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## ABOUT CUBAN SOLDIERS

Stephen Crane's Description of the Rank and File.

THEIR EMOTIONLESS CHARACTER.

No Cheering When Shafter's Forces Land. ed at Baiquiri, He Says-They Are Good Scouts, but American Troops Do Not Regard Them Favorably For the Fighting Line - Rough Riders a Revelation - A Long Climb to See Santiago-Mango Fed Cubans Revolt.

Writing under the date of June 27 from Siboney, Cuba, Stephen Crane, special correspondent of the New York World, writes as follows about the Cuhan soldiers:

The day is hot and lazy, endless Cuban infantry straggling past the door of our shack send the yellow dust in clouds. The Thirty-third Michigan is landing in dribbles upon the teach. Four Red Cross nurses-the first American women to set foot on Cuban soil since the beginning of the war-came ashore from the State of Texas a few minutes ago, and the soldiers, disheveled, dirty, bronzed, gazed at them with all their eyes. They were a revelation. in their cool white dresses. Life occasionally moves slowly at the seat of war. This makes two days of tranquillitv. The Spaniards, when they fled from the conflict with Roosevelt's men and the First and Tenth -regular cavalry. took occasion to flee a considerable distance; in fact, they went nearly into Santiago de Cuba.

The attitude of the American soldier ward the American soldier. One must not suppose that there was any cheering enthusiasm at the landing of our army at Baiquiri. The American soldiers looked with silent curiosity upon the ragged brown insurgents and the insurgents looked stolidly, almost indifferently, at the Americans.

The Cuban soldier, indeed, has turned into an absolutely emotionless character save when he is maddened by battle. He starves and he makes no complaint. We feed him and he expresses no joy. When you come to think of it, one follows the other naturally. If he had retained the emotional ability to make a fuss over nearly starving to death, he would also have retained the emotional ability to faint with joy at sight of the festive canned beef, hard tack and coffee. But he exists with the impenetrable indifference or ignorance of the greater part of the people in an

Everybody knows that the kind of sympathetic charity which loves to be thanked is often grievously disappointed and wounded in tenement districts. where people often accept gifts as if a short absence. The Cubans accept our stores in something of this way. If there are any thanks, it is because of custom. Of course, I mean the rank and file. The officers are mannered both good and bad, true and dissembling, like ordinary people. But there is no specious intercourse between the Cubans and the Americans. Each hold largely to their own people and go their own ways. The American does not regard his ally as a good man for the fighting line, and the Cuban is aware that his knowledge of the country makes his woodcraft superior to that of the American. He regards himself also as considerable of a veteran and there has not yet been enough fighting to let him know what immensely formidable persons are your Uncle Samuel's regulars.

The fighting of the rough riders, by the way, surprised him greatly. He is not educated in that kind of warfare. The way our troops kept going, going, never giving back a foot despite the losses, hanging on as if every battle was a life or death struggle-this seemed extraordinary to the Cuban. The scene of the fight on the 24th is now far within our lines. The Spanish position was perfect. They must have been badly rattled to have so easily given it up at the attack of less than 2,000 men. Here now the vultures wheel slowly over the

Scovel and I swam two Jamaica horses ashore from the Triton, found some insurgents and took a journey into the hills. Colonel Cebreco's little force we found encamped under the palms in thatched huts with sapling uprights. The ragged seminaked men lay about in dirty hammocks, but their rifles were Springfields, 1873, and their belts were full of cartridges. The tall guinea grass had been trodden flat by their pare reet. We asked for a guide, and the colonel gave us an escort, of five ride over the mountains.

The first ridge we rode up was a simple illumination as to why the insurgents if they had food and ammunition could hold out for years. There is no getting men out of such hills if they choose to stay in them. The path, rocky as the bed of a stream, zigzagged higher and higher until the American fleet blockading Santiago was merely a collection of tiny, shapeless shadows on the steel bosom of an immense sea.

