than Ella and I. May God bless her!"

"Amen," said I, solemnly and reverently.

"Ella and I," pursued Jim, "could never give the remotest guess as to her aunt's objection to our engagement, and it would probably have remained a mystery to me, as it has to Ella even now, had it not been for the following circumstances. Some time ago I was sent for at the prison to see a rather desperate character, whose end was very near. He had been sent to seven years' penal servitude some three years before for forgery, and after serving two years at Portland had been transferred to Lowmarket. His appearance was superior to that of the ordinary convict, even when a forger. Although I had seen him several times, and certainly had been struck with his face and appearance, we could not be said to be friendly, as he had been indifferent to all my advances.

"I found him lying in the hospital, and I soon saw that he would not live very long.

"'You seem pleased to see me?' I said.

"'Yes, sir,' replied No. 152. 'I am glad you've come; I hardly expected you would, considering how standoffish I've been. But I want to see you, as the doctor says I'm not likely to last much longer.'

"I talked to him about his soul and spiritual things. That we may pass by, Howson; I believe he was thoroughly penitent. I asked him if there was anything I could do for him.

"'Yes, sir, there is one thing, if you will. It's such a curious one, I hardly like to ask you.' His eyes looked eagerly at me.

"'Go on,' I said; 'I'll do it if possible.'

"'I've had a queer life, sir,' said the convict. 'I might have been somebody and done some good; but I got led astray after marriage, and broke the heart of my wife, who died soon afterward. Yes, I've led a bad life, and it's precious few friends I've had lately, anyhow. But I hope I may be forgiven, as you say God will pardon even the worst of us. And if you'll promise me to do one thing when I'm dead, I shall be happy.'

"'I'll promise as far as I can,' said I. 'What is it?'

"'It's to take care of your wife,' answered No. 152. 'Ah,' said he, smiling, 'I thought that would astonish you.'

"'Take care of my wife?' I gazed at him in amazement. 'Why, of course I shall! But what is that to you?'

"'A great deal,' said he.

"'Why?'

"'Because she's—my daughter.'

"I looked at him in terror and astonishment, and was about to send for the nurse and for the doctor, feeling sure he was rambling, when he said, slowly: 'Sit down, sir, please; I can't talk much longer. You need not send for Dr. Burton, I'm all right. I feared it would give you a shock, sir, as it gave me one the first time I saw her here with you. Ella York—you see I know her name all right—was taken when quite a child by her aunt, who disowned me, and never told the child what her father was. In that she was quite right. She changed her name from Wilson to her mother's name of York, and completed the disguise.

"'I sat in dumb silence. What could I say? Ella, my wife, a convict's daughter!

"'Please, sir, don't tell her,' said he. 'She has never known; don't let her know. But I felt I must tell you, sir, and you'll not think any worse of her? and his eyes looked pleadingly and wistfully at me.

"'No,' said I, 'of course not. I am half-dazed, but I feel what you say is true. But Ella is my own now, and always shall be while I live. I wish I had not heard this, but it cannot alter my love for Ella.'

"'Thank God!' he said. 'And, sir, there's one thing more. The doctors say I shall sleep myself away. Do you think it could be managed for my darling to give me one kiss ere I die. Just one?'

"'I'll try. Yes,' said I, 'she shall, if you'll leave it to me.'

"'I will! God bless you, Mr. Bourn.'

"I left him. When I got home Ella thought I was ill, and indeed I was. Overworked, I pleaded. In another hour they came to tell me he was asleep, and would not wake in this world.

"I took Ella with me to the hospital. 'Ella,' said I, 'a prisoner who is dying, and who has no few friends, told me to-day how he had seen you and would like you to kiss him ere he died, as his own daughter would have done. Will you?'

"'Certainly, my darling.'

"And with eyes full of tears she did. The unconscious form rose, the eyelids half opened, the face smiled. She didn't know; did she?

"I led her away, weeping; my own heart full. I afterward verified his story. But Ella has never known any more, Howson, and never will. There is sometimes a secret which should not be shared between husband and wife, Howson, isn't there?'

"You're right, dear old Jim," said I, as he grasped my hand in silence, but with tear-dimmed eyes. "You're right, old fellow, and God bless you both!"—Gret.

