

In 1894 Spain exacted from Cuba taxes amounting to \$26,000,000.

The Germans have dealt English commercial prestige in Russia a severe blow.

England spent \$600,000 licting the King of Ashantee, and then charged him \$800,000 for the fun.

The Michigan Supreme Court has decided that it is no libel for a critic to dissect and ridicule a book, so the merry work can go on.

A leading New York publisher has announced that he will no longer publish books of verse. "Poetry," he says tersely, "does not pay in this era."

Canada is proposing to make a law against American Sunday papers which interfere with the circulation of the Canadian Monday papers. Canada papers are not allowed to publish a Sunday edition.

The Brooklyn Eagle has discovered that it costs more to fire the twelve-inch gun at Sandy Hook, N. J., than it does to pay, clothe and feed for a whole year the soldier who fires it. The expense is \$561.70.

Baron de Zuylen, President of the Auto-Mobile Company, of Paris, says that the horse has got to go. Horseless carriages, wagons and trucks are rapidly driving him off the streets of Paris, and soon there will be small room left for him in the world.

A French paper devoted to the building trades has invited architects to send it their opinions on the subject of "the best way to accommodate bicycles in private houses." The Paris Figaro adds: "Doubtless we shall soon see advertisements of houses to let or for sale with 'excellent stabling for several bicycles.'"

A representative of the Moscow (Russia) Cotton Exchange has just made a trip through the Southern States, negotiating with cotton dealers for the purchase of raw materials. He says that Russia has been buying Egyptian cotton, but owing to the increasing prices they have been led to investigate the cotton of this country. He says that the quality of American cotton is much better than he anticipated and the price lower.

There are more rumors that Great Britain, to please France, will evacuate Egypt. When Great Britain gets ready to evacuate India it will evacuate Egypt, and not before. The closer Russia creeps to Constantinople the tighter grows the British grip upon the Suez Canal and neighboring Africa. In the opinion of the Washington Star, John Bull will not surrender what he has seized and now possesses, and what is, moreover, of vital importance to him—even to please France.

The New York Journal says: The old and romantic Spanish Don, in doublet and hose, disdains mathematics entirely. And yet there is a humorous side even to enumeration. Up to date the war in Cuba has cost him \$50,000,000, and the estimates for the second year are \$75,000,000. During the first year he lost 406 soldiers in conflict and 3472 by yellow fever, and to-day Cuban insurrection is in better shape than it was a year ago.

To complicate this prodigious and hopeless task by incidentally whipping the United States, at the same rate, transfers Cervantes to Yankeeedom and recalls Byron's remark that "he had laughed Spain's chivalry away."

The year 1896 is likely to be notable as the beginning of a new era of research and discovery in the wonderful field of light. Several weeks ago a German professor in Wurzburg University, while experimenting with the "cathode rays" from a Crooke's tube, happened to hold his hand over a photographic sensitive plate exposed to the rays, when, to his astonishment, he found that an indistinct image of the bones of his hand had been left on the plate. He was not searching for such a result; in fact, he was and is still investigating an entirely different subject. He found that by the cathode rays, or X rays as he prefers to call them, in default of exact knowledge of their origin, he was able to photograph a coin inside a leather purse, in a wooden box or through several books. He announced these facts to the world, and the result has been to arouse the most intense interest everywhere. Scientists who have the facilities within reach are themselves experimenting with the new light, while the great mass of people who must take the discovery second hand are awaiting further developments with impatience.

## WORSE THAN DEATH.

### HOW CAPTURED CUBAN REBELS ARE PUNISHED.

Terrible Tortures that Await Luckless Insurgents in Spanish Prisons—Shackled and Walled Up in Damp Dungeons and Left to Rot and Die.

Cells Are Living Tombs. The desperation of the Cubans who are fighting Spain for the liberty of their island excites wonder at times in the American mind, and some are inclined to think them too bloodthirsty in their system of warfare. It is true, very little quarter is given the Spanish soldiery in any of the conflicts where the insurgents have the upper hand, but there is a good, substantial reason for this seeming heartlessness.