At the summit we looked upon a new series of ridges and peaks, near and far, all green. A strong breeze rustled the foliage. It was the kind of country in which commercial physicians love to establish sanitariums. Then down we went, down and down, sitting on the pommels of our saddles, with our stirrups near the ears of the horses. Then came a brawling, noisy brook like an Adirondack trout stream. Then an; other ascension to another Cuban camp, where just at dusk the pickets in bunches of three were coming in to report to the captain, lazily aswing. One barefooted negro private paused in his

report from time to time to pluck varione thistle and cactus sours from his roles. Scovel asked him in Spanish, "Where are your shoes?"

The tattered soldier coolly replied in English, "I lose dem in de woods." We cheered. "Why, hello there! Where did you come from?" To our questions he answered: "In New York, I leve dere, Mulberry street. One-t'ree year. My name Joe Riley." There he stood, bearded, black, a perfect type of West Indian negro, speaking the soft, broad dialect of these islands, and-harp of Ireland-his name was Riley. I have heard of a tall Guatamalan savage who somehow accumulated the illustrious

name of Duffy, but Riley-As we swung and smoked in our ham mocks the Cuban soldiers crooned marvelous songs in the darkness, while the firelight covered with crimson glare some naked limb or made tragic some dark, patient face. The hills were softly limned against a sky strewn with big

We were up in the cold of the dark just before dawn. With 15 men as escort, we moved again up the hills. In time we arrived on a path that curved around the top of a ridge. Here we found Cuban posts. They, having no tools with which to dig treuches, naturally turn to the machete. They can't dig down, so they build up. These Cuban posts were each fronted with a curious structure, a mere rack made of saplings, tied fast with sinewy vines and then filled with stones. They were about six feet high, one foot thick and long enough to accommodate from five to eight riflemen. These structures paralleled the path at strategic points.

Soon we came to a point where upon looking across a narrow but very deep valley we could see in the blue dawn the shine of Spanish campfires. They were within rifle range, but we slunk along unseen. Our horses had now been toward the insurgent is interesting. So left behind. Then came a dive into the also is the attitude of the insurgent to- dark, deep valley-into Spain. The hillside was the steepest thing in hillsides which could well be imagined. We slid practically from tree to tree, our escort moving noiselessly below and above us. By the time we reached the bottom of this hill the day had broken wide and clear. A stream was forded, and then came a creep of 500 yards through tall grass. There was a Spanish post upon either hand-100 men in one, 50 men in the other. The Cubans had no tongues

and their feet made no sound. To make a long story short, there were some nine miles of this sort of dodging and badgering and botheration -nine infernal miles, during which those Cubans did some of the best scouting and covering in the world. At last we were at the foot of a certain mountain. Olympus, what a mountain! Our weary minds argued that to this one the other hills were as the arched backs of kittens. We ascended it-no matter how-it took us years. At the top we lay on the ground and breathed while the Cubans chopped a hole in the foliage with their machetes. Then we got up and peered through this hole and saw -what? Santiago de Cuba and the hartheir own property had turned up after | bor, with Cervera's fleet in it and the

The escort only behaved badly once. It seems they had had nothing to eat but mangoes for three weeks, barring a favorite mare which some stern patriot had sacrificed to the general appetite. We were within two miles of the insurgent lines and passing through a thick wood when the escort sighted a tree laden with mangoes and with luscious ripe ones crowding the ground. The captain raved in whispers and gestured sublimely, but it was of no benefit. That escort broke formation and scattered, flitting noiselessly and grabbing

