THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE---WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 10, 1896.

WHERE SPAIN SENDS HER CUBA CONVICTS

Something About One of Spain's Island Andersonvilles.

THE DREAD LITTLE ISLE OF CEUTA

In It Cruelties Beyond Conception Are Practiced Daily--Hundreds Would Welcome Death--Graphic Description of the Horrors of Spanish Sovereignty in the American Hemisphere.

From the New York Herald.

A baid, gray island, set in a rim of blue sea. A spectral town, white, like a graveyard, walled like a convent and circled with impassable moats. Such is Ceuta-Spain's pet colony for con-

Here, from dawn until starlight, day day, three hundred Cubans wield by day, three hundred Cobans when their heavy hammers over the granite stone heaps, with the hard faced keep-ers hovering ever near with ready lash and horrible blasphemy. Here, night by night, from the heart

of El Hacho-the prison hell-there arise strange cries and moans and the hiss of the descending lash. The Span-ish priest, black robed and sombre, hears it and smiles, muttering to himself, "Dios gracias; another enemy to the good king is catching it." When the half dead prisoners march

out to the stone heaps on the following day there are livid wounds and dried blood on the backs of several of

the gaunt ribbed toilers. Coiled about Ceuta, like the convolutions of great serpents, are seven gray walls. They are thick and high and impassable, save by the arching bridges that span them at intervals. Between each wall there is a deep moat of sea water, silent, waveless, lifeless, and sometimes odorous with decay and the damp drip of the sea ooze from the slimy stones.

SCARRED BY ASSAULTS.

The outer wall is scarred by the as-saults of the Moors, from whom the island and the old ruined town were wrested in times gone by. Here is the dull white scar where a round shot from some old bell mouthed brass cannon has splashed and spread against the stones. Here the parapet is torn and shredded away in the desperate endeavor to tear a path to the heart of the town.

At present every one of the seven walls about Ceuta 'is fortified, and Spanish sentries roost like vultures along the parapets, dreaming away the hours and hoping against hope that some one of the weary squad of prisoners at the stone heaps may prove in-subordinate or run amuck at his keepers. Then pop! the rifles will go, and convict will roll over like a sho rabbit. Then the sentries will laugh and re-load and talk over the incident

during the rest of the day. Here and there along the walls one sees the frowning muzzles of cannon. They are never used, however, ex-cept for signals, and there are fine chances of their burfling, even with this exertion. They are ancient and antiquated and oblique in pattern and in accuracy.

The modern town of Ceuta is built at the base of a high, stony hill, When the Spaniards wrested the town from the Moors they practically destroyed the old city, building the present one some distance away from it. The ruins of the old city may yet be soan. The wells of the appoint Moor.

seen. The valis of the ancient Moor-ish houses and mosques may be traced, and the ruins of the Sultan's harem. The new town of Ceuta is divided by a great ditch connected by a big stone

down through the grating into the dim, cavern?like enclosure. One look and you turn sick at he horrible stench that arises. In the dim light of dawn you arises. In the dim light of a cos, ghastly, despairing, passionless. They see you at the grating and wonder mutely what new tortare you are about to inflet on them. Their beds are dark and foul and

damp. They sleep in a den of fith and fover, where minds are destroyed and bodies racked. These are not the pris-oners with money. They are patriotic Cubans who are suffering for their pa-triotism. Among them are Alfred Bet-

ancourt, ex-deputy to the Spanish court, and Juan Alberto Gomez, one of the former editors of La Lucha, à Havan paper. When the present insurrection broke

out Juan Gomez, who was the leader of the Ibarri party of Cubans, surren-dered to the Spanish authorities on the promise of protection and prompt re-lease. He was immediately released, according to promise, but the release was a mere form and an evasion. He

"The man is too ill for flogging." said he. It was not that he was too ill to work or in danger of his life from sunstroke. He was merely too ill to be was immediately arrested on a new charge, and shortly afterward was transported to Ceuta, where he has since labored on the stone hears for the Spanish dikes.

transported to Ceuta, where he has since labored on the stone heaps for the Spanish dikes. When he was arrested Gomez was plump and fleshy. His best friends would not know him now. He has

reel like a drunken man. This time the guard did not stop for his whip. After a brief admonition to the sick convict the Spaniard clubbed his gun and struck the prisoner a fear-ful blow on the temple, felling him senseless on the rock heap. The sur-geon came, felt of the unconscious man's pulse and forehead and ordered him removed to the hospital-not from

are and this. The cut across Ell or pairs or good. You constitute the part of the stone game, Now that determine the stone game, Now the part of the stone game, Now the part of the stone game. The part of the stone game, Now the part of the ston

