

**CUBAN AS A MAZEPPA.**

**ADVENTURE WITH A BAND OF MERCILESS GUERRILLAS.**

**Senorita Monica Tied to the Back of a Wild Horse Which Was Turned Loose on the Plains—Her Companions Murdered.**

Rescued and Avenged. There is one happy young woman in this town, writes a San Antonio, Tex., correspondent. Her name is Valencia Monica, whose father is an officer in the Cuban army. Miss Monica is the heroine of a most remarkable escape from the hands of the merciless Spaniards.

About a year ago she was in Cuba, and, in company with a family of reconcentrados, she attempted to make the journey across the country from the little interior plantation of Palma to Santiago in the hope of finding some opportunity at the latter place to escape to the United States. An officer with a spark of humanity in his bosom, touched by the miserable condition of the unfortunates, furnished them with a pass and assured the young lady that no soldiers would harm them.

They passed several columns of soldiers in safety, but one evening a dozen or more drunken Spanish guerrillas rode up to their cart and overturned it.



VALENCIA MONICA.

The young lady showed her pass, but the leader paid no attention to it. After offering her a drink from his bottle he staggered against her and made an attempt to take her face in his hands.

Now thoroughly alarmed and preferring death to dishonor, the little Cuban quickly drew a stiletto from her bosom and sprang at the monster's throat, barely grazing his beard with the keen blade.

"I cannot tell you what happened or at least repeat one-half of the horrors of that terrible night," said Miss Monica. "I cannot recall it without a shudder. While drinking and carousing they butchered the man who was with us with their machetes, and laughed at his dying agonies. One threw a larfat over my neck, and after they had dis-

**WILL THE CUBAN LEARN HIS LESSONS?**



**FIGHT TO A FINISH.**

mal's back and shouted to his comrades to fetch ropes.

"Let us have some fun," he roared. "Lash the little rebel to the wild devil's back and turn him loose and we will chase her off the island and save somebody the trouble of slaying her."

The next moment the fiends were binding the terrified girl on the back of the equally terrified horse.

Before Miss Monica realized what her tormentors were doing one of the wretches cut the rope that was about the horse's neck and fired a pistol. The frightened animal sprang into the air and struck the earth running. Pistol balls rained about him, but, unharmed, he seemed to sail above the earth with the wind, and was soon beyond the reach of the guerrillas.

The girl had little hope of escaping with her life. But her good angel had not deserted her. A party of Cuban soldiers who had followed the guerrillas saw the horse coming. He was nearly exhausted, and when he saw the soldiers' horses he ran among them and stopped. He was completely frightened out of his senses, and so weak that he made no attempt to move when a soldier threw a rope over his neck.

Many of the Cubans knew Senor Monica, and their anger knew no bounds. At sunrise they fell upon the guerrillas' camp and shot every one of them in the dead except the leader of the gang, who was captured and hanged later in the day.

**Proper Uses of Tobacco.**

The question as to the injurious or beneficial effects of tobacco is about as old as the practice of using the "weed" among civilized people and, apparently, is as far as ever from settlement. Prob-

**Duel to the Death Between Wounded American and Spaniard.**

The battle cry, "Remember the Maine," still rings in the ears of the wounded Americans on the field of Santiago. Roundabout lay the bodies of the dead, keeping silent companionship with the wounded. Groans and sighs filled the air. The brushwood, thick and sturdily and straight, trampled down by the hoofs of the Rough Riders' horses, was saturated with the blood of friend and foe, until it no longer hid from each other's view the fallen of two nations.

In the distance the sharp report of the guns told of the onward march to



THE DUEL.

It goaded the wounded American to action—the stricken foe to revenge. From behind a tuft of grass on the blades of which blood hung congealed, a hand arose. It was the visage of a Spaniard, deathly pale, with a stream of blood trickling from his temple. His fiendish gaze was fastened upon the outstretched form of an American soldier, who, face downward, lay with his head against a tree. He was still, as one in death, his life blood oozing away, he thought, through a wound in his side.

