WHEN MOTHER DIED.

We folded tenderly those quiet hands When mother died, And softly smoothed the silken, silvery bands On either side, And as so often she her vigils kept We now sat watching while our mother slept

That eventide.

We rained caresses on that placid brow When mother died And kissed the lips that never until now Our own denied We talked of patience and of all her care

And grew regretful as our own small share Shrank down beside. We idly moaned, "Were she but back again Our hearth beside How much unhappiness, how much of pain.

We'd scatter wide !" "How lovingly!" Ah, me, that it is ever so How gleam our jewels as we watch them go Adown the tide! Why speak we not to longing, listening ears So close beside.

The love that brokenly, above their biers, We all have cried? Why to so many must that cry of fate, Come drifting earthward with its "Late, too late Thou art denied?"

Go, clasp thy mother in thy strong young arms, Dear boy, her pride! Cast from thy life each folly that alarms That truest guide! Know that her prayers, her love, thy mother's

faith in thee, Thy glory is, a richer legacy That aught beside! -Linnie Drake in Atlanta Journal.

MAJOR HASTINGS LETTER. His Visit to Spain.-Madrid.-An Exciting Bull

Fight.—The People and the Money Question. Special correspondence to the WATCHMAN.

At Madrid we "descended," as the French say, at Hotel de Paris, but finding that hostelry excessively dear and not over good, we sought a boarding house where we could enjoy (?) table h'hote and practice our lengua Castellana on innocent, unsuspecting fellow boarders to the manner born. We found one, Calle de Gracia.

In no country of the world does one realize so fully that good food is supplied by the Deity and cooked by the devil, as in Spain! It is scandalous how much good food is spoiled in the cooking!

The turkey whose physical condition has been so much commented upon and whose ownership has been attributed to Job, was there baked, stewed, broiled, fried in olive oil of suspected authenticity-butter is an unknown quantity; tomato omelettes garnished with feathers; boiled bacalao (codfish) with whiskers on; and a new dish, rice half boiled (so that it would crunch under your teeth like pop-corn), with poached eggs of venerable antiquity.

Spain, from Barcelona to Gibraltar, is

one continuous smell of burnt, rancid oil. We did not, fortunately, need to stay long, or our fate would have been to become as lean and lantern-jawed as the material, satin, silk, velvet, laces, fringes, Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, Don Quijote de la Mancha! And at table d'hote fect. they were so polite! To the servants: "Hagame Usted el favor de pasarme el baca-lao?" (Kindly do me the favor to pass me the cod-fish.)

We thought it was an attempt to poison us Cubanhobes

gay as children, naive and charming. They served up the Cuban question hot-

ter than the table d'hote. The gist of their argument was: For the ate the United States) we close all doors twelve thousand throats simply yell. looking to secession, to independent selfgovernment. We maintain that the Antilles are not colonies but provinces of Spain like the rest of the Peninsula.

One example of England giving autonomy to a colony is no precedent for Spain. We want our colonies to be integral parts of the mother country. We cannot and will not give them up after having sacrificed so many lives and spent so many mil-

And a war between United States and Spain? Would there be any profit to the cans. Of course they can take Cuba, but only after it would be devastated—a smoking mass of ruins, And Spain would continue to wage war and never make peace! Would the Americans undertake to cap-

of Napoleon I? But the United States are twelve days

from Spain, for transport ships, and even if they did succeed in landing troops in leave its soil. Spain has her alienable rights, and she purposes to remain mistress of her own house.

A nation as proud, as generous, as heroic will never give up the struggle. Other countries do not know us and we suffer through the ignorance and prejudices which have obtained abroad, where we are judged only by our estudinantinas, our bull fights, and our pretty manolas.

From the Cuban question to bull-fighting is a big jump, but the tourist student

often has to make a bigger. It has been said that the public taste for bull-fighting is dying out in Spain. I believe the opposite to be the fact! Among the first things I read in Madrid was an article about a project to bring an enormously large and powerful elephant from the Zoological Garden at Amsterdam, to Madrid, and pit him against a tiger, a lion, a

a white bear, and against five bulls. The town was covered with flaming posters of the approaching corrida—six bulls from the famous pasturages of the lineal descendant of Columbus (our Chris.)