The soldiers of the insurgent army know that a fate blacker than death will be their allotment if they fail. The kingdom of Spain has never displayed a gentler hand to its enemies. Dark



EXECUTION IN A SPANISH PRISON.

echoes of the inquisition permeate its treatment of malefactors, for as such the Cuban insurgents are regarded. The prison system of Spain is more barbarous to-day than that of either Turkey or Russia, and that is saying a good deal.

For more than a thousand years the Spaniards have made a study of torture, and the long accumulation of knowledge handed from one generation to another, and elaborated on by each, makes their prisons the worst on earth. There are men forgotten and unnamed rotting away in the Spanish dungeons to-day, under conditions more horrible than that pictured by Dickens in his Tale of Two Cities, in the character of the old doctor confined in the Bastille for twenty-five years. Men who took part in the previous Cuban rebellion, nearly a generation ago, may still be lying in the dungeons. Thirty years hence some of the men who are now fighting so valiantly in Cuba may be rotting away in the same pest holes. It is this prospect which makes them desperate and bloodthirsty, and eager to accept a thousand risks to shake off the torture which awaits them.

Each week batches of Cuban suspects are forwarded to Spain. To be a suspect is equivalent to being guilty, and those who go will, in all probability, never return. If a wealthy planter is suspected of furnishing financial aid to the insurgents he is pounced upon and shipped off. Infinitely better would have been his fate if he had joined the insurgent army and been killed on the field of battle. The ordinary suspect is not executed, but if he be proved guilty of treason the garrote will speedily end his troubles. The garrote is the official form of cap-



IN A DUNGEON.

ital punishment in Spain. Nearly all of the death sentences are executed in the Pradera de la Yedra, in Madrid. All executions are public, and are usually held early in the morning. The criminal is always mounted upon the back of a tiny Spanish donkey and goes to the place of execution in a procession which consists of citizens, priests and soldiers. Prior to leaving the prison in which the condemned has been confined, mass is celebrated, and the death sentence is read to the guilty wretch. When the prisoner reaches the place of execution, he mounts a scaffold, and he is manacled to a chair. Then around his neck is placed the hand of the garrote. Two turns of a powerful thumb-screw crush the neck of the victim, and almost sever the head from the body. Death is claimed to be absolutely instantaneous.

The political prisoner fares worse than the criminal guilty of assassination. Most of the political prisoners are sent to Ceuta, Africa. Ceuta is an old Moorish seaport town in Morocco, opposite Gibraltar. The town is on the side of the ancient mountain, Ahyla, which forms one of the Pillars of Hercules, the Rock of Gibraltar being the

other. It is almost impregnable, and is to Spain what Siberia is to Russia, with the exception that it is even more horrible. The town was built by the Moors about 945, and it is probable that there is no other place in the world where so many devices of torture are concentrated.

Ceuta is a very small place and the Moors constructed a chain of fortresses around it to guard against any possible attack. It is in the center of these ancient and decaying fortresses that the dungeons are located. They are hewn out of the solid rock, and are in fact a depth of fifty or sixty feet. The approach to them is made through narrow openings in the stone floors of the fortresses, and when the horrible hole is opened the foul odor of filth and decomposition is overpowering. These dungeons are inhabited almost solely by political prisoners, and many Cubans arrested during the present rebellion are there. Some are in solitary confinement. Others are in dungeons holding thirty or forty men.

When a man is placed in solitary confinement, a hole is cut in the masonry large enough to admit the passage of his body, and he is dropped in. A blacksmith follows and welds on the fetters. Locks and keys are never used. A heavy weight with a chain is welded to the waist. A chain attached to the latter is welded to an iron ring sunk in the wall of solid rock. The hole in the masonry is bricked up again with the exception of a small space a few inches square. Through this comes the scant air and the scraps of food allowed the victim.

After that the man is left to live or rot. The filth of these holes cannot be adequately described. Death is merciful here, for few men survive the torture for any length of time.



Wouldn't Call Him Bob.

