jail, guarded by soldiers eager to kill, and to be judged by an officer who complained because the prisoner was brought to him alive.

This man's name is Walter Grant Dygart. I don't know him, but I know he is American born and that at the time of his arrest he had not been on the island two weeks and they propose to prove that he is a rebel colonel, who has led in burnings and raidings ever since the rebellion started.

I called the American Consul's attention to the outrage, but the man is still there.

When a man is made a prisoner in Cuba he is placed in what the Spanish call "incomunicado." The ostensible purpose of this isolation is to prevent his covering up the traces of his offence and to give the police authorities a chance to investigate the case against him, without being hindered by the planning and back-tracking of the criminal—for in Cuba a man accused is presumed to be guilty and they are disposed to resent it if he proves his innocence.

My own experience at Havana as a prisoner on a military charge gives me a realizing sense of what this man is suffering. My detention was a matter of days, he has been in the jail at Guinea for weeks, and from present indications is likely to remain there. Now let me write my own story, and from it may be deduced an idea of the treatment this other American gets from his Spanish jailers:

OUR CORRESPONDENT'S STORY.

"I was taken from a hotel, my pockets were full of money, I was known to have powerful friends. This other man was taken by the roadside, he had no money, no friends and the fact of his arrest might never have been known, had it not been that some of the natives—at the risk of their lives, for Article 6 of the Captain-General's proclamation prohibits the spreading of information that tends to exalt the enemy or detract from the glory of Spain and its army—came to Havana and told me that the "Inglacito," on whose exploits the correspondents were spending reams of paper, was not the man in Guines prison at all.

Now for my own story. There had been a massacre of unarmed, peaceable country people at the town of Guatal, a dozen miles from Havana, by Spanish volunteers. The eighteen victims were described as rebel dead in a flaming account of a Spanish victory, officially given out.

But the crime had been done too near Havana and could not be concealed. I went out to ascertain the truth, and with my camera on my shoulder applied to the military governor at Marianan for permission to travel to Guatao.

At 1:30 o'clock next morning there came a thumping on my door, and as I started up in bed, not yet awake, the gas was lighted and my room was full of men. There were eight all together, and through the open door I caught sight of more uniforms. They tell me that on the sidewalk were many more soldier-police, but I did not know it then.

AN UNPLEASANT REVEILLE.

"We are going to make a search here; please dress yourself," said Inspector Perez, of the Spanish Secret Police. I had seen him a dozen times during the evening, as well as most of the others of the arrest corps. It would have been perfectly simple to have taken me then, but it would have lacked the picturesque discomfit of rousing me in the middle of the night, so, of course, that could not be thought of.

"Well, I dressed myself while the men ransacked my room. I asked them what it meant, but could get no answer. They demanded particularly all the photographs and all the photographic appliances I had, and then I understood the powers believed that I alone had information and probably photographs, to prove the outrage that had been committed, and it did not suit Spanish policy that the world should know what had been done in Spain's name.

The men searched ahead. Every trunk and valise was gone through. They tapped the tiles on the floor to see whether anything was hidden beneath them. They shook out my linen. They turned my clothes inside out. They read my letters and they gathered all the papers from my table—a huge and motley collection of notes whoch had been gathered during my residence on the war-tortured island. They found a book containing some worn-out story of Spanish cruelty committeed some twenty years ago, and aded that to the big bundle of evidence against me.

Then they sat me down at my own table and got a statement from me of my movements on the 24th of February, which they received with jocular incredulity and finally they told me that I would have to accompany them to the police office. They carried my papers, my camera and all my photographs, developed and undeveloped, with them.

I was assured that my detention was only a matter of form, and when they bid me "Good-by" in the office of the Chief of Police they all shook hands with me and wished me well. I was left in a marble-floored room with two guards, who leaned on their rifles in a picturesque manner. Presently another soldier and lieutenant came and I was stood up and searched. Every pocket was gone through and every fold of my clothing examined less I should have something dangerous to Spain concealed about me.

They took my pencils, my pocket knife and some scraps of paper on which were shorthand notes of no importance whatever. After this the searchers and the lieutenant left and I was alone with my guard.

A LITTLE JOKE ON THE GUARD.