In one of the camps we stopped to lunch upon one can of beef. It was a mango camp. Our mango escort was still with us. That orange colored fruit seemed to look reproachfully at us from the stomach of every man present. They gathered sadly around to see us eat the beef. It was too much for us. We divided a pound of beef among about 30 men. including ourselves. We told our 15 men, loyal save for the incident of the laden mango tree, that as they had only done 25 miles over impossible mountains since daylight they had better come six more miles over more impossi ble mountains to our rendezvous with the Three Friends on the coast, whereupon we would generously give them

two good rations per man from the ship. We mounted and rode away, while they paddled along behind us. As we breasted the last hillock near the coast we beheld the Three Friends standing out to sea, the black smoke rolling from her. We were about one half hour late. There is nothing in any agony of an ordinary host which could measure our suffering. A faithful escort—31 miles mangoes-three weeks-Three Friends

-promises-pledges-oh, horrors. Scovel rode like mad through the guinea grass to the beach to make desperate signals. The escort ran headlong after us. I could hear the captain screaming to his men, "Run, run, run, run!" "I can't run any more. I'm dying," cried a hourse and windless pri vate. "Run, run, run, run!" "If I take another step, I will die of it," cried another hoarse and windless private.

"Ah," shrieked the captain wildly, "if you have to eat mangoes for another three weeks you'll wish you had run."

Brothers In Arms.

In Battery I, First Heavy artillery, Massachusetts volunteers, now at Fort Warren, from the shoe town of Brockton, there are five pairs of brothers, the Allens, Churchilis, Foyes, Holmes and Marshalls. - Boston Journal.

Why allow yourself to be slowly tortured at the stake of disease? Chills and Fever will undermine, and eventually break down, the strongest constitution "FEBRI-CURA" (Sweet Chill Tonic of Iron) is more effective than Quinine and being combined with Iron is an excellent Tonic and Nervine Medicine. It is pleasant to take, is sold under positive guarantee to cure or money refunded. Accept no substi- Sarsaparilla. When the vital fluid is tutes. The "just as good" kind don't impure and sluggish, there can be

RED CROSS LABORS.

REPORT ON WHAT HAS BEEN DONE AT SANTIAGO.

Nurses Did Their First Work In a Hospital Filled With Sick and Wounded Cubans- Provisions Sett to Guantanamo. Lots of Things to Be Done.

The following letter was received recently by the chairman of the executive committee of the American National Red Cross from Treasurer C. H. H. Cottrell at Port Antonio, Jamaica:

"MY DEAR SIR-I noted in your message to Miss Barton that you are anxious to hear from us, and as I know Miss Barton has all of her time from early morning to late night so fully occupied as not to spare a moment from present duties I will endeavor to give you a brief sketch of what has been done since we left Key West on June 20. The good ship Texas lay in tropical waters so long that her bottom became a coral reef, and when she finally got under way she was only able to make seven or eight miles an hour, and wo used up five days in making an 800 mile journey.

"On our arrival off the bay of Santiago de Cuba Miss Barton reported to Admiral Sampson, who advised us to proceed to Guantanamo bay, 30 miles farther east, to await developments, which we did, arriving there on the evening of June 25. At Guantanamo we found a good landlocked harbor where our ship could lie still and give us a much needed night's rest, which we all enjoyed. There was a camp of 700 or 800 marines at this point, also a camp of insurgents. That evening several naval officers came aboard to pay their respects to Miss Barton and were very cordial, as indeed the naval men are at all times. By invitation of Commander Dunlap all hands visited the hospital ship Solace the next morning and were greatly pleased with the boat and the attention paid them by the officers and

"As there seemed to be nothing we could do at Guantanamo it was decided we had better return to Siboney, where the largest number of troops were, and offer our services to the hospitals. This was done on Sunday, June 26. All the army officers received our advances politely, but rather stiffly, at first declining any aid, but eventually confessing that they had nothing but army rations of hog meat, hard tack and coffee with which to feed their sick and that they would accept a few things to help them out until their own supplies arrived. But they declined all offers of nurses and doctors.