An ex-Congressman, who now practices law, when asked the other day why he abandoned politics gave a very peculiar and interesting reason. He said: "I quit politics because I found that I was not cut out for that profession. My name is Robert, but I never yet heard myself referred to as 'Bob.' It was always 'Judge' or 'Mr.' No man ever achieves a real success in politics who has not that peculiar touch with the people that prompts them to refer to him by a nickname or in some familiar way. Webster was always 'Black Sam'; Logan, 'Black Jack'; Jackson was 'Old Hickory' and 'Andy'; Lincoln was 'Abu' or 'Uncle Abe.' It is not a question of dignity. There is no more dignified man than ex-President Harrison, and yet no speaks of him by his title. He is always referred to as 'Ben.' I went through my district after serving one term in Congress, and I could find no evidence that any one had ever dubbed me 'Bob.' Could I have been called 'Bob' I might have been Governor of my State, but we never had a Governor without a nickname, and I knew I could not hope to break the record.—Washington Star.

How He Learned the News. Senator Stephen B. Ekins, of West Virginia, tells an interesting story of his election to his present seat. "I was sitting in my study at my country home," said he, "awaiting the returns that should tell me whether or not I had been chosen to take the place of Senator Camden. The operator at the telegraph station had orders to open all telegrams addressed to me, and to telephone their contents to me immediately. Suddenly the telephone bell rang, and the children's governess, who answered the phone, came to me and told me that the person at the other end of the wire was saying something about 'shoes,' she couldn't quite make it out. 'Oh,' said I, 'it's my wife's shoemaker, probably. Tell him to let the matter rest until to-morrow.' She delivered the message, but returned shortly to say that the man insisted on talking to me. I went to the telephone. It was the telegraph operator, and the message he was trying to transmit to me was: 'When shall I send you my shoes?' Johnson R. Camden. Then I knew that I had been chosen to fill the shoes of that worthy gentleman."



SENATOR EKINS.

A Senator's Call for Water. When a Senator wants a drink of water he wants it badly. Mr. George was talking the other day and stopped in his speech long enough to hurl a command at one of the pages: "Bring me some water here." He was talking about grass seeds, and the subject must have been a dry one, for before a page could reach him the Senator shouted at another: "Give me a little water here." By this time the galleries, as well as the pages, learned that the Senator from Mississippi was athirst. Still the page did not appear. Then, in desperation, the Senator threw out his arms in a most pleading manner, and exclaimed: "Is there any water about here anywhere?" This outburst called forth a burst of laughter from the Senate and galleries. The Senator joined in the laugh himself in a few minutes. This seemed to quench his thirst, for he didn't touch his glass of water for five minutes after it reached him.—Washington Times.

## PERILS OF SPRING IN THE WEST.

SPRING is the most perilous season of the year in the far West and is always attended with great loss of life and property. Flare blizzards sweep across the great plains of the Dakotas, Wyoming and Colorado, marking their course with the frozen carcasses of thousands of cattle.

The blizzard gives but a brief warning of its coming. Only those close to shelter may hope to escape its fury. The cowboy on the distant range reads the sign in the sky, notes the action of the cattle, and prepares to battle for his life. Usually a snowfall precedes the blizzard. The snow is fine and light and dry. The atmosphere is calm and cold, the temperature being below the freezing point, but there is a feeling of oppressiveness in the air. The sky is dull and leaden. Brute instinct is quicker to discover these signs of the approaching blizzard than the intelligence of man. The cattle begin to gather for protection, first in small bunches which meet and mingle until they have grown to the proportions of a herd. Animals that have strayed off alone are attracted to the constantly increasing main body, and they approach the common center from all parts of the range. Not a breath of air has yet disturbed the newly fallen snow, but the sky is growing darker, and notwithstanding the coldness the air seems heavy and produces a suffocating sensation.

Suddenly the leaden hue fades from the sky; it grows black in an instant. The mercury falls to zero within a few moments, and continues to sink toward the hub of the thermometer. The cold is bitter and keenly penetrating, but its power to chill and kill will be doubled when a velocity of sixty or eighty miles an hour has been given to the atmosphere. The cowboy buttons his buffalo overcoat and ties it with a rope tightly around his waist—preparatory to fighting his way to shelter. The wind comes in intermittent puffs, and here and there fine particles of snow are



CAUGHT IN A BLIZZARD.

tossed and whirled in the air, just as little clouds of dust rise and curl when a glancing bullet strikes the dry ground. Another moment of dead calm followed by a cold blast of wind more general and far-reaching than what has preceded, which whisks the air with snow, chills the cowboy and his pony, and causes the cattle on the edge of the herd to shiver as they crowd closer together.