It was a pretty long time before daybreak. Only once did I succeed in changing the face of the stony sentries. That was when the relief guard came and I suggested that it would be but fair for them to send another prisoner to relieve me. One of them grinned and the other scratched his chin with his bayonet and accepted a cigarette.

I tried to jest with the relief but it fell flat. They remained either asleep or indifferent.

Just at dawn an officer came and I heard the phrase "A el Morro." I was surprised and possibly alarmed. I had looked for, at worst, the detention of a day in a comfortable office.

This order to take me to the castle across the bay sounded serious. Some more guards came in and beckoned me to go with them.

With soldiers before, behind and on each side of me, I was marched through the streets to the water, as if I had been a dangerous chief, who might be expected to attempt o overpower his guard and escape, insead of a mere newspaper correspondent, suspected of attempting to get information which the Spanish Government desired withheld.

As I stepped into the boat which was waiting for my I heard the tramp of more soldiers and, looking bavk, I saw my assistant and interpreter surrounded by the same sort of guard. They took us over in separate boats and I did not see him again until I was released.

On the other shore they marched me up to the ugly entrance of the hoary, grimy castle and stood me in the gloomy arch doorway among the soldiers.

For half an hour I stood there, nobody speaking to me and nobody being suffered to approach. I was frouzy from lack of sleep, hungry, stiff and chilled, and when at last the summons came to go into the cell prepared for me it was welcome.

The thought of some sort of a cot on which to stretch myself was a relief. I will not attempt to analyze my feelings when I saw the place destined to hold me, I did not know how long—an arch of huge masonry, a floor of rotting boards, a ceiling of beams, damp with the moisture that had arisen from prisoners for seventy years. Whitewashed walls scrawled upon and smeared. A window high up in the arch, barred so that a squirrel could not slip through the iron or an elephant break the bars, and that was all.

No cot; not even a blanket or a chair.

LIVELY, BUT NASTY COMPANIONS.

My entrance scattered a crowd of cockroaches and as they ran into the rotting cracks, I heard a shuffling and a squealing which gave me warning that I would have company enough of a certain sort.

I threw my overcoat on the cleanest spot I could find and dropped on it. I was too tired to think, too wretched to dream, and for an hour I slept there.

When I awoke I was wondering how soon the ordinary conveniences even of prisons would be supplied me. I was hungry and very thirsty.

I kicked on my cell door when another hour had gone by, but the soldiers, whose tramp I could hear outside, were evidently used to hearing prisoners kick on cell doors, for they paid no attention.

I tramped around the cell until I was weary, and then squatted down on my overcoat again and studied my prison. Spanish prisoners had scratched their names on the plaster. Some fellow, who was something of an artist, had scraped the charcoal off a charred place in the woodwork and with it had smeared the figure of a man. The drawing was bad and cross-eyed, and I was angry that it annoyed me.

I realized that if I began to be nervous in that place so soon, that the horrors could not be far off. I finally went over and corrected the askewness of those eyes, but that was when I had reached the point when any employment however trivial was a luxury.

Some prisoner above the ordinary evidently had scrawled Dante's words about "leaving hope behind," etc., and I think I smiled at the idea of a man being forced to employ himself so.

The window interested me. It was ten feet above the ground, and the plaster below it was scraped by the heels and toes of the many prisoners who had clambered up to get a look at the bay, and I thought of all the old prison tales I had heard of men who crouched in a barred window getting the total of their daily pleasure by a sight of the world without.

A PLEASANT OCCUPATION.

By and by when I had counted the number of boards in the floor there were twenty-six, and the number of beams in the ceiling, there were fourteen, and the number of bars in the window, and how near to the sill I could reach, my door opened with a thump and a bang and I was bidden to come out.

They wanted to register me and I prolonged the conversation about my age and birthplace, position and description as much as I could and finally asked if it was on the programme that I should starve in my cell.

The lieutenant of the prison answered in a surprised way that he supposed my friends would send me food. However, they hadn't, and when I was taken back to my den they brought me a tin basin full of soldier's soup and beans and a coal-oil can full of water. The soup was strong and scummy and the can had been so recently emptied of its original contents that there was a film of oil over the top of it; but it was an improvement on nothing.

"This was about noon, and I had nothing to eat or drink since the evening before. I asked for a cup and got it—six hours later.