"Refused by our own people, we next called on General Garcia of the Cuban army and were most cordially received, his medical men being only too glad to accept all we had to offer. So the next morning our four Red Cross nurses and Sister Bettina went over to the Cuban hospital, which was as repulsive and forbidding a place as can be imagined, and began to work. The house and patients were astounded and transformed with such a baptism of soap and water as never was heard of before in this benighted region, and by afternoon that little hospital was one clean spot in the

"That little bit of practical work spread through rank and file like the proverbial wildfire, and before nightfall our poor 'boys in blue,' who had been lying on the floors, many of them without even a blanket, were asking each other and their slovenly male nurses how it was that the Red Cross came down here and gave them the go by and put the Cubans on beds with soft pillows and blankets and clean sheets. Of course such vigorous kicking and the terrible contrast between the Cuban and our army hospitals could have but one result, and the army surgeons are now willing and eager to have us on any terms we may suggest and are constantly asking for more than we are prepared to give. We have opened a Red Cross hospital here and have 24 beds, which is the capacity of the hos-

pital. "Commander McCalla of Guantana mo sent us word the other day that there were a number of poor Cubans at his camp who were in need of help and asked us to bring him 5,000 rations. We steamed up there the same day and issued 7,500 pounds of substantials to those people and returned to Siboney at once. We have received another requisition from the same officer for 25,000 rations, and yesterday we returned to Guantanamo prepared to deliver 50,-000, but Commander McCalla said that he had no place to store so large an amount, and he therefore requested us to leave only 10,000 rations, which we

"There has been hard fighting in front of Santiago de Cuba for several days past and a large number of wound ed men have come into Siboney, probably 400 or 500. The United States authorities were entirely unprepared in medicine, food or services to handle them, and the Red Cross has proved a perfect godsend, and as you will have seen by the telegrams that have been sent you we are now in full accord with the military surgeons-at this end.

"Kennan and Egan went to the front last Saturday and found a deplorable condition of suffering there. The next day Miss Barton, Dr. Hubbell, Dr. and Mrs. Gardner and McDowell joined them, riding in an ambulance which General Shafter sent for them. They took along two six horse wagon loads of supplies, and Sunday night Hubbell returned to the ship and got as much more. Our people began work the moment they arrived on the field, and they will remain there as long as there is need for them. Lesser and the nurses have been doing fine work here in the

To make your business pay, good health is a prime factor. To secure good health, the blood should be kept pure and vigorous by the use of Aver's

army hospitals, though they have had to work day and night under most adverse conditions. Sunday night, when they were coming to the ship for rest, they were asked to board the Harvard and attend a lot of Spaniards who were

on the fleet when it was annihilated, and they spent the entire night there, returning to the ship in an exhausted condition. After four hours' rest they all returned to shore again.

"We have run over to Port Antonio. Jamaica, for ice and some other things that we need and return to Siboney tonight. Everything down here has come our way, and the only regret we have is that our force is not larger and that we have not certain things in our cargo which would be useful just now. All our potatoes have rotted, and we may lose some meal and codfish, but the remainder of the cargo is all right, so far as we know. We hope that the end of the war is near at hand and that we shall be able to unload this ship within a few days."-New York Sun.

SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO. What It Has Cost the United States to Take the City.

The United States have appropriated on account of the war \$292,000,000, and the actual expenditures thus far aggregate \$123,000,000. Most of this has been spent in the operations resulting in the surrender of Santiago. Other noteworthy expenditures are coal and ammunition used by Dewey, by the blockading squadron and in Sampson's ineffective bombardment of San Juan.

In detail the war has cost, as nearly as can be stated in round figures gathered from official sources in Washington, as follows: KILLED AND WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

Total officers, privates and marines killed 247 Total officers, privates and marines wounded. 1,823
Total reported missing. 81 HOW THE MONEY HAS BEEN SPENT.