I know of no more magnificent spectacle sport—that for the moment I will not dis-

Those who believe that the sport is dying out should see such crowds as Rennyson and I beheld streaming from la Puerta del Sol, filling the wide avenue, Calle Alcala room for twelve thousand spectators. Everybody who can hire a wagon or a mule

and a Fourth of July multiplied by a

The mules and donkeys are decorated and streamers. The day of the corrida is a holiday for

everybody. A peasant and his wife astride on muleharnessed six gaily and festively decorated mules; there are hundreds of fine broughams and carriages, and such is the crush for seats that to be sure of them, we took our tickets in advance.

Every ticket is numbered and every seat is "reserved"; there are six great doors, and the people take their places without confusion. When we arrived the arena before the mayor's box, takes off his cap was full of people who had been looking at the bulls in the toril. A detachment of soldiers enters the arena and executing a tion to kill the bull or die in the attempt half-pivot swing sweeps the crowd out.

The bulls are suggestively bellowing: acquaintances are calling to each other across the arena, which is large enough for a regiment of cavalry to manœuvre in ; ladies are plying their fans, making a rustling, sibilant sound like ten thousand butterflies; students in groups are shouting

their college songs.

One of their number asks a dignified old gentleman, just arriving, what time it is? ed multitude are on him and six thousand. He gives the hour, and they shout in chopretty hands of the senoritas will applaus rus "Gracias," nearly startling the old fellow out of his wits, and everybody laughs

except the old gentleman.

A brass band discourses excellent music; hawkers throw oranges to purchasers in every direction and deftly catch in their hats the cuartos thrown in payment. An orange goes astray, knocks off a man's silk flaps around his head and between his hat; there is a grand general laugh, but horns, lets it fall and picks it up while the the hatless one is furious.

The audience commences to pound with

their canes; the students sing "Time's The alcade (mayor) who presides takes his chair in the box of the Ayuntamiento (Kill him!) (City Councils) beside the Royal Box; a

lady faints and instantly the twelve thousand people are on their feet, standing on the benches. A fellow with a speaking trumpet which makes a noise like a clap of thunder calls to a friend on the opposite side. Excitement runs high, the minute approaches, the noise is immense-a sullen coar—twelve thousand voices mingled.

The music ceases: at a trumpet sound, four mounted armed guards enter the arena and slowly ride round it inspecting if all is right, every barrier closed, the ground in perfect condition. Twelve thousand spectators look at the

alcade's box-the silence is absolute. The band strikes up; the gate under the Royal Box opens and the caudrilla, all the toreros in gala costumes enter in procession. They are greeted by an immense explo sion of applause, First came the primas spadas (swordsmen) dressed like Figaro, in the "Barber of Seville," followed by

banderilleros, capeadores, picadores and chulos. It would much exceed my limits to describe their costumes; every color and ribbons, all increasing the harmonious ef I can imagine nothing more olympian

than their march around the arena. It was a blend of a military review, a band of masqueraders and cow-boys. They march But as compensation their wines were with military precision, stop before the excellent, and the first evening we treated mayor's box and salute. The alcade all hands to Val de Penas. A Spaniard throws down the key to the bull-stalls ordered in reciprocation brandy a blend (toril) and all go out of the ring, except which would strangle an alligator. We the picadores mounted and armed with long lances, and some capeadores, with their red and yellow capes. All eyes are When the ice is broken the Spaniards are fixed on the gate where the bull will enter -the silence is death-like-the bulls bellow, the blindfolded horses tremble; the picadores show some anxiety and settle themselves more firmly in their saddles last fifty years Spaniards have resisted the and poise their lances; the trumpet sounds autonomy of Cuba. Now that we have the gate opens, an enormous bull, head conceded autonomy (principally to concili- and tail erect, rushes into the arena, and

My friend Rennyson, who had never seen a bull-fight, turned pale. I confess shivers chased each other up and down my back. The bull rushed like an avalanche at the first picador, who stuck his their hands; the band strikes up; the lance in its neck but did not stop it; the bull struck the horse amidships, lifted a hero! him and the picador bodily from the ground; tossed them lightly from his horns against the barrier, then rushed at the second horse and the third with almost identical results. The three horses were killed in less than a minute. Then the bull ran United States? Even after the loss of out to the middle of the arena, horns and thousands of good men and mountains of nose covered with blood, snorting, pawing dollars, what use would it be to the Ameri- and looking at the people as if to say "Any-