By and by they came with a tin basin, and the soldier who took it asked if I didn't have something to give to a comrade who had lent it to me. I took the hint and for the balance of my stay in the prison I scattered small silver to everybody within reach.

Before that afternoon was over I had learned to look eagerly for the changing of the guard, because, whenever the guard changed, my door was thrown open, and that was an event.

Encouraged by my success in getting cigars to smoke, I asked for a book or a paper or something to read. I offered a dollar for anything to read. I offered $5, and I would not have stood off had the price been ten, but I was told that prisoners in comminunetado were not permitted to read.

Within half an hour I was humbly requesting a lead pencil. I thought I would humor myself and scribble on the walls just to see how I was, and then I was told that prisoners "in comunicado" were not permitted to write, so I marched around the room again, for an hour, I thought, but by the changing of the guard I found it could not have been more than ten minutes.

Before dark I was glad of the excitement of siting very still and waiting breathlessly to see if an old rat whose head I had caught sight of peeping from a crack, would come out. I spent the hours before I could go to sleep in a vain endeavor to head that rat off from the holes, and when at last I closed my eyes there on the floor, with my overcoat for bed and covering, it was after the longest day I ever spent.

Before I got to sleep they brought me in a hammock that some friend who understood the situation had sent me, but he had sent no rope wherewith to swing the hammock, so it was of no use except that I managed to kill a few minutes in an endeavor to do the impossible and swing the net.

Of course I couldn't sleep the night through. The sentinel under my window, with his half-hourly cry of "Sentinel alerta," was interesting at first. Of course the next sentry took it up, and I could hear the cry run up the hill around the ramparts of Cubans, and even catch it very faintly repeated from the Punta oFrt acros sthe bay. I got to hate the cry before morning, but morning was a long time after that.

I got to sleep at last, but was startled into wakefulness by what I thought was a hand upon my face. It wasn't a hand, it was my old friend the big rat, curious about my hair. I heaved my boot at the beast and the infernal clatter in that silent place brought the whole guard to my cell. I explained indignantly what the noise was about, and they went back, calling the comforting assurance that I would soon get used to that.

Daylight came at last, and with it a cup of coffee, procured I do not know by what influence. I understood that I was rarely favored and was duly appreciative. I lay there as long as I could hoping thus to shorten the day, but I had to get up at last, and resumed my inspection of the cell, counted the boards again, and wished that the guards would change oftener. I found that window very often in my thoughts, and then I began to wonder what you could see from that perch anyhow.

On my one hundred and fortieth round I stopped and clambered up—just as other prisoners in that cell had done for half a century. The view was fine. I just had time to notice that when a guard from outside rushed up with his bayonet and poked me down. I was unusually indignant, and during all of that day watched the chances to clamber up again and get down before the man with the bayonet could reach me. I had tried the blandishments of small silver, cigars and cigarettes, but he was incorruptible.

TO WHILE AWAY THE HOURS.

The telling of all I did during that dreary day would be more tiresome than the doings of the things themselves. A piece of twine tied around the breakfast that was sent over to me afforded me excitement for a while, and I learned to tie some rare knots. Scratching my name and the date with a rusty nail was another pleasureable employment.

When at last the cords to my hammock came I laboriously studied out the longest and most difficult way of arranging it. I had a visit from my judge in the afternoon, and my giving of testimony that was to be used against myself, if possible, was the greatest pleasure I can recall of my stay in the castle, unless, perhaps, it was the moment when a wash basin and comb and brush were handed to me. When I finally got word that I was free, with limitations, I was almost content. I had the power to wash myself and a hammock to lie in. What more could a man want?

Those two days were eternity, and yet I was well treated compared with my interpreter, who passed his first night in a fouler cell than my own, who had been bound and who was not supposed to have a great nation to take care of him, as I had.

There is nobody to send a hammock with cords to Dygart in the prison at Guynes; nobody will send him a wash basin or a comb or brush, so the soup will be his fare, if he gets that, and he has not a pocket full of small silver to bribe guards to make the petty wretchedness of squalid confinement as light as possible. I would like to know how long this man is to be allowed to suffer as punishment for what he did not do, and what would have been a small crime if he had done it.

CHARLES MICHAELSON.

Parker Again in the Minority.

