

GUERRILLA WARFARE.

A Graphic Description of Present Conditions in Cuba.

The following extract from "Juan Martin of Empeñadero," descriptive of guerrilla warfare in Spain in 1811, may perhaps be found a pretty accurate picture of what it is in Cuba today, the fact being borne in mind that Spanish blood—improved—flows in the veins of the defenders of "Cuba Libre," and their methods of combat are those sanctioned by the traditions of their race:

"The outcome of great military captains is wont to be compared to the sight of the eagle, who, soaring in full sunlight to an immense height, sees a thousand secrets hidden from the common gaze. The penetration of great guerrilla chiefs may be compared to the vigilant nocturnal ambuscade of those fierce, carnivorous birds that, from the roofs, the spires, towers, ruins and forests, watch the heedless and tranquil victim in order to fall upon it.

"In guerrilla warfare there are no true battles—that is to say, there are not those duels, foreseen and deliberate, between armies in which each seeks the other in encounter, select their ground and fight together. The combats of the guerrillas are surprises, and in order that there shall be a collision it is necessary that one of the two parties is ignorant of the proximity of the other. The first quality of the guerrillas, even more important than valor, is a good gait, because nearly always they win their victories while running.

"The guerrillas do not retire; they fly, and flight is not shameful for them. The base of their strategy is the art of uniting and dispersing themselves. They condense together to fall like the rain and scatter to escape pursuit in such manner that the efforts of the army which proposes to exterminate them are futile, because they cannot contend with clouds. The principal arm of the guerrilla is not the blunderbuss or the rifle; it is the earth—yes, the earth, because, owing to the facility and marvelous efficiency with which the guerrillas move, it appears to modify itself at each step, lending itself to their maneuvers.

"Figure to yourself that the soil arms itself for self defense against the invasion, that the hills, the rivulets, the rocks, the ditches, the morasses, the caverns, are mortiferous machines that take conscious part in the encounter with the regular troops and erect themselves, sink, roll and fall upon, flatten, submerge, suffocate, separate and destroy them. Those mountains that towered yonder and now appear here; those ravines which multiply their windings, those inaccessible peaks that dis-

in the moral sense is the difference between them. Any of these types can be one of the other two without any external variation, according as a grain of moral sense, more or less, falls in the conscience. The bands of partisans that form so easily in Spain may be consummately good or execrably bad. Should we glorify this special aptitude of Spaniards for constituting themselves armed bodies and opposing efficacious resistance to regular armies? Are the benefits of one day such that they can make us forget the calamities of another day? This I do not say, and least of all in this book where I propose to extol the exploits of a notable guerrilla chief whose conduct was always moved by noble impulses, who was disinterested, generous, loyal and had no moral relationship with the factions or smugglers or ruffians, and whose purpose was very laudable, being the cleaning of Spain from the French.

"The war of independence was the great school of the Spanish populace, because in it they were given the highest training in the art, to others incomprehensible, of improvising armies and dominating for more or less time a territory—they learned insurrection as a science, and the wondrous achievements of that time we have since wept with tears of blood. But why so much sensitiveness? The guerrillas constitute our national essence. They are our body and our soul; they are the spirit, the genius, the history of Spain. They are all grandeur and misery, a formless conjunction of contrary qualities, nobleness disposed to heroism, savagery inclined to pillage."

At one time Juan Martin and his guerrilla forces were surrounded by an overwhelming army of French soldiers and supposedly almost exterminated. Many, taken prisoners, were deliberately butchered after the battle was over. Martin was officially reported dead, just as Cuban leaders frequently are, and the invaders congratulated themselves upon having completely "wiped out" their most dreaded foes. But within a few weeks the relentless chief, with a new swarm of guerrillas, suddenly swooped down on a large French detachment and left none of them alive when the engagement was over. Speaking of the formation of that new force, the author says: "The guerrillas do not need, like the armies, a thousand prolix preliminaries in order to organize themselves. They organize as they dissolve, by instinct by the mysterious law of their restless and turbulent nature. They disperse themselves, like the smoke, upon being vanquished, and they condense like the atmospheric vapors in order to pour down upon the enemy when he least expects it."