Presently there comes a low moaning sound from the north; it grows shriller until it resembles a wail; it rises and swells into a howl and then a shriek, as the great currents of air from nature's cold storage sweep with cyclonic fury over the treeless plain. The air is thick with fine, cold snow, the cowboy and his pony are obliterated from the vision and the herd is but a mass of incomplete and shadowy forms. The blizzard has begun. The buffalo coat of the cowboy does not seem to afford him any better protection than if it were of linen; the icy wind finds its way into every opening and penetrates the thick material as though it were a sieve. His eyes are momentarily blinded by the fine cold snow, and there is a stinging sensation in his face as if a mass of chilled needles were being hurled into it each instant. His first thought is for shelter, but whether it be 207. There are no longer any cardinal points of the compass. North, east, south and west are all one now. There is nothing but a whirling, swirling, blinding mass of snow and the shriek of the tempest. He cannot trust to his pony to carry him to a place of refuge or to the home ranch. For the pony in a blizzard is ruled absolutely by the instinct of self-preservation, which means that if left to choose his own route he will travel in the same direction as the storm. Only by persistent urging can he be made to face it, and it must be an experienced rider that can guide him in any direction but the one which gives him the best protection from the elements.

There will come momentary lulls when the rider may take his bearings, but before he can make much headway in what he thinks is the right direction the blizzard is again upon him and often the skilled guiding of his pony will result in traveling in a circle.

The herd, with the same instinct upon which the pony, turns tail to the storm and drifts with it. The bodies of those on the outer side of the herd are soon coated thick with snow and there is a constant struggle for a place near the center of the bunch, where the surrounding animals impart warmth and serve to break the powerful force of the wind. It is a contest in which the strongest are the survivors and the weakest perish.

If the blizzard lasts but a few hours all may escape; if for days, then only the hardy animals will be left. Following in the path of the blizzard the rider will come upon the dead carcasses of the animals singly, in twos, and sometimes as many as a dozen will fall and perish together.

The heavy thaw that so often follows fast upon the blizzard frequently causes as heavy losses in cattle as the

blizzard itself. The cattle seek the lowlands for water. There they find that the terrible wind has swept away the snow. The grass there is more luxuriant than on the range, but with each hour of sunshine their footing becomes more and more insecure and they sink deeper and deeper into the soft mire of the marshy ground. Those that have been weakened either through fasting or the rigors of the storm are held fast. In the spring every marshy waterhole is closely watched by the cattlemen and thousands of cattle are rescued. Those places that are not watched are thickly strewn with carcasses, and in the summer and fall look like boneyards.

## NO CHANCE TO CHEAT.

### Conductors to Carry "Register and Fare Collector."

The nickel-in-the-slot machine is about to enter a new field in Detroit. It is to assist street car conductors in their work, and is called a "register and fare collector." It is a nickel-plated contrivance which will hang around the conductor's neck. Fingers that itch for illegitimate coin will not touch the fares. The conductor will present his machine in the passenger's face in hold-up fashion, and the passenger will transfer his 5-cent piece from his pocket to the machine. The coin will rattle down into its depths until a little bell will tinkle. This will inform the passenger that his fare is recorded in due and proper form. He will sit down assured that it will reach the coffers of the company instead of the pocket of the conductor. The conductor will be ordered to finger neither the coin nor the ticket. They pass directly from the hand of the passenger



STREET CAR CONDUCTOR'S SLOT MACHINE.

into the slot. Once within the machine they cannot be shaken out. When they finally drop through into the receiver at the base of the device they are registered. At the end of the route it is the company's cashier and not the conductor who unlocks the slot machine and takes out the receiver. He has in his possession keys marked with each conductor's name and number. The register is reset, another receiver is attached, and the conductor sets on his way.