Senator Page was a visitor at Police Headquarters yesterday relative to his bill making clerks in the Police Department eligible to retirement on a pension after twenty-five years' service. Commissioner Parker is not in favor of the measure, but his colleagues indorse it. It has already passed the Senate. Something like fifty clerks will be benefited if it becomes a law.

Croton water looks bad and is hardly fit to drink, but can be made perfectly clear by filtering through the Pasteur Germ Proof Filter. Sold at 1193 Broadway, bet. 28th and 29th sts. *.*

A WORLD ON THE BRIDGE.

Since the Railway Has Been Running 391,153,850 Passengers Have Been Carried to Brooklyn.

The annual report of President James Howell, of the Brooklyn Bridge, shows that the diminution in receipts cause by sale of excursion ticket, is, in round numbers, about 7 per cent, a sum equal to $32,200 for the last five months of the year ending November 30, 1894, and $84,000 for the year ending November 30, 1895, making a total of $116,200. The railway has been in service a term of about 12 3-16 years. During this period 391,153,850 pasesngers have been carried, a number equal to a fraction more than 27 per cent of the entire population of the world, about 1 1-5 times the population of Europe, or 5¾ times that of the United States.

In regard to delays on the Bridge, Mr. Howell says: "The total amount of time lost on the railway, by delays from all causes, was five hours and forty-two minutes, an average of fifty-six seconds per day of twenty-four hours, or of one minute for each 12,955 passengers carried; of the total time lost by these delays, 9⅝ per cent was due to the failure or defects in the grip mechanism, that is, thirty-two minutes; and 15¼ per cent similarly to all other parts in the cable hauling machinery, that is fifty-nine minutes; the remaining 73⅝ per cent, that is four hours and eleven minutes, was due to incidents common in ordinary railroad transportation."

Mr. Howell say that "the capacity of the railway to transport passengers will be doubled, and when the stations are finished the means of ingress and egress will be greatly increased. The new stations will provide much larger platform spaces, more than double the aggregate stairway width and much more direct lines of movement of pasengers to and from connecting railway lines and the streets.

"Under the improved conditions and the increased accommodations, if, for any reason transit on the Bridge railway is temporarily interrupted, the passengers may remain during the intervals in comfortable and commodious waiting rooms."

SPAIN'S MINISTER ANSWERS SENATORS.

Continued from First Page.

termino, limpiar de filibusteros las provincias de la Habana, Pinar Del Rio, Matanzas y las villas; entendiendose que me refiero por ahora a las gruesas partidas que las invaden. Despues quedan las pequenas partidas de bandidos que exterminare paulatinamente."

The exact translation of this is:

On my arrival in Cuba I propose in the first place to clean out of filibusters the provinces of Havana, Matanzas, Pinar Del Rio and Las Villas. Be it well understood that I refer for the moment to the large bands which have invaded them. Then will remain the small bands of bandits, which I will exterminate gradually.

"Nobody can believe that General Weyler in the word 'exterminate' meant 'to put to death;' but, even if that sense is applied to his word, it is necessary to understand what those 'bands of bandits' in Cuba are and have been. I would like to know the opinion that the American planters, respectful, law-abiding citizens, who are working for their own interest and for the prosperity of Cuba, have in that respect. What would be done in this country with the people who have been kidnapping and blackmailing the honest toilers living out in the country? What treatment do they think is deserved by people like Manuel Garcia, Mirabal, Matagas, Perico Delgado and others. To those apply the words of General Weyler. The paper to which I refer is at the disposal of the Senator from Massachusetts, and of anybody who wants to see it.

"Senator Lodge also said that the treaty of Zanjon had been violated. That statement can only be made by persons who have not read that treaty, and who do not know the laws actually in force in Cuba. The treaty of Zanjon only said that the same laws which were enforced in Puerto Rico will be promulgated and applied to Cuba. They were immediately promulgated, and since then many reforms, in a liberal sense, which it will take too long a time to detail, have been accorded to both islands.

"Many consequences have been derived by the Senators whom I have mentioned and by others from a proclamation to be given to the people of Cuba by General Weyler. The authority that the proclamation was going to be published is only a telegram of the "Associated Press."

