WHILE HORSES.

The following poem by Rudyard Kipling is published in Literature, Harper's Brothers' new publication. For it Mr. Kipling was paid at the rate of \$1 a word:

Where run your coits at pasture?
Where hide your mares to breed?
Mid bergs against the Ice-cap
Or wove Sargossa weed;
By lightless reef and channel,
Or crafty coastwise bars,
But most the deep sea meadows
All purple to the stars. Who holds the rein upon you?
The latest gale let free,
What meat is in your mangers?
The glut of all the sea,
'Twixt tide and tide's returning
Great store of newly dead—
The bones of those that faced us,
And the hearts of those that fied.

Afar, offshore and single, Afar, offshore and single,
Some stallion, rearing swift,
Neighs hungry for new fodder,
And calls us to the drift.
Then down the cloven ridges—
Ten million hoofs unshod—
Break forth the wild white horses
To seek their meat from God!

Girth-deep in hissing water
Our furious vanguard strains—
Through mist of mighty tramplings
Roll up the fore-blown manes—
A hundred leagues to leeward,
Fre yet the deep hath stirred,
The groaning rollers carry
The coming of the herd!

Whose hand may grip your nostrils— Your forelock who may hold? B'en they that use the broads with us The riders bred and bold, That spy upon our matings
That rope us where we run—
They know the wild white horses

We breathe about their cradles,
We race their babes ashore,
We snuff against their thresholds,
We nuzzle at their door—
By day with stamping coursers,
By night in whinying droves,
Creep up the wild white horses,
To call them from their loves.

And come they for your calling And come they for your caring?
No wit of man may save.
They hear the wild white horses
Above their father's grave;
And, kin of those we crippled
And sons of those we siew.
Spur down the wild white riders,
To lash the herds anew.

What service have ye paid them, Oh jealous steeds and strong? Save we that throw their weakings, is none dare work them wrong. While thick around the homestead Our gray-backed squadrons graze— A guard behind their plunder, And a vell before their ways.

With march and countermarchings— With press of wheeling hosts— Stray mobs or bands embattled— We ring the chosen coasts; And, careless of our clamor That bids the stranger fly, At peace within our pickets The wild white riders lie.

Trust ye the curdled hollows-Trust ye the gathering wind—
Trust ye the moaning groundswell—
Our herds are close behind! To mill your foeman's armies—
To bray his camps abroad—
Trust ye the wild white horses,
The Horses of the Lord!
—Rudyard Kipling.

The Evidence Against Him.

"What do you think Mr. Clement? Will Herman Saunders be convicted?" asked one of a group of young people at Paula Mann's gate, as John Clement came up on his way from his office one

They had been talking-as all Wash-They had been talking—as all Washington.

"I will tell you," she replied firmly. They had for weeks past—about the trial of Herman Saunders, who had shot his wife on the threshold of his father's had fallen asleep at his office and did to the they would come to my mother's Friday. There the pain was very keen and vious they would come to my mother's Friday. house, to which she had fled from the not awaken until daylight, when he re- lent. Sometimes it felt like a knife catcruelty of the man, who, less than a year before, had vowed to cherish and Becoming infatuated with protect her. another woman, he had done all in his nower to drive his wife away, plainly intimating more than once that she was at liberty to apply for a divorce if she was not satisfied with his conduct. This she had refused to do, saving she was willing to forget and forgive whenever he came to his senses and behaved as a husband should. Poor thing! She never knew about the other woman: that came out at the trial. Several persons had witnessed the meeting of the ill-assorted pair, and had heard the shot which had almost instantly killed poor Helen Saunders, so there was very little doubt as to what the verdict would finally be, though money had been spent without stint by the family of the accused.

"Yes, of course he will be convicted," replied Mr. Clement. "What else could the man expect when he left no loophole for escape? Awfully idiotic, I think, to put his wife out of the way in such a brutal, unpleasantly mussy manner, and in the face of everybody. I don't see what he could have been thinking about to manage so badly."