The Detroit conductors are objecting to the use of the new device, because they say that it brands them as thieves, but the officers of the company assure them it is for the purpose of curbing losses from carelessness quite as much as from dishonesty. The company averages \$20,000 each year in losses from both these sources.

Besides the slot machine which the Detroit company is to confer upon all its conductors, the man who calls out "Fare" will be loaded down with another device. This is the change box, built on the plan of the change banks, which were popular a few years ago. This is merely a contrivance to get out of the difficulty of diving into the pocket after change. The company has been investigating all sorts and manners of contrivances to dismay kleptomaniacs on the part of the conductor, but the register is the invention regarded as the safest, however efficacious it may be for the conductor to wear it.

## TIMOTHY E. BYRNES.

### Who Is to Be Sergeant-at-Arms of the Republican National Convention.

Timothy E. Byrnes, who will be sergeant-at-arms of the Republican national convention at St. Louis, is a practicing attorney of Minneapolis, and a managing politician of wide experience and acknowledged tact. This ex-



TIMOTHY E. BYRNES.

perience and tact he gained not only in the inner sanctuary of the Minnesota temple of Republicanism, but in posts of a national scope. When William Windom was in the cabinet Mr. Byrnes was appointed clerk of the Treasury Department. There he made many friends among the leaders of his party. He added to his reputation by successful work in raising funds during his term as secretary of the National League of Republican Clubs. Mr. Byrnes and J. S. Clarkson have always been close friends, and his appointment is largely due to the latter's friendship.

A woman who never marries misses the greatest opportunity of her life to be a martyr.

## COL. R. W. THOMPSON

### NOW LIVING QUIETLY AT TERRE HAUTE, IND.

The Once Secretary of the Navy Passing His Declining Days in a Tranquil Home Planned by Himself and Wife Nearly Half a Century Ago.

Four Score and Seven.

In his quiet home at Terre Haute, Ind., Col. Richard W. Thompson is enjoying a well-earned rest, after half a century of important judicial, legislative and administrative duties. At the age of 87, vigorous and active as many



RICHARD W. THOMPSON.

men 30 years younger, his intellect is as strong as ever, and the clear apprehension, the sterling character that made him an important figure in Congress and in the Presidential Cabinet during vital periods of the nation's history, manifest themselves powerfully when he is called upon to express his sentiments on questions of the day. Brought up in the vicinity of such men as Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, the associate of Adams, Jackson, Webster, Clay and Calhoun, the intimate friend of later statesmen and orators, his memories embrace the most interesting phases of national politics, and all clear as cameo. Other men in various positions in public life have accumulated millions of dollars. Col. Thompson is far from being wealthy, as rich men are rated, and the competency he enjoys was derived from sources wholly separate from politics.

The venerable ex-Secretary of the Navy was born near Culpeper, Va., in 1809, of ingrained American stock, and throughout his life his habits of thought, his hospitality, his culture and his country ways have been those of the educated, well-bred Southerner. Twenty-one years later, at the Christmas season, he left for the West and settled at Bedford, Ind., as a young lawyer. In 1842 he came to Terre Haute, and a brilliant career opened up for him. A term in the State Legislature had been followed by one as State Sen-



COL. THOMPSON'S HOME AT TERRE HAUTE.

ator, and he was now in Congress. He was returned in 1848, then appointed Circuit Judge, and from that event until he was handed the naval portfolio by President Hayes was nearly all the time serving the people in a judicial capacity. During the war he was provost marshal of his district and drilled four regiments—an official capacity fraught with danger in that particular district, where that somewhat mysterious and deadly association, the Knights of the Golden Circle, were a strong present social feature. It was in his first term in Congress, in 1841, that Col. Thompson met Abraham Lincoln. The acquaintance grew into a friendship which endured until the death of Lincoln. When the latter was President he urged Col. Thompson to take a seat on the bench of the Court of Claims. The ex-Congressman declined, as he had the proffer of the Austrian mission under Taylor and the recordership of the Land Office in Fillmore's administration, but he was a prominent figure in all campaigns. In the old Tippecanoe campaign he gave the elder Harrison zealous support on the stump. As a Presidential elector, he cast his vote for the first President of the name. Nearly fifty-six years afterward his support materially aided the grandson in securing the nomination and election. He was several times a Presidential elector, and was a member of all the historic or notable Republican conventions after the formation of the party. Col. Thompson retired from the Hayes Cabinet shortly before the close of the administration, to become president of the American committee of the Panama Canal Company. He was also a director of the Isthmus Railway.