Transportation, mobilizing soldiers and for troopships .... Subsistence Shafter's army 23 days. Relief expedition for Cubans...... 1.500.00 Additions to increase naval strength 20,000,000 Expenditures for ammunition..... 5,000,000 Expenditures for ordnance and arms Commissary supplies for mobilized 10,000,000

Tents, clothing and camp equipment 9,000,00 4,000,000 Horses and mules..... Coal for warships..... 4,000,00 Pay for officers and men, army.... 17,000,00 Pay for officers and sailors...... 3,000,000 Strengthening senconst defenses... 8,000,000 Laying harbor mines...... 1,500,00 Increased cable and telegraph tolls. Increased force clerks, special agents, expenses and salaries..... 1,000,000 Increased secret service and caring 500,000 for Spanish prisoners Ammunition bombarding Santiago

fortifications..... 4,000,000 Miscellaneous expenses preparing for war..... Total appropriations for war..... Total actual expenditures ...... -New York World.

Watching Both i Fis. Having peered slyly out of the of the Suez canal and not some Andrew approaching, Admiral Camara co back to peep out of the other and see if there is any sign of Commodore Wat son.—Buffalo Enquirer.

Where Safety Dwells. It would be entirely proper to include American war vessels in any list of noted health resorts. No other places

can boast such low death rates -Utica

An Uncertain Diseasc. There is no discase more uncertain in its ature than dyspepsia. Physicians say that he symptoms of no two cases agree. It is herefore most difficult to make a correct tiagnosis. No matter how severe, or under what disguise dyspepsia attacks you, Browns' fron Bitters will cure it. Invaluable in all liseases of the stomach, blood and nerves. Browns' Iron Bitters is sold by all dealers.

For all the glory of my pride and strength, For all the fame I've known, the seas I'v

Only the blackened iron's shattered length Bears witness-for the promise that ha

No more for me the thunders of the fight. No more for me to feel the great guns rear, And yet, though shorn of all my hope and My day of triumph's near, my triumph's

Perforce deserted for a little time. I bear the mocking of the foe alone-These braggarts, gloating o'er a futile crime, Who soon must reap the harvest they have

I watch the city's fortresses prepare, And in their haste I see their lurking fear, For all their boasts there's panic in the air. My day of triumph's near, my triumph's

The open sea is hidden from my sight, But yet I know the fleet is gathering there,

My comrades, stripped and cager for the fight, The great republic's sleuthhounds from And when the ships come fighting up the bay They'll find me waiting. \* \* \* Hark! Is that a cheer?

Fiey've come! My comrades of the old see My day of triumph's here, my triumph's -F. P. in Hartford Courant.

Major De Granpre, military attache of the French embassy, who recently returned from Santiago, says the fight ing qualities of the United States forces are not matched by those of any other country in the world.

Lieutenant Usher of the Ericsson. who was alongside Admiral Sampson's flagship when the battle of July 3 began, says that the New York was ten miles from the scene of battle, and that her forward pair of engines were uncoupled, so that she could not go fast, and that she was at no time closer to he combatants than when she started intil the batter was over.

Distressing Momach In case Permanently cured by the masterly powers of South American Nervine Conic Invalids need suffer no longer, because this great remedy can cure them all. It is a cure for the whole world of stomach weakness and indi gestion. The cure begins with the first dose. The relief it brings is marvellous and surprising. It makes no failure; never disappoints. No matter how long you have suffered, your cure is certain under the use of this great health giving force. Pleasant and always safe.
Sold by E. F. Nadal, Druggis

## EN ROUTE TO SANTIAGO

Terrible Strain on the Men Who Fought at El Caney.

LITTLE SLEEP FOR THE TROOPS.

Many Commands Lost Their Way, and the Men Were Ordered Back and Forth. Difficulties In Caring For the Wounded. Sad Plight of the Injured - Gravediggers Ordered to the Front-Fortitude of the Wounded.