He spoke quite seriously, but his hearers laughed, for they were all used to John Clement's jokes. There was nothing in the world, folks said, that he would not joke about, but he meant no harm by it. There were two or three young men lounging outside the gate. Inside was Paula and the young lady who had been calling upon her.
"How would you manage it, Mr. Cle-

ments?" asked the young lady, while Paula turned upon him the big dark eyes which like stars lit up her pale face. "I? Well, if I wanted to get rid of my wife I think that I would go home late some night-as I often do-and, finding her fast asleep-as I often do, toowould close the doors and windows, turn on the gas and go away, to return, later on, and find her disposed of. Who could say she had not done it herself, accidentally? Ever so much neater, quieter and safer for me, don't you think, than

Herman's way?" "Yes, indeed," they chorused, and laughed again. All but Paula. did not even smile, but, shivering slight-

"Don't you all think it is growing I feel chilly and must go in. damp? Good-night, everybody. Come again soon, won't you, Kate?"

John Clement fan lightly up the steps of his home, next door to that of Paula and her widowed mother, and Kate tripped away with one of the young men, remarking as she went:

"How queer Paula Mann is. She seemed to take what Mr. Clement said in dead earnest, as often as she has heard him joke, too. He's forever at it, but Paula never could see a joke until all the fun had been explained out of it. She ought toknow that he just worships his wife and would not hurt a hair of the only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. her head. I am right sure, though Paula

ly in love with him and terribly disapnted when he passed her by, whom he had known for years, and married a girl he hadn't set eyes on six months beshe has a male listener and is not, per-

haps, quite so pretty as that friend. People differed about Paula Mann's sound sleeper and the servants' rooms claims to beauty. Some thought her altogether too thin, pale and quiet, to "The gas was burning low in her room. be considered even pretty, while others admired her creamy complexion, big dark eyes and slender figure, and declared her really beautiful. There was no question about Mrs. Clement's good looks. She was a dainty little body, fair as a lily, with blue eyes and hair of perfectly natural that John Clement should prefer her to all the other girls in town. If Paula had been disappointed no one knew it positively. John certainly never thought of such a thing, and was glad to see the friendly intimacy between his wife and the girl whom he had known and liked since she was a

The Saunders trial ended-as nearly the Capitol City read and talked about something else, until they were startled one morning by the announcement that Mrs. John Clement had been found dead in bed with the room full of escaping gas, and that her husband had been arrested for the murder, the report flying on the wings of the wind that he had said that was the very way in which he would dispose of her when he wanted to get rid of her. He had been torn from her side and only friends and neighbors were left to follow her to her at all, so wrapped up were they in each

As a rushlight to the noonday sun was the Saunders trial to this: the court room body knew him and he was a great favorite, but his social standing and popuevidence given reluctantly by the young | Transcript. people, who had laughed heartily at his plan to dispose of his wife decently, quietly, and, above all, with safety to one's self. They all declared that they did not believe that he meant anything by it. and that it was an accident for which he should not suffer further.

But the jury decided otherwise. As one of them argued: "The evidence might be a great deal stronger than it is; but there's been altogether too much wife-

When the foreman, in answer to the udge's question, said "Guilty!" a shudder ran through the crowded room and all eyes turned upon the prisoner, who had borne his trial with dull patience and seeming indifference as to how it would end. Suddenly a woman's voice rang through the silence.

"Stop! You shall not pronounce sendeath, forced her way through the

There was a buzz of excitement and it Mann what she meant by such an inter-

cause I turned on the gas." There was a groan of horror from the

listeners, but she went on steadily, er and weaker as the time wearily dragspeaking hurriedly but distinctly, her ged by. Indeed my only food was milk hands clasped and her eyes cast down, save for one burning glance at the man whom she was trying to save. "John Clement is the only man that I