"I remember that one of the greatest judges of the seventeenth century in France said that if a line written by the hand of a man was given to him he could convict him and hang him, but I have never seen that a man can be condemned by the intentions that a newspaper supposes he has.

"I cannot understand how every rule of war that has been given by all civilized nations are so criminal, so cruel and so tyrannical when they are applied to Cuba. I have before my eyes a summary of the charges of inhumanity charged against both sides in connection with the war of the rebellion in the United States, and this is taken from an American history. I am sure that many of them are false, most of them exaggerated, some were necessary and others unavoidable. But, taking only as an illustration and for the sake of argument what I see in the list, I cannot understand how people who are familiar with those necesary evils of war, have ben able to use such harsh, unjust and offensive language against Spain.

In an English paper of those days I read the folloing opinion of the American civil war: "Stripped of its trappings it is a mere quarrel for territory. The antgonists are acting like Delawares and Pawnees. War to the knife, pushed to absolute extermination, is what they have resoved on, and people breath a language of massacre and extermination." This charge was no more justified than the charges which are brought now against Spain.

"I said nothing when that language was used in the press, but I believe it is my duty, although against the conventionalities of my position, to appeal, as I have said, to the honest common sense of the American people, when those words are uttered from the Capitol of the United States."

Minister Dupuy De Lome, deeply impressed with the importance of correcting the inaccuracies of the Senators who have spoken so strongly, reduced the above to writing.

General Weyler's own statement of these affairs is that he acted under orders in the war of 1868-78, and that the charges of barbarity are false. He denies totally having had a prisoner shot since he was in the island as Captain-General, and he told me none would be shot without his orders, and if any one killed prisoners without referring the cases to him the offender would be severely dealt with.

I examined in the Spanish Minister's library the book quoted as to the atrocities attributed to Weyler, and do not find that his name occurs.

Mrs. Osborn's Will Contest.

Justice Andrews, of the Supreme Court, yesterday granted the motion made some time ago to compel a more definite and certain complaint in the suit brought to set aside the will of Mrs. Miriam A. Osborn, the mother of Howell Osborn. The amount of property involved in the case is valued at $6,000,000. Mr. Osborn was the widow of Charles J. Osborn. She died on March 4, 1891. The proceedings to set aside the will were instituted by Leila O. Henriques and Mary A. Mason. Mrs. Henriques is the wife of William H. Henriques.

Boy Charged with Theft.

Henry Anders, eleven years old, of No. 605 East Eighteenth street, was held for examination in Essex Market Court yesterday on a charge of larceny.

Louis Nacsbaum, of No. 111 Ludlow street, said he engaged the boy to light fires for him, and while so employed Anders stole a purse containing 25 cents, which was found in his possession.

Big Opera House for Portland.

Portland, Me., March 7.—The articles of incorporation of the organization that is to build a $100,000 opera house in Portland were filed yesterday afternoon. The full amount has been subscribed.

Treasury Messenger Drops Dead.

Washington, March 7.—J. M. Housman, of Delaware, messenger in the office of the Solicitor of the Treasury, dropped dead at the Fifteenth street entrance of the Treasury Department this afternoon.

FLAT THIEVES MAY CAUSE HER DEATH.

Mrs. L. M. Richtmeyer Frightened into Hysteria by the Depredations of Burglars.

Baby Richtmeyer, Who Arrived Unexpectedly, Making a Gallant Fight for Life.

IS "AT HOME" IN AN INCUBATOR.

The Young Wife of One of H. B. Claflin & Co.'s Trusted Employes has a Possibly Fatal Experience with Harlem Sneak Thieves.

Mrs. L. M. Richtmeyer, the wife of Liberty M. Richtmeyer, is lying at the point of death at her home, No. 1503 Madison avenue. Her condition is due to shock received when she discovered that her flat had been broken into by burglars. Her baby boy, prematurely born, lies in an improvised incubator in another room. The baby rests near the range in the kitchen and while it will probably live, there is every reason to fear that the mother will die.

There have been many burglaries in that section of the city. Flats have been broken into, and stores have been robbed in broad daylight, but the thefts were always of such an insignificant character that little attention was paid to them. The consequences attendant upon this latest robbery have, however, greatly stirred the police authorities.