THE PRISONERS ESCAPE. All that day they sat and broke stones with a wild enthusiasm they could not repress, in spite of the chok-ing dust and awful heat. In the even-ing they were marched back to Ei All thus, stones with a wild entries could not repress, in spite of the chok-ing dust and awful heat. In the even-ing they were marched back to Ei Hacho and locked up. In that march, Hacho and locked up. In that march, however, they mentally selected the bowever, they mentally selected the indication of the company who was to appear in the next company who was to appear in the next which were the filshermen's clothes. Past experience has caused the Spaniards to feel secure in the belief that no prisoner could escape from the iron bound island. That night the four pristhe stage in an extlemen, am I in an "Ladies and gentlemen, am I in an after-dinner condition?" "No! no!" "Yes!" Go on with the play," and various other responses violence.

them in the capacity of guard. This day was a mere repetition of the preceding one. They hammered at the stones until late in the afternoon, when their hearts wer thrilled at the sound of the prison hell.

There was a sum one in the rear, Suddenly Carrera and his compan-ions stopped and stepped quickly be-tween the tall heaps of broken stone. It is not the procession and on went the procession and the proc

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the officer, the same one whom Broug-ham had so successfully deceived. "Here, Bilkem, haven't I told you to always keep this stage door clear, and yet here is an infernal Irishman smok-ing his nasty pipe directly across the threshold!" threshold!

The officer came out promptly. "Now, then, start out of this," said Burton. "Divil a bit," was the gruff reply. "Pull him out," said Burton to the officer, who approached, cane in hand, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the offender

Much to their surprise, however, he started up, threw his pipe into the gut-ter, and pulling off his slouch hat and a wig as he advanced into the glare of

the gasights, said to the astonished manager, in well-known tones: "Mr. Burton, do you think, after see-ing him on the stage, you can always tell an actor as far as you can see

"Upon my word," said the surprised Burton, "that was very well played." "Thanks," replied Brougham; "sometimes a manager can be sold as well as

an audience. Brougham died June 7, 1880, in New ork. He was buried in Greenwood York. cemetery.



MILD. BUT EFFECTIVE.



SCENES ON CEUTA, SPAIN'S COLONY FOR CONVICTS-HOW THE PRISONERS ARE EMPLOYED. (From the New York Herald.)

habilments in moody and hopeless si-

lence. There is no water in which to wash their hands, which are caked with the toil of vesterday. On one side of the great gloomy room

is a small orifice, probably a foot square, closed with an iron door. Sud-denly this door is opened and a dark

The three men who were to be flogged is thrust forward, together with a spoon and a cup of water. Gruel, pota-toes, bread and tepid water are the were brought out together in charge of a squad of soldiers, commanded by sum of the sumptuous repast. The man nearest the hole selzes the platter and falls to, ravenously. Other lieutenant. "Number 317," said the officer. prisoners who have dressed approach the hole. Still others hurry up, and a line is formed. The clatter of tin plates is incessant. The convicts snarl at each other like fasting hounds. There are a few murderous Spanish prison ers among them, but it is as mu

and gloomy yard, in one corner of which is a double armed post, set into the ground something after the fashion

of a crucifix. Into this yard came the "stone gang," sullen and silent, for the whipping ex-hibition. The guards who were to do

ta.

grown as thin as a consumptive, his ribs and joints are horribly prominent. and his back is scarred with a pretty constant application of the lash. These prisoners in the huge enclos-ure of the lower court are the stone gang. As they rise from their small beds, they groan with the anguish of their stiff joints and the pain of their wounds. They dress in their solid their stiff joints and the pain of their and gloomy yard, in one corner of ta.

PLANNING TO ESCAPE.