ever loved, and I imagined fool that I was, that he cared for me, though he never said so. When he told me that he was going to marry some one else I thought that I should go mad, but controlled myself so well that he suspectbecause we were such old friends. I her horse to ride with him, as I had to whisper in the animal's ear: "Throw fire?") I had to appear friendly to her. The addlepated sort of talk. first definite idea of how to get her out | She continues: "The doctor who at of the way was given me that evening. tended me said that I had inflammation, He was always making such remarks in caused by gall stones.' fun and forgetting them as soon as a (Very likely, Gall stones are composed made. I did not forget, but began from of bile sand, which is carried into the that moment to plan how to accomplish gall bladder and then adheres until the my purpose. I managed to secure her larger stones or masses are formed. The latch key. She thought that she had bile has stagnated, owing to the poisons lost it, and never knew how I hid it and from the stomach acting on the liver. the chance came. I was waiting at our cation results. In other gate one evening, as I often did, for a stones mean biliousness, and biliousness word and smile from John as he passed | means indigestion and dyspepsia.)

and was rewarded, for he stopped to say: to-night, and will be glad if you can go two gall stones. in and stay awhile with Lillian. Poor gave me no relief, and what I suffered girl! it's too bad that I have to leave her for over a year is indescribable. One

now. it off. I did go to my room, and lay down until all was quiet. It seemed ages before I dared to venture forth.

chest, always ready, always sat-ways efficient, always sat-infactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 250,

is so close-mouthed, that she was awful- and it was very dark, for there was no love with him and terribly disapd when he passed her by, whom
d known for years, and married a
hadn't set eyes on six months berattling on about her bosom
as a girl will sometimes when friend, as a girl will sometimes, when | was no sound, and I opened the door and went in. I was not much afraid of being heard, for Mrs. Clement was a very

I was prepared with an excuse if she should be awake, but she was not. I closed the window, turned out the gas, then turned it on full, shut the door and crept out of the house and up to my own room. The stillness was terrible. There had been no sound except the little noise spun gold. She had such pretty ways made by myself. Pdid not know what that everybody loved her and thought it time it was, and dared not strike a match to see. I sat by the window watching for John. It seemed an eternity, and then at last I saw him come up the street and go into the house. Then I threw off my clothes and got into bed to wait for the news, which soon came, for we were the first to whom John turned in his trouble.

"I did not think that he would be accused of her murder. When he was every one said it must—in the conviction first arrested I was sure that he would of the accused, and then the people of have no trouble in clearing himself. and have no trouble in clearing himself, and hoped that my reward would come in time. I am not sorry for what I did. I am only sorry that John has had to suffer. If he had been acquitted no one would ever have known a word about how it happened, and I know that I would have made him a good wife if I could have won him at last. Now 1 can only ask his forgiveness," turning pleading eyes upon him.

With a gesture of loathing and horror he turned from her, and the unhappy girl sank upon her knees, burying her face grave, for the young couple had no near | in her hands. A moment later she fell relatives, which had not worried them forward and the wildest excitement ensued when she was raised from her eeming swoon and found to be dead. A tiny vial falling to the floor and the odor of bitter almonds told how she had was crowded to suffocation each day, died. John Clement was fully acquitwhile the lawyers fought for and against | ted, but the shock of his wife's death John Clement's conviction. He was the and the trial, with its terrible closing last of one of the old families. Every- scene, changed him greatly. Always pale and quiet, no one ever hears from him now any of those extravagant jokes larity counted for nothing against the in which he once delighted .- Portland

DESPISE NO MESSENGER.

In a great monarchy no subject can tell what other man may or may not be brought my marbles along, but instead a messenger from the king. Angels of of that she presented me to her daughamidst radiant light and a vast flapping other in their dress. Mlle, Martha was of wings. It may be a little child who a very beautiful brunette-a Greek godshall bring you the longed-for good news dess, with pure, straight cut features or, as in the case of Mrs. Charlotte Mile. Rose was less imposing, a sweet, killing lately, and we've got to put a stop to it." So they agreed to bring in a verdict against the prisoner.

Or, as in the case of Mrs. Charlotte Mile. Rose was less imposing, a sweet, pretty little blonde. I was sure, that in drops in to make an ordinary friendly specific of her 19 years, she still played call.