The boat is built on a heavy framework of angle irons, steel plates closely fitted over one another. Her weight is 31 tons, and her construction resisting the enormous pressure of the water at the depths in which she will at times be submerged is perfect. Once in the water, if for a surface trip, there is little to be seen, nothing, in fact, save the two turrets projecting above the water, and as these are only two feet high the spectacle is not suggestive of the great interest that is below.

Under the aft turret is the engineer, the outlines of the hot air engine showing just forward of the turret. The propeller shaft runs forward to the air engine, and near this engine are the storage battery cells in the sides of the boat. On the under side of the boat forward of the propeller is a long and rather slender rudder. One of the most interesting things to men of science is the method by which the boat is lowered and raised, and this is one of the secrets which the inventor is not yet ready to make known. Certain it is that a method which might with profit be employed by elevator companies, red-nosed old patriarch who pretended to awake with a snort.

"That settled it. The meeting broke up in a roar. I left town before daylight and was in the hardware business a year before I knew that my partner had bought every tucket and put up the job."—Detroit Free Press.

When We Grow Old.

One of the first surprises that people have as they begin to realize that they are leaving the record of a goodly number of years behind them, is that people think they are old. Casual remarks to that effect made before them come as a distinct shock. The spirit does not grow old; it is merely hampered by physical infirmities, and more particularly public opinion.

People are made old; they give up youthful practices because people think they should, though that was more in the past than in the present. There is no doubt that people, women particularly, lost much of their physical force because as they grow older it was "proper" for them to give up this and that and settle down. Now that grand-

SUBMARINE BOAT.

Invention of Richard Raddatz Swims and Dives Like a Duck.

The Raddatz submarine boat has been recently submitted to various tests, which it is claimed, amply prove its approximate perfection. The young inventor is Mr. Richard Raddatz, whose fame had not extended beyond the limits of his native town of Oshkosh, Wis., before he became the inventor of a boat, the principle of which has been a problem that has absorbed inventors and men of science for many years.

The boat as she is to-day looks very like a war vessel of the most aggressive type; her steel prow being strong enough to pierce the sides of any armored cruiser, and very likely that of any man-of-war. In appearance she is shaped like a huge cigar or torpedo, tapering gradually to either end, and presenting to the water a surface in which the resistance is practically reduced to nothing.



THE RADDATZ BOAT.

heavy framework of angle irons, steel plates closely fitted over one another. Her weight is 31 tons, and her construction resisting the enormous pressure of the water at the depths in which she will at times be submerged is perfect. Once in the water, if for a surface trip, there is little to be seen, nothing, in fact, save the two turrets projecting above the water, and as these are only two feet high the spectacle is not suggestive of the great interest that is below.

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INVENTOR RADDATZ'S SUBMARINE BOAT ON ITS TRIAL TRIP.

for in the sinking, and raising again, as well as in all the turnings in the water, not the slightest shock is observable. Every motion is made with this thirty-one-ton man-of-war disports itself in the deep as naturally as a porpoise.

The interior of the boat can be made as light as desired. A wire loop runs from the dynamo, on which are three incandescent lights. The boat can be raised and lowered at the rate of three feet a second, and she dives in the water as readily as a duck in response to an almost imperceptible pressure by the pilot. As experimented with up to date the boat has been run at a rate of fourteen miles an hour on the surface of the water, while an approximate speed of ten miles has been attained under the water, but for all ordinary trips she has been run at a rate of from three to five miles per hour. The inventor and the members of the syndicate express themselves as satisfied with this speed as being sufficient for all practical purposes, at least at present.

The problem of the air in the boat was a vital one, in the full sense of the term. Here again one encounters a carefully guarded secret as to the full details, but it is known that the air is term employed by Mr. Raddatz instead of "manufactured." It is kept pure by the chemical generation of oxygen and the absorption of carbonic acid gas in the air in the boat is absorbed by caustic potash, caustic soda and lime.

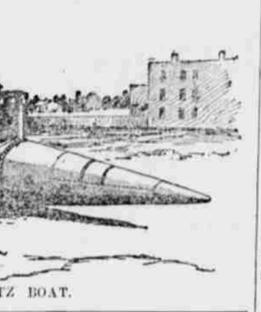
A Profitable Feature.