Everybody howled like a band of de-

mons. The chulos (servants) ran and helped up Would the Americans undertake to capture Madrid? Would they repeat the folly and bridles off the dead horses; and to save the picadores who are struggling to free themselves from the poor animals, the capeadores run round the bull flaunting their if they did succeed in landing troops in Spain, very few of her soldiers would ever ing; he runs after them in a whirlwind of ed with the beauty of the display, and the red flags in his face, provoking and tauntdust, butts his head, in his fury, against the barrier; paws, bellows, again attacks the dead or dving horses, tries to fly over the barrier, and runs about, frothing mad

round the ring. In the meantime other mounted picadores have posted themselves at intervals, and when the bull perceives them he rushes at

them frothing with fury.

The picador jabs his lance into his shoulder and succeeds in holding him at bay. The bull leaves him and attacks the next

embowelled horses were disgusting to see. At a trumpet call all the *picadores* gallop out of the ring and *chulos* cover pools of blood with sand.

Now comes the poetry of bull-fighting, if I may be allowed so to explain myself. I mean the banderilleros. Their duty is to stick an arrow about eighteen inches long and ribbon-decorated, having a barbed point, in each side of the bull's neck. To do this trick gracefully he posts himself about twenty paces in front of the toro and than a bull fight. As to its morality, or then by gesticulating with his arms, proits influence on a nation of amateurs at this vokes the animal, who rushes at him; the banderillero with lightning swiftness fastens an arrow in each side of his neck, and springs aside out of danger with the nim-

bleness of a panther. Should his foot slip, or he miscalculate the distance or hesitate, he would be speared and finding place in the circus with its like a fish. The bull bellows with pain, the arid, desolate country, destitute of tree snorts and jumps, pursuing his tormentors who, running for their lives, clear the bardrives or rides at the greatest speed of rier and are safe. Another man with banwhich his animal is capable, in clouds of derillas enters the ring, plants two more and is supposed to contain invaluable, un-

seated, or hang on by their eyelids, chat- then he runs round the corridor head up, tering like magpies. It's a country circus looking at the crowd defiantly and is at last chased again into the arena.

All the spectators stand up and wildly gesticulating yell like madmen. The banwith all sorts of ribbons, fringes, tassels derilleros and capeadores renew the attack; one twists his tail, another blinds him by throwing his capa over his horns, a third using his lance as a spring pole jumps over the bull's back, then throws his lance at back—he carrying h is g u n slung on the shoulder—are coming in from tangled, and the bull snaps it like a pipe the country; others are on tiny little donstem as he runs. All this was done with keys, the rider's feet almost scraping the ground, like the pictures one sees in the illustrated Bibles of locomotion in Palestine; lustrated Bibles of locomotion in Palestine; while the people enjoyed, laughed and applauded. The toro now at white heat of exasperation is considered "ripe for slaugh-

Now comes the solemn part of this barbarous spectacle.

The trumpet sounds and the prima spade (swordsman) enters the arena, having in the one hand the spada, in the other a red and makes the Alcade a speech in which he assures him of his homage and determina-

Tossing his cap in the air he advances resolutely towards the bull. Now is the struggle! a young man of perhaps twenty five, dressed like a dancing master, silk stockings and slippers, alone, with no defence but a small, thin sword, against the terrible brute with horns sharp as poignards, exasperated with pain, blinded by wrath, looking hideous, frightfully bloody. But the eyes of the vast, breathless, excitpretty hands of the senoritas will applaud

The bull, head down, swift as an arrow, plunges at him, the *spada* jumps aside straight up in the air heels together, and is rewarded by thunderous applause. The audacious torero advances again, taunts the monster is charging on him, attacks the quadruped ten times and each instance escapes certain death by a quick jump aside. The supreme moment has arrived, the

audience yells, Que lo mate! Que lo mate.

