

## ABOUT CUBAN SOLDIERS

### Stephen Crane's Description of the Rank and File.

#### THEIR EMOTIONLESS CHARACTER.

No Cheering When Shafter's Forces Landed 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 Cuban 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 beach. 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 tranquillity. The Spaniards, when they fled from the conflict with "Boss" and his 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 toward the insurgent is interesting. So also is the attitude of the insurgent toward 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 ordinary slum.

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 their own property had turned up after 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 holds 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 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 woods.

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 semikilled men lay about in dirty hammocks, but their rifles were full of cartridges. The tall guinea grass had been trodden flat by their bare feet. We asked for a guide, and the colonel gave us an escort of five men for our 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 pomells 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 asleep. One barefooted negro private paused in his

report from time to time to pluck various thistle and cactus spurs from his robes. Scovel asked him in Spanish, "Where are your shoes?" The tattered soldier coolly replied in English, "I lose them in de woods." We cheered. "Why, hello there! Where did you come from?" To our questions he answered: "In New York. I love dere, Mulberry street. One—two 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 Guatemalan savage who somehow accumulated the illustrious name of Duffy, but Riley—

As we swung and smoked in our hammocks the Cuban soldiers crooned marvelous songs in the darkness, while the firelight lured with crimson glare some naked limb or made tragic some dark, patient face. The hills were softly limned against a sky strewn with big stars. 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 trenches, 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 snowy 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.

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 harbor, with Cervera's fleet in it and the whole show.

The escort only behaved badly once. It seems they had had nothing to eat but mangoes for three weeks, barring a favorite mango which some stern patriot had sacrificed to the general appetite. We were within two miles of the insurgent lines and passing through a thick wad when the escort sighted a tree laden with mangoes and with lucious ripe ones crowding the ground. The captain raved in whispers and gestured sulkily, 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 still with our mango escort was so good that we look roachfully at us from the stomach of every man present. They gathered sadly around to see us eat that 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 impossible 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 their masts. 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 hoarse and windless private. "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, Churchills, 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. "FERRI-CURA" (Sweet Chilled Tonic of Iron) is more effective than Quinine and being combined with Iron is an excellent Tonic and Nerve Medicine. It is pleasant to take, is sold under positive guarantee to cure or money refunded. Accept no substitutes. The "Just as good" kind don't effect cures. Sold by B. W. Hargrave.

## 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 Sent 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 we 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 medical staff.

"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 town.

"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 sky 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 hospital.

"Commander McCalla of Guantanamo 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 substantial 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 he had no place to store so large an amount, and he therefore requested us to leave only 10,000 rations, which we did.

"There has been hard fighting in front of Santiago de Cuba for several days past and a large number of wounded 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 are now in full accord with the military surgeons—at this end.

"Kemau and Egan went to the front last Saturday and found a deplorable condition of suffering there. The next day Miss Barton, Dr. Hubbard, 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 Hubbard 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 Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When the vital fluid is impure and sluggish, there can be no health, strength, nor ambition.

## 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—Gravelled Soldiers 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.

At daylight 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 3:30 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 Ducrest, north of the city, was to be the rendezvous. But the battle was far more serious than had been imagined possible

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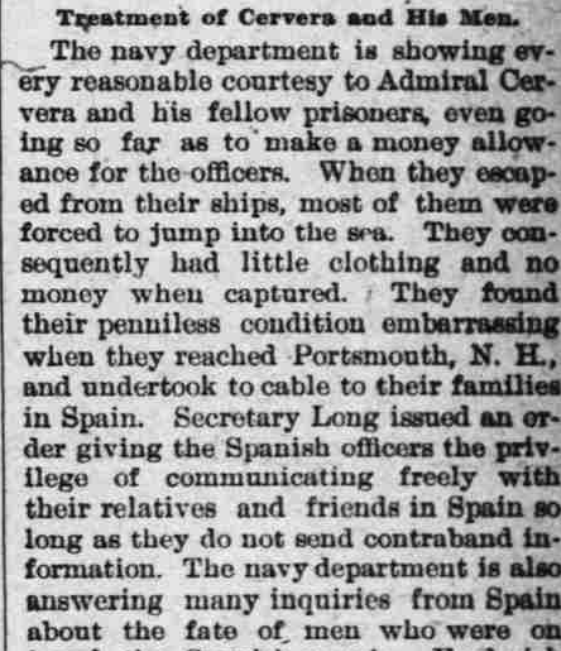
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Distressing Stomach Disease. Permanently cured by the masterly powers of South American Nerve Tonic. Invalids need suffer no longer, because this great remedy can cure them all. It is a cure for the whole world of stomach weakness and indigestion. 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, Druggist, Wilson, N. C.

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GENERAL JACOB F. KENT.



ADMIRAL VON DIEDERICHS.

ADMIRAL VON DIEDERICHS. Ton't you get any scaly tricks. You will find you in a fix. Admiral von Diederichs.

ADMIRAL VON DIEDERICHS. Mit Charge Dewey do not mix. You will get some awful kicks. Admiral von Diederichs.

ADMIRAL VON DIEDERICHS. It's half a dozen against six. Dot you'll feel some awful kicks. Admiral von Diederichs.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The defeat of Cervera's fleet at Santiago has wrought upon 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 led \$1,600 which he bet with an American on the result of the fight after the first reports that it had taken place.—New York Sun.

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

Scrofula to Consumption.

Any one predisposed to Scrofula 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 only known cure for Scrofula, because it is the only remedy which can reach the disease.

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 scales 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 BESSLEY, Salina, Kan.

Scrofula is an obstinate blood disease, and is beyond the reach of the average blood medicine. Swift's Specific

S.S.S. For the Blood

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 vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no mercury, potash or other mineral substance whatever.

Bottle and full directions with Swift's Specific

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