And help was badly needed, as it althese frail bodies of ours as the rushes the other one. There was dancing, bend and bow before the swollen stream. and I offered my arm to Mile. Rose. Referring to the old lady's call Mcs. After a waltz we chatted. She was Davis draws aside the curtain from an witty and a little sharp, this meek lookexperience of the summer of 1878. She ing little blonde. I started a conversasays: "I fell into a condition that was tion on commonplace subjects, and it "Stop! You shall not pronounce sentence upon John Clement. I have something to say," and Paula Mann, white as what it was going to lead to. I had all what it was going to lead to. I had all Blue eyes blue gauge, smilling line. ways a bad taste in the mouth, and was and a cloud of golden hair were an constantly retching and spitting up a sour fluid. The sense and feeling of it sour fluid. was several minutes before order was were horrible. My appetite failed until, restored and the judge asked Paula food had no attraction for me. Even after taking the least morsel I had great pain at the chest and under the shoulder turned home to find his wife dead and ting me asunder. I got no rest day or the room full of gas. I know this be- night, and was confined to my bed for weeks together. Inasmuch as I could take no solid nourishment, I grew weak-

and soda water." (We may remark at this point that Mrs. Davis' entire digestive system was, at the time she speaks of, dangerously deranged. The failure of the appetite from disappointment. was a signal indicating that the presence of food in the stomach could not be tol-erated. As it could not be digested it make a clean breast of it, mother would only serve to aggravate the inflammation which was raging there. ed nothing of the agony I was enduring. Such a state of things is bad as pos-Then he brought her to live next door sible. The very source of all power and and life was virtually paralyzed. We cherished-" had to seem pleased, though murder was must eat in order to live, and yet-in in my heart and I was wishing all the such a case to eat is only to invite adtime that something would happen to the ditional suffering and to bid for a more woman who had robbed me. When she speedy death. Hence the terror of that came dancing down the steps to meet ailment, which some silly people (who John I used to pray that she would fall have never had it) speak of as "only an and break her neck. When she mounted attack of indigestion and dyspepsia." Would they allude to an inhabited dwelso often done before she came, I longed ling wrapt in flames as "Only a house on

her; trample upon her; crush that lily Mrs. Davis, and plenty of others face out of his sight!' and all the time whom we know, are able to rebuke that

waited for a chance to use it. At last until this dangerous and painful compli-

But let us listen again to the lady: "I lay in great agony," she says, "week af-"I shall be at the office quite late ter week, during which time I passed The doctor's treatment alone so much, but I can't help it just day an old lady called at my house, and seeing my condition, strongly urged me "I excused myself, saying I had a bad to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. neadache and must go to bed and sleep I said, 'Yes, of course, I'll take anythin that will help me.' After the first bottle I passed a third stone, but this time without pain. I kept on with the Syrup and was soon as well as ever. Since that time, now fourteen years ago, I have kept in good health and perfectly free from my old ailment. I will answer nquiries from any sufferer. Yours etc. Signed) Charlotte Davis, 8, Edithna Street, Stockwell, London, September

27th, 1893." "The first bringer of unwelcome news," says Shakespeare, "hath but a losing office." Quite true, but the messenger who tells of help and rescue wins a better place in our memory. Does he not? Yes, say all of us.

Mr. Younglove What do you do when your baby gets sick at night?

Mr. Oldpop—I generally lie still and wait to see if my wife isn't going to get up and attend to it.-Chicago

"Man Proposes---" (From the French)

'No. mother, no: it is useless; let us speak no more about it.' My mother stretched her plump, small hands towards the fire, her fingers lavishly ornamented with rings, the coquetry of the ladies in the '60s. "James," said she, with her most dignified countenance, "you are as stub-born as your father. He, too, objected to marriage. He belonged to a clubthe poor man-to the Bachelors' Club, and had seriously sworn to remain faithful to its principles. But you, too, you will come to it."

'But, then, in my father's day, young girls were brought up more simply; they aspired no higher than to play piano prettily, write correctly, and make a graceful courtesy, Then, on leaving school, young girls came into their families with enough instruction to understand the pages of a romance and follow a conversation, not enough to humiliate their parents, and often their husbands. They were then really 'home angels.' "

"You exhaust my patience, can't bear such perjudices. 'Home angels,' indeed! As if one must be a fool or a nonentity to be domestic. A bright woman can never be satisfied with the role you assign her. If you had not wasted your time at college you would not be afraid of comparisons."