The *espada* stops, assumes a tragic pose, shakes his flag, holds his sword horizonshakes his flag, notes his swell had been tally; a stillness of death reigns, the people appear as so many stones; the bull rushes; we see the silver flash of a sword, the poor thing staggers, falls on his knees, belching blood, and from every throat comes an infernal, unearthly yell, followed by deafening plandits and cries of Bueno Viva! The tumult is indescribable; all are universal, it is momentary insanity; and regret.

finer. He kept his word better than kings usually do. The Escurial is built in the form of a grid-iron, on which legend says, the good saint was martyred. I have been in the tunnel cut in the glacier at Grindelwald and it is cosy and warm there compared with the sepulchral, hyperborean, pleurisy and catarrh-laden air of the Pantheon in the Escurial. The kings of Spain are buried there—that is to say, those who left heirs. Alfonzo XII is now buried there; his son the present king having been born five months after his death, sepulture there was originally refused.

The kings lie buried under such masses of granite that I wonder if they may not have trouble at the resurrection. guide shows you the room where Philip II lived as a monk fourteen years, and the three-legged stool on which he sat, the aus-

They say the Escurial has eleven hundred and ten windows, and I prefer to accept the statement to testing its accuracy. I was glad to get away without being com-pelled to go to bed with pleurisy or pneu-

I saw Sagasta several times, driving in an open carriage. Like Castelar and the late Canovas del Castillo, he has figured in politics from the early "fifties," and has field nearly every position under the national government. He has been a conspirator, a revolutionist, a pronunciamientist; has been exiled and condenned to death as a conspirator was a reference in death as a conspirator, was a refugee in 1856, and again in 1866, in France and England.

By profession he is an engineer. He enced his political career as a General of Militia. He is an impassioned orator and unequalled debater. Now over seventy years old, he is reputed to be the hardest-worked man in Spain; to have a hand of iron in a velvet glove and like President Cleveland did, works all day at his desk, disposed to do everything him-

His cast of countenance and straggling beard give him a peculiarly Hebraic appearance.

I had several conversations, at leisure, with a German banker, who has lived thirty years in Madrid, and has a perfect knowledge of Spanish finances and politics. He said the number of Republicans and Liberals in favor of the autonomy of Cuba is growing every day, but many were apprehensive of automomy, regarding it as dangerous, because a means of disintegration and preparation to secession from Spain which has held sway over Cuba since October, 1492.

The Spaniards, naturally nervous and impatient, are excited and discouraged in the highest degree at the prolongation of are standing up gesticulating wildly, cries the war, which they never cease to execrate

(octroi) brought into cities and towns.

In addition to these the sale has been decreed by the Cortes of various national properties and the timber of public lands. One of the governmental incomes is the amount paid in each case for substitutes by the conscripted. This money is paid to the government, and varies from 1,500 to 2,000 pesetas, equalling 300 to 400 dollars for each substitute provided. Sixty thousand substitutes have been bought, bringing into the Treasury more than 110,000,000.

All this information I could not have procured from Spaniards. They are too patriotic to thus expose the skeleton in the

I sincerely pity the Spaniards, who are really excellent, sympathetic people. If they are now financially as a nation practically at the end of the tether, their ingen-iousness in trying to conceal the true situation, and their generous, valorous, Don Quixotic character, compels your admira-

MAJOR W. H. HASTINGS.

Horror on the Dyea Trail

Avalanche Cost Perhaps 100 Lives.-Twenty-one

The horror on the Dyea trail is growing in magnitude hourly. As the work of rescue proceeds it becomes more apparent that many more lives were lost than at

first thought possible. It is now believed that between 50 and 100 men and women were killed by the avalanche. Many bodies will never be

Two or three thousand men are working in relays of as many as can stand side by side, shovelling away the debris in search of the dead and dying. Twentytwo dead bodies have been recovered and identified, and twenty-five have been taken out alive.

RAILWAY GANG MISSING. Seventeen employees of the Chilkoot Railway & Tram Company, who went up to the summit on the morning of the slide to work, are missing and it is feared that they are among the lost.

It estimated that 10,000 tons of outfits gown. are buried under the snow and ice. There were several smaller slides before the death-dealing avalanche was started.