Col. Thompson is passing his declining days in a tranquil home, surrounded by great elm that look as if they were natural forest growth, planted by himself and his young wife close upon a half century ago. He has just completed his interesting "Personal Recol-

lections." Full of entertaining anecdote, he is as well a rare analyst of human excellence and the national progress. He believes that Webster's oration will never die, that Calhoun was a brilliant man always underestimated, that Clay was the greatest speaker of his age; but he does not believe that American eloquence died with them. He considers that, as great questions come up for settlement, able disputants will meet the occasion, and that American pride and energy can compass all requirements that arise to make it necessary to maintain the supremacy of the United States.

## A QUEER MISER.

### He Wore His Wife's Clothes and Hung Himself.

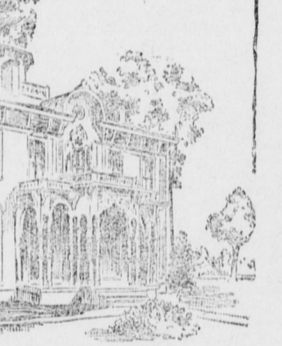
A queer character committed suicide in Yonkers, N. Y., the other day by hanging himself to his bed post. John Adam Hertlein was his name and farming his occupation. About three months ago his wife died and since then Hertlein had convinced his neighbors, by his queer doings, that he "had wheels," as one of them expressed it. The loss of his wife seemed to make him inconsolable. He skimped around among the things which had been hers and got out an old dress she used to wear. This he donned, saying if it was good enough for her it was for him. In this outlandish costume, which was much too small for him, and a pair of rubber boots Hertlein went about the house and farm, or rather truck garden, and did his work with the assistance of a hired man named Rivinski. The latter after a struggle became reconciled to his master's queer togs and queerer actions and things went on harmoniously. A waver that his dress would cause comment when he went to market, and yet



JOHN A. HERTLEIN.

determined not to take it off, Hertlein drew on a pair of pants over the skirts, which of course made the pants look rather queerly, and an old overcoat over the waist.

There was something ludicrous about his appearance in his wife's things. He



COL. THOMPSON'S HOME AT TERRE HAUTE.

was 53 years old, but he had looked at least 60, and he wore a white beard. The beard and the skirt seemed to Rivinski an impossible combination, but it did not strike Hertlein that his garb looked dignity, and he went to work and washed the dishes after each meal as he had seen his wife do. They were the only things in the house that ever were washed.

The house contained a vast accumulation of rubbish. It was never swept or dusted. Hertlein saved tons of valueless stuff—books, newspapers, string, tin cans, cigar boxes and the like. The bed clothing and linen had not been cleaned for years. Dust an inch thick covered everything.

Hertlein was a miser. He was reported to be worth considerable money, but where he had it hidden is not yet known. He carefully locked up the food for fear the hired man would eat too much. In many other ways he showed the instincts of the miser. He had one great ambition. It was to marry a young wife in the spring. He was continually talking about it with Rivinski, who had tact enough to humor him.

The Newest New Woman. Out West there is a "traveling man" who is a curiosity—simply because this man is a woman. She is Mrs. J. Jagodnick, of Kansas City, and her line is one that is dear to the average woman's heart—the furs. Mrs. Jagodnick represents a far fuller, and she has just returned from a successful business trip through the Northwest. Her samples consist of several thousand dollars' worth of all manner of fur wraps for men and women, and she carries as well a full line of fur trimmings, from ermine down to the least expensive. At Salt Lake City she was given a big reception, and many prominent ladies called at her hotel and paid their respects.

Fashion never thinks of introducing a style that is of any benefit to humanity.