THE MYSTERIOUS MELCHIOR

A Strange Suicide and a Curious Coincidence That Passeth Understanding.

One cold, wintry night not many years ago Dr. L. T. Potter, now connected with the Chicago health department, and a number of his companions were sitting in the office of the Oakland hotel when a stranger of dilapidated manner entered. His clothes and jewelry marked him as a person of means, but he seemed downhearted and worried, and when he asked permission of the clerk to sit in the office while Dr. Potter and his companions at once sized him up as a man who had been out on a spree, was without ready cash to pay for a bed, and took this means of getting refuge from the winter's blast. The

grew uncomfortable under the ill disguised scrutiny of the crowd and finally said:

"Gentlemen, I would like to explain my presence here, and why I sit up in the office in preference to taking a bed. In the first place, let me assure you it is not a matter of money," drawing out a goodly sized roll of bills. "For some years my father, who is a resident of New York, has had trouble with his family and has been a wanderer. He was at one time worth considerable money, but this has been lost, and a number of letters which I have of late received from him show me he is despondent. This afternoon I got a letter from him dated in Detroit saying he would arrive in Chicago tonight, take a room at this hotel and end his life by turning on the gas. He added that in the event of the gas failing he has a pistol with him with which he would send a bullet through his brain. Father had no idea I would get this letter today, as I have been out of town, and it was only an unexpected case of sickness in my family which brought me back. I am sitting up here to intercept him when he comes in and prevent the suicide which he contemplates. Fortunately I have means enough for both, and can relieve his anxiety in this respect."

Dr. Potter and his friends were at once interested. They congratulated the stranger on his good luck in having received his father's letter in time and tendered their services in any way in which they might be desired. Two or three times an effort was made to find out the man's name, but he parried the questions on the ground that, as his father's plans would be frustrated, he did not care to have his identity disclosed. "You may, however, call me Melchior, as it is awkward to address a man without a name, and Melchior is as good as anything, barring the right one." The evening sped along, and about midnight the stranger, being assured no more trains would arrive before morning, took his departure, saying he thought his father must have been detained or perhaps have happily changed his mind. The occurrence was so much out of the ordinary that Dr. Potter and his friends sat up for an hour or more talking it over.

At 1 o'clock they went to bed, and a few minutes later the night clerk retired, leaving an assistant, who had not heard the story, in charge of the office. About 1:30 in came an old gentleman with a traveling bag in hand, who registered as "George O. Melchior," and was assigned to a room. In the morning the chambermaid reported a strong smell of gas on that floor. The door of the new-comer's room was broken in, and he was found dead with a pistol in his right hand and a bullet wound in his head. He had turned on the gas and then shot himself. By this time everybody in the house had heard the story of the young man's visit the night before, and all were positive that the old gentleman who had killed himself was his father. The afternoon papers had a report of the suicide and before night the young man was back at the house asking to see the body. Dr. Potter consoled with him and went to the desk while he asked some questions before going up to see the body.

"I don't understand how father could have registered as 'Melchior,' for it is not his name, and I only used it last night to conceal our own," the stranger said. "It must have been a case of mental telepathy."

On reaching the room where the body lay a much more peculiar episode occurred. The moment the young man saw the face of the corpse he said:

"That's not father. I never saw this man before. He is not known to me."

Nor was he. A search of the dead man's effects brought out papers proving his identity as George O. Melchior and giving reasons for suicide somewhat similar to those advanced by the young stranger when he was telling his story the night before. Within a week Dr. Potter heard from the young man, who said his father was alive and well, having recovered from his despondency and abandoned his intention of taking his life, but the mystery of how a man giving the same name should appear at the hotel selected by the stranger's father on the same night and commit suicide in the same manner outlined by him has never been explained. The veracious Chicago Tribune vouches for the truth of the above story.