About 2 o'clock in the morning, a small slide occurred which buried several cabins. The alarm spread and many people were endeavoring to work back to Sheep Camp, when the main slide occurred. The snowstorm was blinding and crowds were comFOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

Miss Sophronisba Breckinridge, who has just been made a fellow in the department of physical science of the University of Chicago, is the eldest daughter of Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge.

Japanese screens were never so popular. The black ones embroidered in gold are most appropriate for the dining room or library, while for the parlor very handsome ones of white satin embroidered in colored silk are shown. The frame is a simple black band and the mount of Japanese black and gold brocade. Simpler ones with frames made of a thin band of plain wood hinged ready for use, come at very reasonable prices. These can be enameled or stained at home and then mounted with panels of Roman satin, burlap, denim or embroidered linen.

Very many guimpes and shirt waist fronts to wear under slashed bodices, low-Bodies Found.—Many Clung to a Rope and Were Saved and 25 Were Dug Out Alive from the Snow and Ice that Overwhelmed Them. 100000 to those who require nothing to accentuate width. Horizontal trimmings are the most popular, but it is better suited to tall, slender women than to those whose inches

recovered until the sun melts the tons of snow and ice that now bury them from pleat. If the waist is of silk the box pleat is pierced at intervals to display pretty buttons. The wash waist of gingham is really more stylish without the studs, so in that case the box pleat is innocent of

> If there is a distinguishing feature of the new spring dress, it is the yoke. This is made of bright silk contrasting with the dress. It is but rounding back and front and is part of the gown. The collar matches the yoke and the appearance is that of a silk waist worn underneath the

The first essential in the care of the hands is scrupulous cleanliness. You can never have soft white hands unless you keep them free from dust and grease. For this you need a pure emollient soap, a good nail brush, plenty of warm water and possibly a cream and paste also. The hands should, as a rule, be washed at least three times a day; sometimes it is necessary to wash them oftener than this. A small piece of pumice stone should be kept on the wash stand to remove discolorations, such as ink spots, gardening stains etc. Use a generous supply of soap. Keep two brushes for the hands one (a soft one) for scrubbing the skin, the other for cleaning the nails.

After thoroughly rubbing the hands with the soft brush and plenty of soap and cleaning the nails, rinse in clear water to which a teaspoonful of lemon juice and an equal quantity of prepared toilet oatmeal have been added. Then dry with a soft towel and dust over with oatmeal powder. This method of washing will keep the hands soft and white during the most se-

vere weather.

Hands which are natually coarse and red or have become so through inattention require further treatment. A thoroughly good emollient cream should be well rub-bed into them night and morning, and it may sometimes be necessary to wear lose kid gloves, with the palms cut out (in order to give plenty of ventilation) during the night.

The hands should be manicured at least twice a week. If you have not time or cannot afford to visit a good manicure, invest in a set of manicure articles and a few good instruments and learn to do your hands yourself. After washing the hands first gently press back the cuticle around the nails. Instead of the destructive nail cleaners use an orange wood stick, sharpened to a flat point. The enamel of the nails is so delicate that the steel instruments cannot fail to roughen and scrape the under surface. The dust is at once attracted by this roughness, and the nail is much more difficult to keep clean than when an orange wood stick is used.

Cut the nails in a slightly pointed curve, immense gorge rises at a very steep incline into the hills, and it was down this the if you keep the cuticle round the nail avalanche came. The telephone office here pressed down persistently, it will need no especial treatment. Never cut it unless people anxious to get some word of friends absolutely necessary, and then use very believed to have been in the disaster.

absolutely necessary, and then use very delicately pointed, curved cuticle scissors. If there is any irritation of the cuticle and Dyea to Sheep Camp to aid in the skin, apply a little good toilet cream. To work of rescue. It is believed that when polish the nails use a little nail powder

In trimming spring hats and bonnets many places. It has effectually stopped travel for the present and it will be some time before it can be resumed.

A STORY OF A SURVIVOR.

A STORY OF A SURVIVOR.