Writing under the date of July 2 from the headquarters of the Fifth army corps, near Guama river, east of Santiago, the New York Tribune correspondent describes the fighting before Santiago as follows:

The taking of El Caney yesterday, although at terrible cost, made it possible today to concentrate all the fighting on the breastworks east of Santiago. General Jacob F. Kent's division, the First, accomplished an important forward movement yesterday, and the night was spent in intrenching the positions gained in the day. Shovels and picks were sent to the front after dark, and the soldiers dug industriously until dawn. Their pits were usually about three feet deep. The commissary worked hard, and by means of pack and wagon trains managed to get large quantities of beef. bacon, hard tack and coffee to the front. About 12:30 o'clock this morning the artillery that yesterday was stationed on a hill to the left was moved to the valley road and forward. It had been thought that sufficient headway had been made by the infantry to warrant placing the cannon well to the front.

At daybreak it was found that a serious miscalculation had been made. The Spanish intrenchments were only 500 or 600 yards away, and the rifle fire was so effective that the position of the artillerymen was untenable. Several men were killed and wounded, and there was nothing to do but to hitch up the horses and retire. This was done under a constant rattle of musketry. The tired



horses were started back for the heights from which the cannonading had been conducted yesterday. On the indifferent road this was a hard task, and little was heard from the American artillery all day. The Spaniards were more active with their field pieces, but apparently not so effective as on the day before.

The men in the trenches were in poor shape for the almost continuous firing that they had to keep up. Thursday night they had little sleep, last night none at all. Even worse was the condition of the regiments which took part in the battle of El Caney yesterday and were ordered to march back six or seven miles to the road on which the divisions of Generals Wheeler and Kent had moved yesterday and then forward. Thursday night most of the regiments in the Second division had tramped until after dark, only to be set going again at 3:80 o'clock in the morning. They had no hot food, not being allowed to light fires. Then came the long battle, the fighting through the woods, in the heat, and, in many cases, without water for

hours. By dark the men felt that they were entitled to a night's rest at least, but they were not to have it. General Kent and General Wheeler were in a situation where it was of prime importance that they be re-enforced before the next day's fighting should begin. So there could be no delay, and the pitiless march began. The afternoon rain had left the roads in a horrible state, mud ankle deep. To make matters worse some commands lost their way, and after eight or nine hours of tramping, with brief intervals of rest, found that they were only a few miles from the point where they had started at dusk. Fortunately a good many came upon wagon and pack trains loaded with provisions and thus got rations.

The First and Eighth infantry, with Captain Capron's battery, had moved toward Santiago on the El Caney road last night. About 8 o'clock they were warned by some Cubans that they were within half a mile of the Spanish trenches. The Cubans had moved forward until they were fired on. This was no place for two regiments of infantry and one battery, so in the night the forces moved back. This morning they got to the scene of yesterday's battle, to the east of Santiago. It had been planned that an attack be made on the city from the direction of El Caney by General Lawton's division yesterday. The idea was that by 11 o'clock his nine regiments and Captain Capron's battery would have polished off El Caney and would be ready for a movement of some kind on Santiago proper. The Casa Ducret, north of the city, was to be the

"In a minute" one dose of HART's ESSENCE OF GINGER will relieve any ordinary case of Colic, Cramps or Nausea. An unexcelled remedy for Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, Summer complaints and all internal pains. Sold b

and took much more time. This, together with the unexpected strength of the fortifications on that side of Santi-

ago, led to the concentration of the forces on the San Juan side. The march to the firing line was full

of interest to the Ninth Massachusetts

and the Thirty-fourth Michigan, which reached Siboney only last night on the Harvard. They marched out in the early hours of morning. The road had dried fairly well a few hours after the sun eame up, and the marching was not bad. There was a constant stream of the wounded returning to the rear. These had had their hurts dressed at the first aid station and were going to the hospitals in the rear. Some had only slight wounds and were able to walk alone. Some were carried on the shoulders of two men. Big army wagons with four or six mules were used to transport some. On the occasional rough parts of the road the jolting in the great, rude wagons was terrible. A few Red Cross wagons were in use, but not many. Some officers were carried on litters. This was the most comfortable method, but it was exceedingly hard on the litter bearers. Half a dozen field hospitals or dressing stations were scattered along the road, but the chief hospital was four or five miles from the intrenchments. The number of litter bearers was far too few. In addition to the regular divisional corps the musicians were called into service. Even for four bearers it was a hard task to carry a wounded man in the hot sun for several miles. Every soldier whose injuries did not positively forbid it was made to walk to the rear. In some instances this was cruel, especially when the wound was 24 hours old and serious if not mortal. But it was a choice of evils, and the litters and wagons were kept for those shot in the legs or in some