Slowly the Spaniard propped his arms beneath his body and grasped his gun. There in the brush beside him was his deadliest foe. Crawl to his aid? Not he. He would riddle the body with Mauser bullets. He would rejoice to mutilate even the lifeless to demonstrate his hatred. Quick as a flash he fired, the bullet striking the American in the leg. The sting of the lead brought the soldier back to consciousness. At a glance he took in the situation. The gleam of fierce, fiendish hatred in the eye of the Spaniard convinced him that this would be a duel to the death. He returned the fire, and sent shot after shot toward his antagonist's quarter. A fusillade followed, and ceased only with the death of the Spaniard. The American, who had dropped in his tracks beyond his battle line, was rescued by his comrades, who had been attracted to the spot by the terrific struggle of the two wounded men.—St. Louis Republic.

**A Sermon on Money.**

A colored exhorter said recently, in the course of a sermon on "Money, the Great Evil:

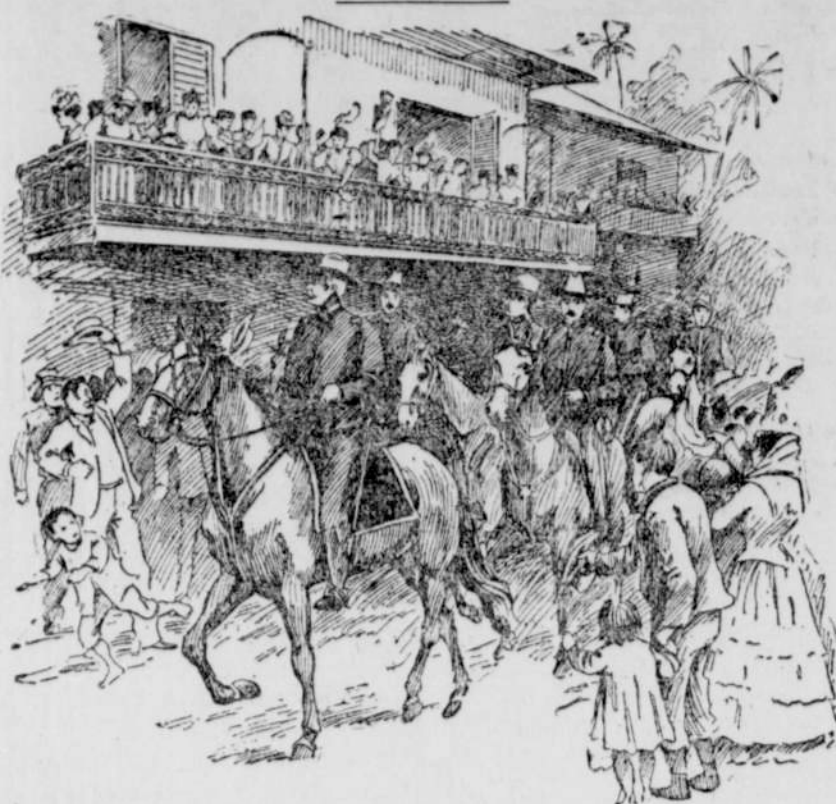
"My brother'n, money cause mo' trouble in dis world dan any'ting I knows on. Fac, is de devil is in de dollar. When I see a man wid a pocket full er money I say ter myself: 'Dar's a man what needs a guarddeen, and I feels dese like takin' him home en lockin' up dat money fer him. Ef any er you in de hearin' er my voice is got money on yo' pussion, bring it right heah, and lay it on de altar, en go yo' ways, en lemme pray over it till a blessin' come ter it. Doan wait ter count it; des come forward en unload.'—Atlanta Constitution.

**Bagpipes in India.**

Several Punjab regiments of infantry march to the sound of the bagpipes. The harsh tones of the Indian instrument, and its limited range of notes, jars on the ears of Englishmen. "That tired feeling," which is common to all who live outside the Land of Cakes when the national music is in full blast is actually shared by the Higdander himself when the pipes are in the hands of a Goorkha. There is no one who expresses such pain at the sound of the native Indian bagpipes as our Scotch friends. In their estimation the Goorkha is just "makin' a fule of the instrument."

Mrs. Intrude—Where is your father? Adult son—He is at the store, editing his edition of "Society As I Have Found It." Mrs. Intrude—What! A book? Son—Yes; a ledger, full of unpaid and uncollectable bills.—New York Weekly.

**"VIVAN LOS AMERICANOS!"**



How Gen. Miles and his staff were cheered as they rode through the streets of Ponce, Porto Rico.