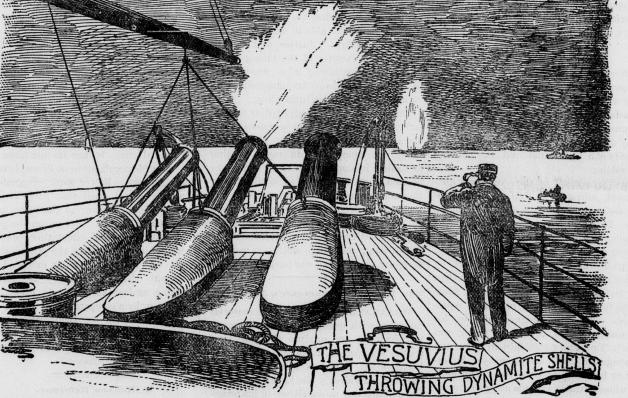
A story of A survivor.

Another very fashionable mode of decoration is to encircle the crown of turban or toque with a thick wreath of flowers: nasturtiums in all their red glowing shades being favorite blossoms. This wreath is then veiled with tulle or other gauzy material, of white black or golden brown; repeating one of the colors of the flowers in

> The young mother rarely knows exactly the best thing to do when she awakes to find her infant struggling with its first attack of croup. Until the physician comes the easiest thing to do is to wring a small sponge or cloth out of hot water and put it directly over the Adam's apple. The feet can be put in hot mustard water, and if the child can be made to swallow hot water, the revulsion of vomiting will soon put a stop to the spasm of the vocal cords. If a stove is near at hand a pan or shallow dish can be placed on it and a little turpentine added. Such treatment will often greatly alleviate the severe spasms.

> The dress of the period is arranged by a skillful dressmaker so as to make a girl short-waisted at the back and long-waisted in front. To this end the skirt is often made to fasten over the waist in the back, while the long blouse front is drawn down noted in old paintings, which are portraits

The sailor blouse is a favored model for waists. The back width is laid in fine now 16, and will put in the intervening tucks in groups of five inches apart, runvances on prospective sales of revenue time in hard study in the scientific school across the body. The front widths have stamps, and additional tax on provisions of Columbia University.



the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, clap scene is past painting. The spada is again

The spectators throw him cigars, hats. canes, purses, opera-glasses, anything they have in their hands. Preparations for the next slaughter are begun; nothing stops the "sport," not even the death of a torero. In this corrida we saw six bulls and twenty-one horses killed in the space of

two hours and a half. Rennyson was amused, frightened, disgusted. Near us were children with their mothers who laughed, applauded, and screamed with delight. Such sights would fill an American lady with supreme disgust, but drew the plaudits from the grand panish ladies who graced the occasion.

Who can analyze the matter psychologically? You are horrified beyond measure with the atrocious brutality of killing wondrous agility, the charming fearlessness of the performers; you feel as if you would faint when seeing the blood of the disemboweled horses; you yell and applaud the marvellous courage, the matchless dexterity of the spada, who faces and dominates an enraged animal who kills a lion, a leopard, or a white bear.

Like poets toreros must be born not made if you will pardon such dusty platitude. The primas spadas are the nerves of the nation. They are better paid than their Sechorseman.

Thunders of applause reward the picador's successful resistance. The poor discovering to the properties of the Treasury, more popular with the people than their Premier, or their greatest orator; they are idolized by the project by the project of the ladies, bowed to by the society leaders; frequent the most select circles, are received at Court; they have their carriage and splendid horses; their photographs, oil paintings and statues are displayed everywhere in the shops, placed on fans, figure on handkerchiefs. They are the

true heroes of Spain. Explain it for me if you can, for to my mind the enigma is complete.

I asked my friend Rennyson what he

thought about it; "Don't let's talk about it, for I am disgusted, wearied out and feeling as if I wanted to sleep for about two weeks." Such was the expression of feeling on his part.

We made an excursion to the Escurial. that eighth wonder, after the pyramids the greatest pile of marble in the world, out to Guadarrama mountains, through near the house or water, which surrounds Madrid. has exhausted descriptions in untold books dust amid a hubbub of yelling.

The driver is seated on the shafts, his legs dangling among the mules', which he can conveniently whip; and in the carryal all are as many boys and girls as can be

treaty, it is my solid opinion that Spain is playing with the United States. They want to finish the war first, and then ac-United States, which, frankly, are exorbitant, and, if accorded, would make the island more American than Spanish.