vital part. One man rode on a horse, curiously and bleeding. Doubless a shell had exploded near him. Another, also on horseback, was wounded in the head. He seemed barely conscious. One man led the horse and another supported the wounded man as well as he could. But most distressing of all was an artilleryman whose face had been struck by a piece of shell from the side. The center of his face was merely a great hole. He had no medical attention yet. In spite of the terrible appearance of his wound he walked alone, a comrade on either side of him. There was a grim interest in studying the uninjured part of his face. His brow was smooth and calm. He looked from side to side as if actually concerned in what he saw. Two soldiers thought they knew the man, although so little of his features were left that they could not be sure. Finally they agreed it must be Gates.

Just beyond a ford of the San Juan river, a few hundred yards from the blockhouses captured yesterday, lay four corpses. A grave had been begun for them in the rocky soil and was unfinished. A pick lay near by. Evidently the gravediggers had been ordered to the firing line. Along the bank of the river the chaplain of the First volunteer cavalry buried Captain O'Neill, with the help of two privates. The ford of the river at this point seemed to be the especial mark of the enemy's fire, although it was a distance behind the trenches. The Seventh Massachusetts had gone a hundred yards beyond when a shrappel shell came whizzing by. There was scattering and dodging behind banks until the order came to ad-

Apparently the sharpshooters in the trees knew that this place would be a common halting place for soldiers who wanted to fill their canteens and therefore took perches that would command a view of it. The result was that the bullets sped by there regularly, clipping the foliage with a nasty "zip." Some of the shots struck the water near the ford, and within about an nour rour or them hit a live mark. A physician who was accompanying a wounded man was killed, and so was a soldier. The physician was Dr. Danforth of the Ninth cavalry, and his brains were blown out. He had previously been in Cuba in the service of the United States government. Two other privates were shot. One was sitting on the bank of the river with a friend, chatting. Both heard the bullet strike near by and thought it just as well to move on. One of them walked lame, and his companion asked him what the trouble was.

"I don't know," was the answer "but my leg feels weak." He looked down and saw blood streaming from it. He had been shot without knowing it. Instances of this kind, where a bullet was not discovered until the blood was seen, were not unusual. Indeed a remarkable feature of the battles around Santiago has been the stolidity and groan. At times, in moments of agony, the disease. it was rare.

One incident of the sort was touching. Four litter bearers were carrying a soldier who had been shot in the back. For some reason he was lying face up. Halting to rest, they, without noticing it, set the litter on a stone, which just happened to press in on his hurt. He uttered a cry and said, "For God's sake, boys, move me a little; there's a stone under me." With heartiest expressions of regret, they lifted him up and put him in a more comfortable place. In his death struggle one cavalryman, a boy of 19, shrieked, "Mother, oh, my mother!" but that was the end of the poor young fellow.

The Spanish sharpshooters had no re-Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder disease relieved in six hours by "New rendezvous. But the battle was far more | GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY serious than had been imagined possible | CURE." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidney and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by E. F. Nadal, Druggist, V

spect for the Red Cross flag: They fired continually on litter bearers and from time to time on hospitals. Of course in some cases this was not intentional, but in others it certainly was. It became dangerous to carry the wounded out of the trenches, and for this reason some were left there until night. Another reason for not removing the injured was that it took so many men. There was great risk in returning to the trenches after the wounded man had been taken to a field hospital. Often the soldiers who had borne away a comrade remained in the rear until nightfall, so the regiments would have been unduly weakened had all who were struck been carried away at once.