"You are too severe-"Do you pretend that Latin and Greek are incompatible with modesty, sweetness and domestic qualities in a woman?"

Poor little mother! I knew she and her old friend, Mme. Desjardins, had plotted together against my bachelorhood, but a girl with the degree of B. A. was enough to frighten me into it more securely than ever. When we arrived at Mme. Desjardins' she greeted me as "little James." This exclamation upset me.

I expected her to ask me if I had seldom carry harps and arrive ters. The twin sisters resembled each with dolls. She certainly was not the "learned young woman" my mother ways is when pain and illness crush had proposed I should court; it must be

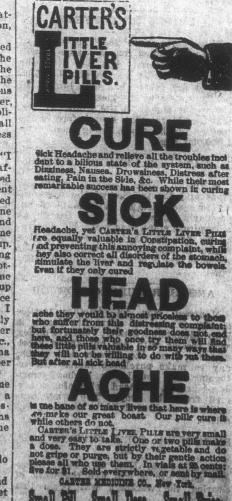
> Blue eyes, blue gauze, smiling lips, mingled in my sleep that night. Why not the stately, statuesque dark beauty my mother would so gladly we come as a daughter?

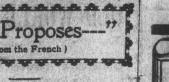
In another week I must again acday "at home."

dear; I love Rose, and you must help me to gain her.' "O, James, is this not somewhat sud-

"Nonsense, mother; listen, this serious. You will admit that so sweet and unpretending a girl is seldom found now, No more words, please,

hand of her daughter." "My dear child, I will teach you to be





900 Drops

Pumplin Seed-Alx.Senne -Rochalle Selle -Anise Seed -Peperunit -Bi Carbanate Soda -Worm Seed -Clarified Sugar -

"I am certain of it!"

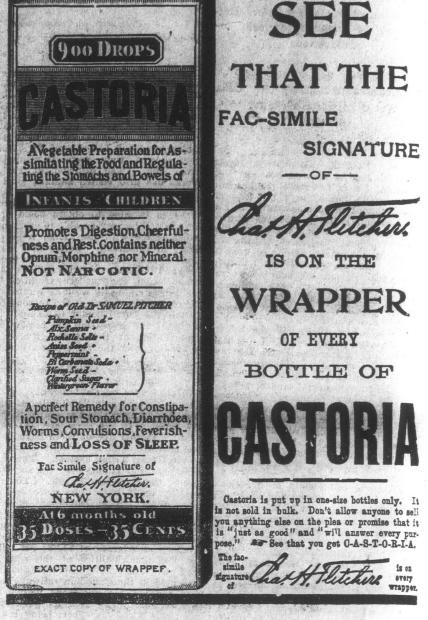
"Very well, then; we will speak no more of marriage. You will accompany me to Desjardins', for you will meet the twin sisters, and you may judge for yourself since my experience is worth your own."

Thus, twice a week I saw her, and naturally fell in love deeper and deeper. "Dear little Rose." thought "true home angel. What a wife she will be to make home bright and happyfor some one!" A strange fear came over me when I recalled many instances where Rose had appeared anxious to avoid me, perhaps out of consideration for her sister, or perhaps to save me Under the torture of this sudden sus-

pense, I flew to my mother. "I must den? And those convictions you have

but do, like the good mother you are, go and ask Mme. Desjardins for the

consistent; I cannot go back on my word. I will have nothing to do with





Which Will Have It?