**ENGLAND'S FUTURE KING.**

**Always Clothed in the Very Plainest Kind of Frocks.**

Those wise little mothers who decry the American habit of overdressing wee bits of babies will be interested to know that Prince Albert, the small mite of 4 years, who is in the direct line of succession to the throne of England, wears the plainest kind of



PRINCE ALBERT.

frocks and bonnets. The children of the royal family are always clothed simply. Their little arms are unhampered with frills and furbelows, and ribbons and bows are not continually getting into their precious mouths or tickling their soft, pretty necks. Little Prince Albert, whose picture is here given, wears tucked skirts of plique and blouses of the same material, trimmed with braid of plain white or turkey red. The children of many of the well-to-do Americans are costumed in small garments every bit as costly.

Prince Albert's younger brother, Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George of York, who is one year younger than the eldest baby of the Duke of York's interesting family, plays his baby games in ordinary frocks of nainsook, trimmed perhaps with a few dainty tucks or edgings of delicate hand embroidery. The little sister, Princess Victoria, who was 1 year old April 25 last, has for everyday wear plain little slips that have neither heavy lace-trimmed flounces to hamper her small legs or elaborately made yokes to fret her infant mind.

**VICTIM OF CONSPIRACY.**

**Beautiful Mrs. "Jack" Wilmerding's Friends Claim She Is Not Insane.**

For some time past New York society has been deeply interested in the unfortunate case of Mrs. "Jack" Wilmerding, the beautiful sion of the Vander-



MRS. "JACK" WILMERDING.

bilt family who is confined in the Bloomingdale Asylum. Her friends claim that she is not insane and that she is the victim of conspiracy and they have gone to the courts to secure her release.

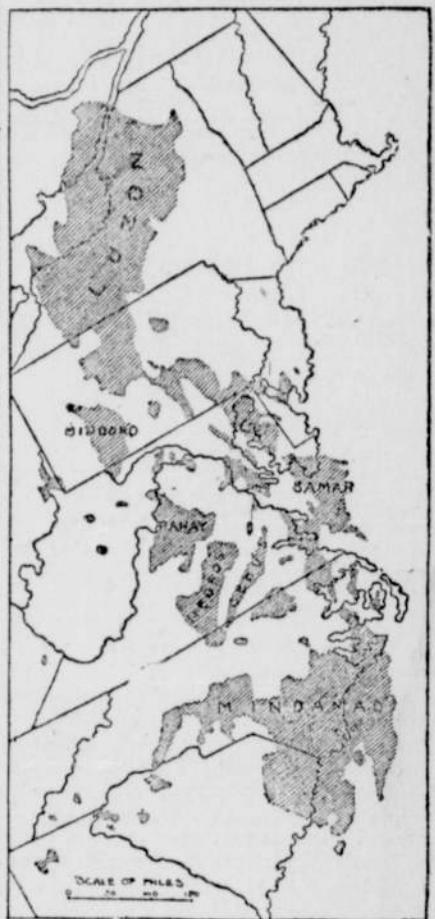
Mrs. Wilmerding was Marie Allen, the daughter of Vanderbilt Allen, and grandniece of the old Commodore Vanderbilt. She was a pretty, dashing girl, and "Jack" Wilmerding fell in love with her and married her in 1892. Husband and wife were both fond of gayety, and Mrs. Wilmerding spent money freely. She was not without some fortune of her own, and her gowns were the envy of many women who had more wealth but less origin-

**SIZE OF THE PHILIPPINES.**

The Islands Compared with Some of Our Seaboard States.

A good idea of the size and extent of the Philippine Islands, about which so many conflicting statements have been made since the group came into prominence a few months ago, may be obtained from an observation of the accompanying map. The islands are there shown superimposed upon a map as a part of the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, beginning at the north with New York and extending through South Carolina. The Philippine group and the States are drawn to precisely the same scale, so that the comparison is accurate.

The total length of the group, from the northernmost point of Luzon to the southern extremity of Mindanao, is about 950 miles, or fifty miles less than the distance from the northern boundary of New York to the southern point of South Carolina. The Philippines have never been thoroughly surveyed or explored, and consequently the estimates of the total area of the several hundred islands of the group have differed widely. The most trustworthy calculations fix this total area to be between 114,500 and 115,500 square miles, an extent of territory equal to the combined areas of the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland. The largest of the Philippine islands, Luzon, upon which Manila is situated, has an area of 40,875 square miles, being thus of almost exactly the same size as the State of Virginia and over 8,000 square



SIZE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

miles smaller than New York State. In length Luzon extends for about 475 miles and would reach from a point slightly north of the northern boundary of New York almost to the mouth of the Potomac River.