During the past summer a successful attempt was made by four Cubans prisoners to escape from the island. Their names were Ramon Jovan, Juan great ditch connected by a big stone bridge. The city was at first built be-tween the ditch and the hill, but out-growing these limitations, it spread over the ditch, and the walls were ex-tanded to fence it in.

with nome hand and Mendoza with the other. "Call the guard." he sold to the proprietor. "These 'trusties' have as-saulted me." The four servants of the convicts were wrapped in a drunken slumber at a table in the corner. The Spanish guard arrived on the run and four prisoners were drarged to EI Hacho and thrust into the large gloom," enclosure where the stone rang was confined. Their arrival created ho par-ticular comment. The duil, hopeless faces of the caviets were again turder to the wall a moment afterward, and the new arrivals sat down on the foor in gloomy silence. The agait upriming, when the prison ever very "siow in taking their pam-of, the procession that slowly wended its way outside the town walls to the stone heaps. THE PRISONERS ESCAPE.

company who was to appear in the next piece has come to the theatre in such an after-dinner condition that—" He got no further, for a well known member of the company rushed upon the stage in an excited manner with:

came from the audience. Then entered the manager, who, addressing himself Next morning they were marched out as usual, Marat walking behind to the speakers, said: "Gentlemen, I insist that you retire." "Not till I have an apology from

boxes: "this audience came to see the play, and not to settle actors' quarrels." "Oh, father, slt down, do!" said a young lady with the speaker who at-tracted the attention of the whole audiof the prison bell. "The call to the whipping post," they thought. Then events came rapidly. Marat, the guard, was as white as a sheet as the four men fell into file at the rear of the procession and started

on their march for the prison yard. There was a guard on either side and

"Bedad, I'll perform a part meself

"Will the officer remove that man

For myself, I recognized in the voice of the elderly gentlemen W. H. Curtis, one of the stock company, and the daughter as Miss Josephine Orton, an-

tended to fence it in. All that part of the town built be

fore the extension was made necessary called by the Spaniards Intramuro and the outside portion Extramuros. The Intramuros is inhabited by the lower class of the population, a great many of them being fishermen. Their nets may be seen everywhere, and their boats bob around the island in squads. The stench of decayed iish is almost insupportable, until one be-

comes used to it. The streets of the Intramuros are so narrow and tortuous that it is im-possible for two water donkeys to pass on the same street until one has stepped out at the junction of the near-est thoroughfare and made way for the other.

The military duties on the island are performed by the Third Spanish regiment of Africa, under the command Colonel Antonio A. Condrera. In Extramuros there are two parks, the Plaza de los Reyas and Our Lady Outside the walled city the land is

covered with huge bowlders, gray with moss and desolate in the extreme.

LASH SCARED CONVICTS.

At present there are sixteen thou-sand inhabitants of Ceuta, including the garrison and the penal colony. The the great stone heaps where the prison island is twelve hours from Cadiz. A boat arrives at Ceuta twice a week from Spain, always landing at night, when the convicts are all locked in the with the exception of a brief period when the convicts are all locked in the depths of El Hacho.

At eight o'clock every evening the signal gun booms from El Hacho. Then there is a closing of shops and a slamming of doors in Intramuros, and five minutes later not a light is to be seen and not an open door may be discov-

All that one hears in the empty, peb-All that one nears in the entry, peo-ble paved streets after this hour is the shrill challenge of the sentry, as he halts some belated pedestruan. This evening gun is also the signal for all stilling. Over on the edge of the kneelprisoners who are regarded as "trus-tles" by reason of the divine influence of money, to return to the prison for the night.

Woe to them if they are not back within a reasonable time after gun fire. Their backs will bear the marks of the lash for many a day. Doubly woe to them if a file of soldiers is sent to hunt them. Bayonet stabs, blows over the head with muskets, fractured skulls and even death are often the portion of belated prisoners.

This signal gun has nothing to do with the stone breaking squad, whose lives are regulated in a far simpler way, by means of a time bell and the lash. They march to and fro, they do not speak, their hammers rise and fall with monotonous regularity, their heads are bent in constant toil, and their convict uniforms are coated with stone dust. So it goes day by day and see some fun presently² stone dust. So it goes day by day and month by month. Happy the prisoner who has money

at his command. No matter what his offence may be, for a certain compensation, presumably paid to the gover nor, he is allowed to go about the In-tramuros as he pleases during the day, attended by a Spanish soldier as a servant, and only reporting to the prison at the sound of the signal gun at even-

El Pacho, "the hell," as the Cubans call it, stands on the top of a high, stony hill. Those who visit the prison stony hill. Those who visit the prison ascend a narrow, stone stairway, emerging in a sort of court, huge, desolate and echoing. In the very center of this court, at your feet, is a square and grated hatchway, through which you look directly into the large and appar-ently doorless enclosure in which three hundred prisoners are confined.