Come and see us and get the materials for yours. We have run high prices up a tree and can get you out of a bad box. Just in-Jap Oranges, Sweet and Juicy. Loose Muscatell Raisins, 3 lbs. 25c. Seeded Raisins, 1 lb. Carton, 2 for 25c. Cleaned Currants, 3 lbs. 25c.

the arrangements of a marriage for She said all this with such an amused Views of a Famous Specialist on the smile that I could not think her serious. I determined, however, to put an end to the suspense, and soon found an oppor-

tunity. There was a concert and ball at the Desjardins' beautiful country home. When bending over her mother's hand I saw but one being, and heaven entered my soul as I caught the light of her eyes. It seemed but an instant before to speak, when same one called out to sing." ed, hoping she would at least stay outside. As we neared the house, she led

wonderful singer reached our ears and entered our hearts. My soul is full of dreams,

My soul is full of love. "Those words are mine, Rose, do you understand? Don't you see how I love you? You are the woman I have good deal; now they use other weapons dreamed of since I have known how to dreamed of since I have known how to dream. You are the companion I have onged for, Rose; could you not love

In a low, sad voice she murmured: "My friend, I am not the companior you have dreamed of. Too often you have described her to me, your ideal woman. You love me because you think me simple, as young girls should be and you think because you have box and to replace it by another erected sometimes seen me attending to household duties that I would make a good, domestic wife, but you will love me no more when you are undeceived. 'We are not happy; we are constantly in When you know-" Her voice had need of money, and we have more than been firm until now, and though words puzzled and pained me, I became aware of the sorrow in her voice a sorrow which meant more than there seems no remedy. Education is sympathy.

is it?" She mastered herself for a moment. "How often have you cruelly told me they know what life really is. Nothing you would never marry a college graduate—a bluestocking, as you called her, and yet you ought to have known through suicide can they obtain relie your mother knows--"

wished I could fall right there on my knees to ask her pardon. And yet tically unknown. There are places how could I have suspected that so where there are not three sucides much feminine grace could be united ten years, and the reason is because all to a ripe and mature intellect? "O, Rose! Speak to me. Speak in Latin, in Greek, if you will. Only say you forgive me and will love me.—The Princess.

A Running Sore Pronounced Incurable By Eight Doctors—Cured by Dr. Chase.

Mr. R. D. Robbins, of 148 Cowar ave.. Toronto, says: "I had a bad leg which was simply unsightly. From be knee to the ankle was one grea sore. Hight doctors treated me without benefit. I was induced to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, which cured me, and all that remains to be seen are the Fine Table Apples, per box, \$1.00. Boiled Cider for Mince-meat. Morgan Oysters.

Dixi H. Ross & Co.

SUICIDE CAUSES Subject.

How are we to account for the present epidemic of spicides, and by what means can it be combatted? These questions have been addressed to the leading specialists in Paris, and from most of them very interesting replies have been received. That information on this subwe were outside, wandering about the ject cannot be denied. Not only in this grounds. The words were on my lips | country, but also in Europe, there has of late been a formidable wave of surus, "Come, La Mariani is going to cides, and it is of the utmost importance What care I for Mariani? But for us to find out the cause of this mania Rose hastened her steps, and I follow- for self-destruction, and if possible, the means by which it may be checked. Here is the opinion of an expert, Dr the way to a corner of the verandah, Dumontpallier, member of the French

and there the words and voice of the Academy of Medicine: "The recent suicides are the result of moral epidemic. In other words, it has become the fashion to commit suicide. At one time one method of self-destruct tion is used; at another time another Men and women formerly used vitrol : lighted in many kinds of sports, bu there is now a universal mania for cycles and horseless carriages.

"The spirit of the imitation is so

strong that if a desperate soldier commits suicide while on guard at his sentry box, you may rest satisfied that severaother soldiers will choose the same manner of death. There is only one remed. at a greater distance. Again, many persons commit suicide because they are tired of life. They say to themselves her our share of other troubles.' And then one fine day they put an end to themselves. For such a condition of things mainly to blame for it. We have no "Rose, in the name of heaven, what longer any religious belief; we educate our children to become freethinkers, and as a result they are tired of life before retains them to this life. They have no hope, no fear, and they fancy that only from their petty troubles. In those coun The fool I had been! And now I tries where religion has not yet been replaced by infidelity suicides are pracwho live there have an object in living. "In Paris the number of children be tween 14 and 16 years of age who mit suicide every year is very great. The do not choose any particular season o the year, though as a rule their elders seem to prefer June, July and August. Doubtless the reason is because the hear during these months plays havoc with the brains of these unbalanced persons causing congestions and delusions, its pelling them to imitate these unhappy beings of whose end they have read in the newspapers.-New York Herald,

A fine distinction in ecclesiastical idiom a la Standard Dictionary: We repair to church to mend our ways.