OUR REGULAR SOLDIERS.

At Least Eighty Per Cent of Our Army Said to Be American Born.

In examining the lists of soldiers killed and wounded before Santiago one is struck by the great proportion of what may be termed distinctively American names which appear. It has been a common belief that the majority of our regular soldiers were foreigners, and the hasty deduction was made that they were of the floating population, fighting simply for their pay and distinctly inferior mentally, morally and physically. In one list of 170 wounded 189 bore American names fully 16 per cent-and we think it justifiable to claim that fully one-half of those having Irish names were born in the Unit-

ed States. Consequently, if this list is a type of all, at least 80 per cent of our army must be American born. This is very gratifying to know. All reports from correspondents and disinterested people unite in praising the fine physique, general intelligence and good conduct of our enlisted men. Of their conduct in battle the losses they sustained at Santiago is the best proof, and it is gratifying to our pride to now know that they are practically all Americans.-Army and Navy Journal.

Bonds to Keep the Peace. Spain is probably the only country on earth whose bonds are worth more after the nation is whipped than before. -St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Treatment of Cervers and His Men. The navy department is showing every reasonable courtesy to Admiral Cervera and his fellow prisoners, even going so far as to make a money allowance for the officers. When they escaped from their ships, most of them were forced to jump into the sea. They consequently had little clothing and no money when captured. They found their penniless condition embarrassing when they reached Portsmouth, N. H., and undertook to cable to their families in Spain. Secretary Long issued an order giving the Spanish officers the privilege of communicating freely with their relatives and friends in Spain so long as they do not send contraband information. The navy department is also answering many inquiries from Spain about the fate of men who were on board the Spanish vessels.-Frederick Benzinger in Chicago Times-Herald.

Von Diederichs, Admiral von Diederichs. Ton't you try some scaly tricks. You vill findt you in a fix, Admiral von Diederichs

Admiral von Diederichs, Mit Chorge Dewey do net mix You vill get some awful licks, Admiral von Diederichs. Admiral von Diederichs,

It's half a dozen against six Dot you'll feels some awful kicks, Admiral von Diederichs.

The defeat of Cervera's fleet at Santiago has wrought up the Spaniards of Mexico to a high pitch of excitement and has added to the intensity of their feeling against Americans in Mexico. The news of the defeat was at first not believed by the Spaniards, and one enthusiastic Spaniard of Mexico lost \$1,-500 which he bet with an American on the result of the fight after the first reports that it had taken place.-New

Having remembered the Maine for some time, Americans are quite willing to remember the Gloucester .- Chicago

# Scrofula to Consumption.

Any one predisposed to Scrofuls can never be healthy and vigorous. This taint in the blood naturally drifts into Consumption. Being such a deep-seated blood disease, Swift's Specific is the pluck of the wounded. The writer saw only known cure for Scrofula, because perhaps 200 of them and heard not a it is the only remedy which can reach

Scrofula appeared on the head of my little grandchild when only 18 months old. Shortly after breaking out it spread rapidly all over her body. The scabs on the sores would peel off on the slightest touch, and the odor that would arise made the atmosphere of the room sickening and unbearable. The disease next attacked the eyes, and we feared she would lose her sight. Eminent physicians from the surrounding country were consulted, but could do nothing to relieve the little innocent, and gave it as their opinion that the case was hopeless and impossible to save the child's eyesight. It was then that we decided to try Swift's Specific. That medicine at once made a speedy and complete cure. She is now a young lady, and has never had a sign of the disease to return.

Mrs. Ruth Berneley.

MRS. RUTH BERKELEY, Scrofula is an obstinate blood disease, and is beyond the reach of the average

blood medicine. Swift's Specific

is the only remedy equal to such deep-seated diseases; it goes down to the very foundation and forces out every taint. It is purely regetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no mercury, potash or other mineral substance whatever

The Kind You Have Always Bough

CASTORIA.