AN AWFUL PRISON.

companions with a jagged stone in his hand. "My God!" he cried; "if you hit that man again I'll brain you." The dawn is gray on the roofs and walls of the Intramuros. The huge ditch stretches like a black Styx through the heart of the town. Stand-ing on the elevated court, you look

their lives are worth to thrust them-selves forward at such a time. Just as the last of the three hun-dred gaunt men receives his plate three arises the sound of a bell from the roof MARCHING TO THE STONE HEAPS

An iron door on one side of the en-closure is thrown open, and again comes the order, "Venga! Venga!" and a squal of Spanish soldiers file into the court. The man who received the last plate through the hole has barely time for two huge gulps, when the prisin-ers fall into a close focked line with their hands on each other's shoulders

They march out brough the prise doods into the outer patio, down the hill and along the awakening streets, where the small, dark children stare at them curiously. Outside the walls are

ers work. Then the clank of hammers begins, during which the prisoners eat more gruel, fore bread, potatoes and water. The toll is frightfully monotonous. If

only the prisoners could converse the monotony would not be so great. A word, however, means a hissing whiplash over the shoulders or across the face ther.

senseless Cuban, who only moaned with Again and again the whip descended

The rattle of heavy hammers is deaf-Then the Cuban who had threatened ening and the dust is intolerable, but there is no cessation. The sun climbs rapidly overhead and the heat becomes to brain the overseer was strung to the rack. His back, like that of his companion, was unscarred by Spanish whips, but it was gaunt and bony from ing squal a small pale Cuban prisoner hard life in the hills of Santiago. An-other flogger came forward. He was broad shouldered and muscular, and reels with every swing of the hammer He arrived on the Spanish steamer at midnight with two others, and this is eager for blood. his first day.

There was no hesitation in his ac-This young patriot has not yet grown tions. He fairly pranced around the post raining blows on his defenceless hardened to the work. His companions, however, are giants in stature. All three were officers under Calixto Garcia in Eastern Cuba. victim from waistband to neck. The big Cuban lasted longer than his companion. Three dozen flesh cutting blows had been given before he began to weaken. Then the horrible mon-otony of the punishment and the ex-"Madre de Dios!" the small man ex-claims. "My strength is leaving me. I shall die." shall die." A huge convict kneeling at the next heap curls his lips into a sneer. His broad back is barred like that of a

quisite agony of the criss-cross blows that were cutting his back into rib-bons were too much for him. He shricked aloud. He blasphemed

he shricked aloud. He biasphemed heaven and earth. He revised his tor-turer. He cursed the Spanish govern-ment and damned the King of Spain. Then with a wild cry of "Vivà Cuba Libre!" he swooned just as the other bed dese ad done. The hardened old convicts who had

received just such doses intermittently since the Ten Years' War looked at me another and gazed about the one another and gazed about them at the audience in a theatre gazes when the hero of a tragedy meets his death on the stage. They were inured to scenes like this. The senseless man was unstrapped

live still. If I am not mistaken we shall see some fun presently." The slim, pale Cubken recled and al-most fell forward on his face. It is probable that the grizzled old convict felt some qualms of pity as he did. a very unusual thing. Leaning forward toward the new arrival he whispered fiercely, "Look out, young man. Do you want to get triced up and flogged half to death?" At that very moment the young Cu-ban pitched forward on his face, half senseless. Up came the guard, whip in hand, ready for the fray. He had seen the old convict say something, and and taken down, and laid on the st until the surgeon had felt his heard and pulse and had forced a dram of brandy between his clenched teeth. Then he was carried away and his clothing was carried after him. seen the old convict say something, and had seen the other fall. Down came the whip across the shoulders of the A TORTURED VETERAN.