Mindanao, the next largest of the islands, has an area of 37,256 square miles. It would require the combined territory of West Virginia and Maryland to equal the island in size. Mindanao extends nearly 300 miles from north to south, or, in comparison with the part of the map upon which it is superimposed, it would reach from the mouth of the Roanoke River, in North Carolina, to Charleston, S. C. Projecting from its western coast, Mindanao has a long, irregular peninsula, which makes the extreme width of the island something over 300 miles.

The two smaller islands of Mindoro and Panay, upon the latter of which is the port of Iloilo, are each over 4,000 square miles in area. Together they equal in size the State of New Jersey. Samar Island, southeast of Luzon, covers 7,000 square miles.

There are estimated to be about 1-200 islands in the Philippine group, though any accurate statement is impossible. Probably not more than one-third of these are inhabited. It is as difficult to obtain correct statistics regarding the population of the Philippines as it is to get a definite statement of their area, because a careful census has never been taken. Various writers estimate the present population at from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000.

**Worldly Wisdom.**

A relative whom Mrs. Uppennup had not seen for many years came one day to visit her.

"Maria," said Mr. Uppennup, after the family had retired to rest that evening, "it seems to me you weren't any too cordial to Cousin Harriet, considering the fact that this is the first time you and she have met for nearly a quarter of a century. You didn't even smile when you greeted her."

"Henry," replied Mrs. Uppennup, "have you noticed that when I smile it wrinkles my face all over? Well, I didn't want the wrinkles of twenty-five years to take effect on her all at once."

One of the most distressing things in the world is to hear any one scold who is so old and feeble that his breath gives out.

Men do not propose marriage outside of novels, though the result of calling on a girl and treating her to soda is just the same.

What has become of the old-fashioned people who on a hot afternoon used to make their own soda water?

Some politicians are like corkscrews—rather crooked, but they have a strong pull.



SENIORITA MONICA LASHED TO A WILD HORSE.

armed me they bound my hands to a tree.

A very slight circumstance doubtless saved the young lady from a fate worse than death, though it subjected her to one of the most frightful ordeals ever endured by mortal flesh.

One of the guerrillas came into the camp leading a very wild-looking black stallion, which he in his drunken recklessness declared was the devil's own saddle horse. They had just stolen the fine animal, and he had thrown every one who had mounted him.

"Do you think you could ride him, my little tigress?" said one of the guerrillas, approaching Miss Monica and making an attempt to become familiar. Her answer, which was, "I should like nothing better than to try," seemed to tickle the desperate characters immensely. Miss Monica says that she hardly knows why she made such an answer. She realized that he had no chance of escaping from the drunken set and would willingly have exchanged her position for the back of the wildest horse in the world.

"All right," shouted the guerrilla chief, "the little tiger came near cutting my throat and I will just send her to the devil on horseback."

The big guerrilla seized the young girl in his arms, and, running to the wild horse, he threw her across the an-

ably, however, the general testimony of physicians and scientists would be found to be almost unanimous that under certain conditions and used in moderation tobacco is a friend to man. Especially has there been a change of views in this respect since studies have been made upon bacteria of the malign kind. One of the latest advocates of tobacco is Dr. Norman Kerr, an English physician, who says that it would be impossible for him, without disloyalty to science and truth, to denounce the smoking of tobacco as always injurious. On the contrary, as in the case of asthmatic paroxysms, or inheritors of narcomanic intoxication, tobacco is a valuable remedy in warding off morbid impulses. In the case of soldiers in trenches, or when kept without sufficient rations, tobacco, he says, becomes a friend indeed, cheering the fainting heart and allaying the gnawing of hunger. Tobacco smoke is also a disinfectant and is especially valuable as a prophylactic against yellow fever and in destroying the microbes of cholera and pneumonia. That tobacco is greatly abused does not admit of question, but it ought not to be forgotten that it also has its proper uses.

When a girl's marriage is announced it is recalled how many times she had been engaged before.