Mrs. Richtmeyer was married on June 27 of last year. She is only twenty-six years old, and her father, whose name is Alexander, lives with his family at No. 77 East One Hundred and Eighth street. After her marriage Mrs. Richtmeyer, with her husband, who for fifteen years has been employed by the H. B. Claflin Company, commenced housekeeping in a flat at the Madison avenue address.

There are two flats on each floor of the house, which is six stories in height, and the Richtmyers lived on the third floor. The furniture in the apartments is of the most modern description, and the wedding presents were stored away in bureau drawers, except the bric-a-brac and table decorations. Several articles of jewelry were among the wedding presents.

The vestibule doors of the flat house were supposed to be kept locked, yet in spite of that fact pedlers, or men who posed as such, have, during the past few weeks, been in the habit of wandering all over the house. Suspicion was excited regarding some of the men and the janitor was cautioned to be on the alert. When Richtmyer heard of the actions of these men he cautioned his wife to keep the doors of the flat locked on all occasions.

TOOK ADVANTAGE OF HER ABSENCE.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Richtmyer left her home to do some marketing, taking a small basket with her and carefully locking all the doors. She could not have been gone more than a few minutes when the burglars—for there is evidence that more than one man was engaged in the robbery—appeared. Doors from the kitchen at one end, and the parlor at the other open into the hall, and the burglars attacked the parlor door. Marks on the casing show that one of the thieves must have helped the other up to the transom, the catch of which was quickly sprung. Then the thief crawled into the room and unlocked the door and allowed his companion to enter. In about ten or fifteen minutes, when Mrs. Richtmyer returned and went to the kitchen door, she had some difficulty in throwing the lock back and the noise she made startled the thieves, who, seizing all that was in sight, ran out of the parlor and down the stairs.

Mrs. Richtmyer found everything in disorder. Realizing that the place had been robbed, and believing that the thieves were then in the house, she hesitated about investigating. Then a fit of hysteria came on, and, unable to control herself, she ran through the different rooms. The thieves had departed, but the evidence of their visit was apparent.

BECAME HYSTERICAL.

She ran into the hall screaming "Thieves!" Then she called on the tenants who lived on the floor above, as well as the family occupying the flat on the other side of the hall, but they were out. Then she called for the janitor, and he found Mrs. Richtmyer in a fainting condition. Summoning his wife, the two carried Mrs. Richtmyer into her flat. As she seemed to be suffering intense agony, a telephone message was sent to her husband, while the janitor rau for Dr. Woodbury, of No. 210 East One Hundred and Sixteenth street. When the husband arrived he sent for his wife's mother, as well as his own mother, who lives on One Hundred and Sixteenth street.

Mrs. Richtmeyer went from one fainting spell into another all of that night, as well as the next day. Between times she was hysterical. This condition lasted until 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon, when her baby was born.

At first there seemed little hope of saving the little one's life, but the doctor fixed up an "incubator" for him. It consisted of a big clothes basket. The baby having been wrapped in an immense quantity of flannel, was placed on a pillow in the basket, and this in turn was set upon a rocking chair, which was drawn up to the range in the kitchen.

AN EVEN CHANCE OF RECOVERY.

The life of Mrs. Richtmyer was also despaired of. It was not expected that she would survive the day, but she rallied considerably and last night the physician in attendance said she had an even chance. She is very weak, and in no condition to talk about the robbery. The baby, on the other hand, seems to prosper wonderfully, and the doctor says it will surely live.

The robbery was reported to the police of the East One Hundred and Fourth Street Station, and Wardman McLean made an investigation. He told Mr. Richtmyer that there was little hope of being able to catch the thieves. He said that a similar robbery had taken place a block away on the same day that Richtmyer's flat had been broken into.

Benedict's Nephew to Wed Miss Lloyd.

Cincinnati, O., March 7.—At a dinner given by Major and Mrs. H. P. Lloyd to-night the engagement of their daughter, Marguerite, to Howard B. Benedict, of New York, was announced. The latter is a nephew of E. C. Benedict, and is visiting in this city.

BURNED A SPANISH FLAG.

Excited by the News from Barcelona, Passaic Patriots Retaliate in Kindred Fashion.

Passaic, N. J., March 7.—Late last night a large and excited crowd burned a Spanish flag at the corner of Main avenue and Washington place, this city. After the Spanish flag had been reduced to ashes the Stars and Stripes were raised amid vociferous cheering on the part of the crowd.