"When I was old enough to strike out in business," tells a citizen who attained prominence years ago, "Bowley wanted me to go into a partnership with him and build up a big hardware trade. Having won the prize debate at college, and made several campaign speeches in the back school districts, I flattered myself that I was destined for something more brilliant than a prosy business career. I was bent on

gaining a reputation, world-wide and enviable. As an initial step I proposed to take to the lecture field, and made my first appointment at a little town in Indiana. I charged a pretty stiff admission price for those times, and in considerably to make my bow before a crowded house.

"My subject was 'Light,' and, after a scientific consideration of the topic, it was my purpose to turn on some light fun just to show my versatility and send the people home saying what a promising young man I was. I had talked about five minutes when I noticed some of the folks on the front seats nodding and yawning. Three minutes later there was only a person here and there whose eyes met my own, and at the end of ten minutes every soul within the range of my vision appeared to be asleep. Bound to arouse them, yet stick to my subject, I shouted at the top of my healthy lungs: 'Blot out the sun, extinguish the moon, obliterate the stars—'

"And blow out the gas," cut in a



THE STUDENTS' MONUMENT.

tion was held and the offense was charged to certain students. No one knew if they were guilty, but the Catalans insisted that they were. They said the offense was an act of treason. They called upon the captain general to inflict the death penalty. Spaniard though the executive of the island was, his mind revolted against such severity. The Catalans would have it. The

students were led out one morning and shot to death. This was in no time of war. It was in accordance with Catalan policy to suppress and punish rigorously the slightest symptoms of revolt on the part of the native population. To the memory of these students the massive monument was raised. It stands to-day as silent evidence of deep-seated antagonism between Catalan and Cuban.

G FINNEY'S Board of Gold.

A dispatch from Berlin to the Chicago Tribune, says that the three-locked vaults of the Spandau fortress were opened a few days ago for the annual examination by the Secretary of the Treasury to see that the \$80,000,000 in gold, which the Reichstag voted in 1871 as a fund for first expenses in the next great war, was all right. Baron von Thielmann selected a few bags at random, counted the gold in them, counted the whole amount. Some dozens of workmen were occupied for several hours in the grotesque medieval function. The sum eats up \$3,000,000 interest yearly.

Was a Desirable Clerk.

Merchant—Have you had any experience in chinaware?

Applicant—Years of it, sir.

Merchant—What do you do when you break a valuable piece?

Applicant—Well—er—I usually set it together again and put it where some customer will knock it over.

Merchant—You'll do.—Tid-Bits.

New Paper Material.

A mill employing fifty men is now engaged in making paper from the bagasse or sugar cane refuse, which was once the greatest nuisance to the sugar grower.

There is room for everybody in this big world, but we can't all have front rooms.

It is useless for a self-made man to waste money in taking out a patent on his creation.

THE STUDENTS' MONUMENT.

A Beautiful Columna That Commemorates a Bloody Event.

Havana has one of the most beautiful cemeteries on the western hemisphere. Money has been lavished upon it and its costly monuments and works of fine art. The long, narrow passages of the city of the dead are closely fringed with magnificent mausoleums, but in the midst of this vast and impressive pile which, in view of present conditions on the island, possesses considerable interest. Americans in Cuba always visit the spot where it stands and gaze in admiration upon its architectural outlines and figures.

The beautiful memorial is called the Monument to the Students. Some of the Catalans attending the University of Havana have always been against Spanish rule on the island and had anti-tyranny clubs. One night in 1895 or more years ago a party of intemperate revolutionists, bubbling over with the foolish patriotic enthusiasm of youth, climbed the cemetery fence and smeared the tomb of a dead Spaniard general who, in his time, had been tyrannical toward the native population. The deed was a foolish prank, properly punishable by expulsion or some such penalty. But the Spaniards, loyalists, the wealthy shopkeepers of Havana—the Catalans, as they are properly called—demanded that a lesson in loyalty be taught. An invest-



THE STUDENTS' MONUMENT.

ment was held and the offense was charged to certain students. No one knew if they were guilty, but the Catalans insisted that they were. They said the offense was an act of treason. They called upon the captain general to inflict the death penalty. Spaniard though the executive of the island was, his mind revolted against such severity. The Catalans would have it. The