SUFFERING IN

Half the Story of the Awful and Destitution Has Been Told.

Havana's Streets Dotted gars and All the Hosp Are Overflowing.

New York, Nov. 22.-A dispa World from Matanzas, Cuba. The half of the story of s Cuba has not been told. In H its suburbs the streets are de beggars, the hospitals are with starving innocents and barracks are filled with the and dying. But from Havan place there is a succession of ies almost free from sickness ger. Nobody is left there. T ing population is gone. They

of the dead. Protecting forts overlool houses. Pallid, ragged Spanis guard a few-a very few-hun tons. Very soon they will themselves to protect. They is almost a question whether has not been as awful for the been for the peaceful Cuba towns of Campo Florida, San Minas, Jaruico, Bainoa, Mocha, and Buena Vista we and quadrupled in population

ler's concentration of the s country people under the rifle respective sets of little forts. The loyal, obedient farmers furniture and their babies in their cows and pigs, wives an on foot, and built long street pillared, rafted, thatched houses. To-day nothing remain wood. The animals have been articles of value have been ch bread and the people, everyth been used up, are dead. Our train stopped at each

tioned. We counted only women and children and three the palm house lanes. There trains a day. They are the gr of each miserable twenty-for and we counted twenty-eight There should have been 5,00 were at least 15,000 to 20,000 trados in those palm houses w ler's victims began to die, and ed twenty-eight survivors. Even the senator from Spa convinced of the extermination ple in which he assisted who ported Spain in supporting We needs but to take a train fro to Matanzas a three hours' ric a beautiful but abandoned cou

squalid, abandoned villages

enough. Three hours of

ruin would show him exte

even though he never before Cuba, nor claimed there had war. The facts, the awful fac most unbelievable facts, are e They force themselves upon the smell, the hearing and the Matanzas a city of 50,000 in has given its reconcentrados for chances for dying graduall my of the silent villages first i Much meat has come here from The people are rich; the si elevated and healthy; the wat some organized charitable ef been made by the citizens; the ernment has filled in swamps boulevards to give work to th The little hamlets mentioned none of these ameliorations. tanzas cut of 13,000 countrym and children, there are to day than 3,000 left, and these alive. The streets are full ones: the cafe doors frame

square has a living skeleton its beautiful shrubs and trees carts go to the cemetery l bodies three deen. The civil register of the city at the awful loss of life. It and does not record the many ials in the fields to avoid of waiting to secure the permit for a poor man's body to be six feet of consecrated ground 2,349 deaths of reconcentrados, one-third the actual sad fig present death rate of forty sta daily, had it been constant sin ginning of Weyler, would out the entire 10,000 before total daily death rate varies f

hegging women and children

cians claim the daily average At this rate in little more tha Matanzas will be a graveyard less than three months there more reconcentrados. Although ditions may change for the c Matanzas, there is little hope

70. On November 6, 123 died

forced visitors. Gen. Blanco's relief meas though humane, are wholly in If carried out by the local a they come too late. Soldiers' even with jerked beef and added, will kill more than they The starved condition of the bipeds here is such that exper testimony dooms one-half of reconcentrados left to death, a rations issued are the same as ish soldiers here now barely exi same testimony declares that 2,000 will die. The starving are ly to get that much. One of the highest officials v be entrusted with the issuing has said within three days: not going to pay any atter

Blanco's order." The money raised for feed starving has been mostly stole change of officials has let ugh the intense hatred of ish Reformist for the Spanish tive. An income tax of 3 per of levied for the care of the hu collected. The present officer the former officials with putting it into their pockets. The amor vas considerable: the work next to nothing.

Six thousand dollars went in 15 cents a day and downwaswampfilling. Two hundred mer on a boulevard two weeks most of their money back to th for the food they were compelled in certain places. Within a wee