THE TATTLER.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher will be 88 years old Aug. 26.

Mary Anderson Navarro will soon have her biography ready and in the hands of the printer.

Mrs. George J. Gould is very fond of sitting for her portrait. Mr. Gould has in his possession 23 different paintings of his wife.

A Boston paper is authority for the statement that Lizzie Borden was a delegate to the Christian Endeavor convention in that city.

Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett not long ago declared that had she known or believed in the penalties of fame she would never have written a line.

Mrs. Bertha Wells of San Francisco has given more than \$1,000,000 in the last four years to St. Ignatius' church in that city. Her charities outside of the church are numerous.

Miss Powderly, the American secretary of Lady Henry Somerset, is a New England woman. She is a linguist, musician, stenographer and typewriter, besides being a very beautiful penman.

Miss May Duffin was the winner in a voting contest inaugurated by a Chicago newspaper for the most popular public school teacher in that city, the prize being a free trip to Alaska and return.

Mrs. Clovian's great fondness for flowers is well known, and she has an especial fancy for growing flowering plants, but is enthusiastic over all flowers, from the most modest wild flower to the conservatory bred rose and orchid.

Mrs. Kate Chaso says that before the days of telephones her father used to go to the window of his committee room in the senate wing of the capitol and wave a handkerchief to her as a signal that he was not coming home to dinner.

Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, a temperance enthusiast of Boston, is making a unique collection. She is gathering pens. All the pens which have been used by state governors in signing temperance education laws are sought for this collection.

Mrs. Cahill of Arlington, Or., recently rode a big raft down the Columbia river for a hundred miles or more, steering it through the Priest and Umatilla rapids, waters in which many a raft managed by expert loggers has gone to pieces. She is the first woman to take the perilous trip.

Mrs. James R. McKee, the daughter of ex-President Harrison, is much interested in the new patriotic organization, the Children of the American Revolution, of which Mrs. Daniel Lothrop is president. One of her ideas is to get the numbers to memorize and sing correctly America's national hymn.

Kate Field says that while she was in England she was asked in good faith whether the language taught in the public schools of the United States was English or American. "Oh, American," I replied," says Miss Field. "English is a dead language. It is only learned by university men who go in for classes."

THE JEWEL CASKET.

The new jewel boxes are of lustrous white, with borders of pierced work in silver gilt.

Egyptian sphinx wings with a scarabaeus in the center have appeared as silver garter clasps.

A new sloop button of white enamel delicately rimmed with gold has in the center a gold yacht under full sail. It is as pretty as a picture.

A silver heart in the center of a ribbon bow has been christened the "Trilly" fast holder. A long hook depending from the heart secures the fast chain or ribbon.

Charming brooches have appeared in which the foundations are graceful arrangements of thin gold lines punctuated by diamonds of equal and reasonable size.

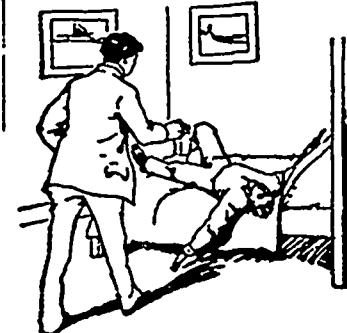
A curious combination of insignia was sphinx wings with a horseshoe astride the center, and in the center of the horseshoe a star with a diamond in its center. The rest of the ornament was in small pearls. —Jewelers' Circular.



GUERRILLA WARFARE IN CUBA.

charge bullets, those thousand little rivers which, their right banks being conquered, turn and reveal upon their left banks innumerable foes; those heights, upon one side of which the guerrillas having been destroyed, then offer the other side, upon which the guerrillas destroy the army marching by—this and solely this is partisan warfare; it is the land in arms, the territory, the geography, moving itself in flight.

"The populace in Spain offers three types—the guerrilla, the smuggler and the highway robber. Their meet is the same; only



"THAT'S NOT FATHER."

stranger, who was young and intelligent.