The burning of the flag caused much excitement, but no arrests have been made in the case. While the Spanish flag was being burned the crowd indulged in hisses and groans for Spain.

TRAMPLED OLD GLORY UNDER THEIR FEET.

Continued from First Page.

ment on every hand shows an intention to act firmly. At the same time it regards with satisfaction and amour propre the patriotic expression of the Spanish nation.

EXCELLENT POLICE SURVEILLANCE.

The students at Madrid yesterday convened a meeting in the Hippodrome, but the police and mounted gendarmerie strategically occupied the enighborhood and closed the ways of approach to the spot of the would-be demonstration. Seeing this the students dispersed, jeeringly exclaiming to the police: "We shall meet in the Puerta del Sol."

The authorities took immediate precautions in that locality, but were hoodwinked by the students, who failed to appear.

At Valencia some three to four thousand students and townspeople promenaded the streets with banners, shouting "Viva Spain!" and "Death to the United States!"

The police, after a short fight, captured the banners, which, however, were soon replaced.

The demonstrators went to the American Consulate, but the approaches to the building were very strongly guarded, and nobody succeeded in coming near it. A Republican town councillor then delivered a vigorous patriotic speech to the crowd, which subsequently went to the French Consulate, where they enthusiastically cheered for France. The French Consul appeared on the balcony above, bowed his acknowledgments, and thanked the crowd for its good feeling.

In this demonstration the Republicans took the leading part, but the Government ordered special measures taken to preserve the peace.

Disturbances also occurred at Santiago, where the police charged a large crowd of students who were holding an open-air meeting and injured several of them, some severely.

FEAR THE WORST.

At Madrid there is still considerable agitation and ferment in the cafes and theatres. I understand that the Government is greatly concerned at the persistency of the demonstrations, for although these up to the present are limited to the students, fears are entertained of a serious popular outbreak which will take place all over Spain the moment the belligerency of the insurgents would be recognized.

The Government has sent a circular to all the principal Governors, instructing them to energetically prevent all anti-American demonstrations, and likewise ordered special precautions in case crowds join the students in their demonstrations. Stringent orders were also issued yesterday for the protection of the American Legation here.

The Ministers, in Cabinet council yesterday, approved the credit of 6,500,000 pesetas for buying artillery and arming swift steamers of the Spanish Transatlantic Company. They likewise carefully examined the situation and, it is understood, were reliably informed that 75,000,000 pesetas accruing from the last negotiations of the Bank of Spain are still lying untouched to the credit of the Government.

The Minister of Marine yesterday announced that the whole naval squadron for Cuban waters will be ready to sail at the beginning of April.

The naval officers now stationed in the Philippine Islands cabled asking for posts of honor in connection with operations in Cuba.

The firm of Pinillos & Co., who possess several large transalantic steamers, asked leave to arm their vessels at their own expense.

The Spanish press publishes a letter from the Marquis De Berges asking if he may be permitted to volunteer as a common soldier for garrison work, in case of war, he paying for the arms and uniforms of a corps of men under and over the age prescribed for military service, but who may be expected to follow his example, thus enabling Spain to have at its disposal all the available fighting forces of the country.

Minister Taylor had a long conference yesterday with the Foreign Minister, the Duke of Tetuan, and subsequently he had lengthy interviews with the British and French Ambassadors.

The news of anti-Spanish demonstrations in the United States and the burning of the King's portrait begins to cause growing excitement in Spain.

Henry D. Purroy's Friendly Suit.

Henry D. Purroy has brought an amicable suit against his brothers and sisters, John B. Purroy, Charles D. Purroy, Josephine Purroy, Salome Purroy and Mary Purroy Mitchell, and the papers in the case have been filed in the clerk's office of the Supreme Court. Mr. Purroy's suit is brought through his counsel, Charles Donohue, of No. 203 Broadway, who said yesterday: "Rosa Purroy, an unmarried sister of John B. Purroy, the plaintiff's father, died in Barcelona, Spain, in 1886, leaving a will written in Spanish, by which she bequeathed to her nephews and nieces about $30,000 worth of real estate in Fordham, N. Y. This will is admittedly void, as it does not conform to the laws of the State of New York. The property it devised has to be sold, and in order to make the title good a partition suit must be brought."