Then came the big convict who had whispered the warning. He did not have to be coached in the etiquette of the whipping post. He stepped quickly forward and drew off his shirt without a word. His back was seamed with old scars that gleamed white on his buiwith a hiss like that of an angry snake. Up sprang one of the young man's companions with a jagged stone in his cklike hide.

locklike hide. He drew out of his pocket a small piece of wood he had secured for the purpose and placed it between his teeth. Then he was triced up to the rack, more

Cognac was a potent factor in their plans. The men used to meet in a small cafe and proceed to play cards and drink. They also plied their soldier

servants with drink until they were The young Cuban who had fainted in stupefied, when they could talk over the stoneya 1 was selzed by two sol- their plans without fear of being over-

the stoneya 1 was seized by two sol-diers and sti oped naked to the walst. Then his han s were strapped to the outer ends of the cross beam, his feet were tied at the bottom, and one of the men with the whips was called for-ward. away

utes.

long as they lived in these houses and inside the well guarded walls. Seven lofty walls and six deep moats were too FAINTED UNDER THE WHIP. He smiled as he looked at he white and scarless back, rolling his shirt sleeves up to his elbow in the mean-time. Then he swung half around, much for anything human to overcome. For a month or more they discussed the situation pro and con. Finally they time. Then he swung half around, poised his whip over his head for a second, then brought it down with a "woof" like that of a running hog. The Cuban squirmed and twisted and strained at the straps, but never a sound came from his lips. Great streaks, dark and discolored, sprang up under the strands of the whip. There was no sound from the crowd of spec-stators.

tators. Again the lash descended, and again the welts, red and angry, sprang into

the wers, red and angry, sprang into view. Then with the regularity of a flail in the hands of a farmer the whip rose and fell, swishing fiercely through the air at each stroke. With the tenth blow the Cuby borne to mean the define of the define of the strong the air at each stroke. With the tenth blow the Cuban began to moan mon-otonously, like a sick man. With the swelleth he shrieked loudly, and hung supine on the strang unconsidered. Then he was taken down and carried guard was always composed of the same man. He was a tall Gallician away. "A weakling," said one of the men, who had been there twenty years named Marat.

For several weeks the quartet of "trustles" had no opportunity to cultior more, and who had forgotten everything beyond the seven walled town and the stone heaps. "His hide will grow thicker with time," replied anvate the acquaintance of Marat. Finalby however, fortune favored them. One Sunday morning they met the glb Gal-lego guard in one of the Intramuros cafes. At first he was surly and re-fused to have anything to do with the will

prisoners. Seeing, however, that they were well supplied with money, and, having a weak-ness for rum, he finally succumbed far enough to get drunk. Things had to be worked very slowly, as the men could meet only once a week, and that on Sunday. Another month passed before Marat

was ripe for plucking. During the time things had progressed only in hints or verbal skirmishes. On the fourth Sanday the five men met in the cafe and proceeded to enjoy themselves. Marat being in the full possession of

his senses, Carreara suddenly said: "Marat, how would you like to quit this life and settle down for life on a

this life and settle down for life on a nice little farm in Gallicia?" "Bueno!" exclaimed the Spaniard. "There is nothing I should like better. If I had 5,000 pesos and my time was up I would go to Spain and stay there. Oh, I know a beautiful senorita who would be glad to see me come home!" "Look, Marat! See this gold? Look at the vellow of it. There is a thousand

at the yellow of it. There is a thousand dollars in that little heap alone. Now, see the strange ways of fortune. I have more than ten times that much, wher nore than ten times that much, where I can lay my hands on it; you have nothing much, beyond a few pesetas, with which to buy cognac. Do you want that gold, Marat?"

BRIBING THE GUARD. "Do I want it?" the Spaniard replied "I should like to meet you on a dark night, Senor Carrera."

night. Senor Carrera." "Well, it is yours. Listen." Then Carrera made the square proposi-tion to give Marat the sum of 6,000 pesos if the guard would help them to escape. For a brief space the Spaniard hung in the wind debating the question from every standpoint. If he refused it was a case of three years longer guarding the Ceuta stone gang in the blazing sun. If he would accept -- enough money to

body to witness the whippings. Carrera and his three comrades knew this, and they depended upon it to give

said the manager from the stage. A policeman came down, selzed the nding Pat by the collar, and b them time to reach their boat, half a to drag him away, when the elderly mile away. The stone yard was utter-ly descried after the procession had passed out. The four prisoners dug incentleman again Internosed: "The Irishman is all right; let him

alone to the stones in feverish haste. They soon found the clothes which the fish-By this time the audience were be-ginnig to get in confusion, cries of "Go on," Put him out," resounding, some erman had left and put them on. Then, dodging from stone pile to stone pile, they made for the shore, half a mile

of the ladies begging their escorts to leave for fear of a disturbance. At this juncture, the manager, addressing | Sick Headache, "The boat will be close by the old himself to the elderly speaker, said: "Perhaps you would like your Irish ruined mosque," the fisherman had said. The whipping would occupy half friend to appear here."