The finances of Spain are in a deplorable condition. All recent negotiations abroad, especially in London and Paris, have failed, and also the effort to secure a loan from Rothschild, on the mercury mines o Almaden, came to nought. Spain has mortgaged everything.

Their bonds known as "Enterior," are

quoted at 50 to 60, although bearing the interest at 4 per cent should be, at least, 120.

The only hope of Spain being able to procure more money to pay the arrears due to the troops and prosecute the war in Cuba and the Phillipines, is by means of a popular loan, as was done in November, 1896, when 600 millions of pesetas were subscribed on a loan intended to secure 400 millions, floated at 93 with interest at 6.56 per cent. There are a great many people in Spain possessing enormous fortunes in bonds and mines, and most of this wealth has been inherited, or made in Cu-

ba or South America. The Spaniards are a proud, chivalric brave, patriotic race, with much haughti-A popular loan might again be floated if the patriotic blood of the nation were warmed by a crisis in politics or the conduct of the war.

An evidence of their patriotism is the success of the *Imparcial* newspaper, which opened a subscription for the relief of the wounded and sick soldiers in Cuba, which now amounts to more than one million and a half pesetas (300,000 dollars). In 1876 Spain's credit was so bad that it

paid 7.32 per cent, interest on foreign loans

guaranteed by receipts from customs and the faith of the nation. Now Spain has borrowed money on, and hypothecated as the guarantee, the prospec- live. revenues to be derived from customs at home, in Cuba and the Phillipines: revenues from tobacco monopoly; the tax on the sale of gunpowder, dynamite and

other explosives; and the momoply of the importation, exportation, refining and sale of petroleum. Spain has placed a war tax which varies merchandise in inland transit; and ten per cent additional tax on all assessed taxlebt. A new tax has been imposed on the exportation of lead and other minerals, ad-

As to the negotiations for a commercial | ing down by the aid of a rope when over-The exact location of the slide is given a

two and half miles above Sheep Camp cord, in a commercial treaty, just what they please, resisting the claims of the ment Company's power house. Here an has been thronged all day and night with Many people have gone from this city

the full returns are in the dead will num- and polish with a chamois skin polisher. ber nearer one hundred and fifty. The slide covered the trail for several hundred yards, at a depth of fifty feet in many places. It has effectually stopped

J. A. Raines, of Maine, who was fortunate enough to be dug out alive, says: "All of a sudden I heard a loud report and instantly felt myself going swiftly down the hill. Looking around I saw many others had been caught, some with their feet out and heads buried out of sight. When I struck the bottom I tried

to run, but the snow caught me and I was

instantly buried beneath thirty feet of

snow and rock. I was on the verge of

death by suffocation when I was reached by the rescuers. I think the slide occurred about 11 a. m. I am thankful to be alive to-day. Among my partners were S. T. Burge, Emporia, Kas.; A. S. Smith, Kansas City; F. G. Brease, Emporia, Kansas., and J. Morgan, who went down in the slide. The

rest escaped uninjured. "Many, I presume, were saved by taking hold of a rope for hauling freight up to the summit. Ay this means forty or fifty were pulled out, battered and bruised more or less, but glad to be alive at any discount. I never want to nor expect to experience such an awful half hour again as long as I

Ulysses III. Grandson of the Great Soldier to Become a Cadet

In 1885 General Grant addressed a letter to the President of the United States ask- in front to extend the line. Satin belts of ing that his grandson, Ulysses, be appoint- bias bands folded are drawn low down to

ed a cadet at West Point. Young Ulysses is now a strapping lad, with military aspihe arid, desolate country, destitute of tree louse or water, which surrounds Madrid. It is a Leviathan of architecture which surrounds it is now a strapping lad, with military aspiration of rations, and last week his father, Colonel all kinds; railroad and steamboat tickets; Frederick D. Grant, presented the letter of ladies. to President McKinley. Ulysses lives in per cent additional tax on all assessed tax-es, excepting government bonds and public reporter he said that he did not expect to go to West Point until he was 17. He is