MORTON'S BARREL RUNS A STREAM.

Continued from First Page.

penditure than the minor politicians and State employees who have heretofore done the agitating in the interests of Governor Morton.

The intention is said to be to make the rest of the preliminary work more like that which usually follows a nomination than has ever been done before. In addition to issuing addresses to the people setting forth the claims of New York's candidate on the Republican party, there will be a general hurrah all along the line whenever it seems advisable that such a course shall be adopted. Halls will be hired, speakers of well-known capacity for arousing enthusiasm in the Republican ranks will be engaged and brass band accompaniments will be employed on every possible occasion to awaken the rank and file. This is the sort of work that it has been decided to do in political centres and at State capitals wherever and whenever it seems necessary to win Republican delegates from other candidates. And all this, it is scarcely necessary to say, will cose immense sums of money.

WEEKLY EXPENSES SUMMED UP.

It is believed that Mr. Platt has impressed Governor Morton with the correctness of his views and that the campaign work from now on will not stop at any expense that the party managers may deem justified.

A fair summing up of the weekly expenses of Governor Morton until the Convention will be found in the table at the head of the article. It must also be borne in mind that the Governor will pay the travelling expenses of many of his delegates from their homes to St. Louis and return, as well as their board bills while in St. Louis.

HOOSIERS BLAME MORTON.

McKinley Men in Indiana Sharply Criticise the Address Issued in That State.

Indianapolis, Ind., March 7.—The New York politicians who are here in the interest of Governor Morton have succeeded in awakening a strong antagonism to their candidate by the address issued to the Indiana Republicans yesterday, and to-day its terms were criticised very generally by the McKinley men. The fact that Sutherland, Baxter and Alexander arrived here within a few hours after General Harrison came home from New York led to a report to-day that their visit was known to the ex-President, and that he was a party to the plan to stop the tide that has set in so strongly in favor of McKinley since he (Harrison) declined to be considered a candidate.

There is no evidence to support the charge that Harrison was the originator of the idea that found expression in the address, and though his friends have been opposed to instructions and are known to favor Allison, the majority of the McKinley men refuse to believe that he would put Morton forward with a view to reaping benefit for Allison if instructions are withheld.

There was a conference of some of the leading members of the McKinley Club here to-day, and the discussion at one time became quite warm over the proposition not to insist on instructions in the district conventions. After the conference ex-Postmaster James Wildman called upon Sutherland and said:

"I do not believe that the Republicans of Indiana will take kindly to the cry that the State is under obligations to each of the candidates that are in the field for President. Are we to be bound up to other States the rest of our lives simply because Harrison was once elected President? The impression prevails here that New York got its share of the offices under General Harrison and cannot now come forward with a special claim upon the State."

The New York visitors, however, are satisfied with the progress thus far made, and will doubtless stay here till Monday or Tuesday in order to see and confer with anti-McKinley Republicans. R. R. Shiel who was one of the Harrison managers four years ago, said to-day that the McKinley men were weakening and that Morton will get some of the delegates from Indiana.

Funeral of Archbishop Kenrick.

St. Louis, Mo., March 7.—The funeral services of Archbishop Kenrick, on Wednesday, will be simple, though the full service over a dead Prince of the Church will be carried out. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, a lifelong friend, will pronounce the panegyric. The remains will lie in state at the old Cathedral on Walnut street for two days. Archbishop Kain will be the officiating dignitary at the funeral.

Spring Medicine

Your blood in Spring is almost certain to be full of impurities—the accumulation of the Winter months. Bad ventilation of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwellings, factories and shops, over-eating, heavy, improper foods, failure of the kidneys and liver properly to do extra work thus thrust upon them, are the prime causes of this condition. It is of the utmost importance that you

Purify Your Blood

Now, as when warmer weather comes and the tonic effect of cold bracing air is gone, your weak, thin, impure blood will not furnish necessary strength. That tired feeling, loss of appetite, will open the way for serious disease, ruined health, or breaking out of humors and impurities. To make pure, rich, red blood Hood's Sarsaparilla stands unequalled. Thousands testify to its merits. Millions take it as their Spring Medicine. Get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.