an hour, or perhaps more. Of this they had already taken up about ten min-"I have no doubt he would make a better job of it than you do," was the When they deemed themselves reply, amid a peal of laughter. At this point the Hibernian, who had extricated himself from the officer's secure from observation they ran like a drove of deer for the ruined mosque. Here they began to run about and look clutches, ran down the alsle, climbed over the orchestra, hitting the kettleamong the big bowlders, black and slimy with sea moss. A cry from Jo-van announced that the boat was

sumy with sea moss. A cry from Jo-van announced that the boat was found. A large hill sheltered 'hem from the prison and the town walls. from the prison and the town walls, stage, hat in hand, in an easy atti-Just as they pulled away from the tude.

shore the sun sank and the sea grew purple with shadows. The boat was a The moment he did so, and uttered the words "Ladies and gentlemen," the confusion ceased and gave way to shouts of laughter and applause, as small one, with a short, stumpy mast, stepped high in the prow. They turn-ed her head for the coast of Morocco he was recognized as John Brougham, who spoke thus: and sailed away as fast as a beam wind

would take them. They were now powerless to do any who spoke thus: "Ladles, and gentlemen, J promised you an original production, on the occasion of my benefit; it was, "This House to be Sold,' and if this house thing further. They could only sail and pray for the coming of night. Sudden-ly the sound of a cannon echoed from the far away parapets of Ceuta. It has not been sold, please inform me

was followed by a second and a third and the far away prisoners could see the white smoke drifting from the bas-The sequel to this is quite amusing. tions of El Hacho. Several months afterward Brougham was interested with Burton in the management of the Chamber street theatre. New York, where they were SUNK BY A CANNON SHOT.

Possibly twenty minutes later they both very successful, especially in a dramatization of "Dombey & Son," in w a small, white sailed craft put out from the shore and head in their diwhich Burton did Captain Cuttle: rection. Then they knew that their mode of flight had been discovered and that they were being pursued. But why Brougham, Joe Bagstock and Jack Bunsby; Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Skewton; by a sailing vessel'

George Jordan, Cracker, etc. For this reason. On that morning a lot of Spanish dignitaries had set out When Brougham's came round he proposed to repeat for in the only steam vessel on the island for a visit to Tunis. Things could not have failen out better for the fleeing a New York audience his "House to Be Sold," but on explaining it to Burton, that worthy objected to it as "i prisopers.

ton, that worthy objected to it as "a plece of illegitimate nonsense." How-ever, after some discussion he said: "Well, go ahead, Brougham, it is your benefit, and it will not be m7 fault if you spoil it with euch trash." Brougham "went ahead," the an-Could the pursuing boat catch them? It was doubtful. The night had crept on rapidly and darkness was hovering about them. It was almos, impossible to see the white sail of the Spanish nouncement was made, a full house was in attendance, and all went on as boat across the intervening waters. The moon was almost fuil, but occasional clouds drifted across her face. During previously in Boston. The audience was thoroughly de-ceived but it chanced that when the her clear moments, however, the put-suing boat could be seen honging on

like grim death two miles in the rear. police officers in front was sumoned to So the chase continued until about three o'clock in the morning. At that eject the supposed Irishman from the audience, that official, not having been time the Spanish boat had erept up to within a mile. The low coast of Moroc-er was visible in the south, however sufficiently posted, supposed the party in question to be a genuine disturber and dragged him with considerable the prisoners grew hopeful at the sight

"Let me go! Let me go," said the undertone, "I am Mr. Suddenly the wind died away. Both actor in an undertone. Brougham." vessels were becalmed. The Cubans were half a mile from the shore. The Spaniards a mile and a half. The four

men got out their oars and began to row. So did their pursuers. Twenty minutes of this work and once more the wind struck the Spanlard dead astern. The escaping prisoners could hear them cheering as the sails filled and the boat came spinning onward.

The wind would reduce the gap be-tween the two boats to a marked degree before the Cubans could catch a breath of it. When the leading boit got under way again scarcely more than half a mile separated the two sloops. Then the Spaniards trained a small brass cannon in the bow of their

boat in a long aim at the white sail thead. The ball flew wide. Again and again The ball flew wide. Again and again buy a farm and live comfortably. Finally, with a great oath, he deelar-ed he would accept. The compact made, the scheme of the four prisoners was brought to light. "In the first place," said Carrera, "we CURE

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