very bad opinion of you. I am very much afraid of you myself, but I have come to ask the honor of an interview with you in order that I may write something which will reassure the women of America that you are not treating women and children unmercifully."

The General smiled.

"I do not give interviews," he said. "I am willing, however, to answer any question you wish to ask."

So it was with this understanding that we conversed. The General has allowed me to have the conversation published.

"In the United States," I said, "an impression prevails that your edict shutting out newspaper correspondents from the field is only to conceal cruelties perpetrated upon the insurgent prisoners. Will Your Excellency tell me the real cause?"

"I have," replied the General, "shut out the Spanish and Cuban papers from the field, as well as the Americans. In the last war the correspondents created much jealousy by what they wrote. They praised one and rebuked the other. They wrote what their passions dictated instead of facts. They even created ill feeling between the Spanish officers. They are a nuisance."

"Then I can deny the stories that have been published as to your being cruel?"

War Is War.

The General shrugged his heavy shoulders as he said carelessly:

"I have no time to pay attention to stories. Some of them are true, and some are not. If you will particularize I will give direct answers, but these things are not important."

"Does not Your Excellency think that prisoners of war should be treated with consideration and mercy?"

The General's eyes glinted dangerously.

"The Spanish columns attend to their prisoners just as well as any other country in times of war," he replied. "War is war. You cannot make it otherwise, try as you will."

"Will not Your Excellency allow me to go to the scene of battle under an escort of soldiers, if necessary, that I may write of the fighting as it really is, and correct the impression that prevails in America that inhuman treatment is being accorded the insurgent prisoners?"

"Impossible," answered the General, "it would not be safe."

"I am willing to take all the danger, if Your Excellency will allow me to go," I exclaimed.

Spanish Soldiers Too Affectionate.

General Weyler laughed. "There would be no danger from the rebels," he said, "but from the Spanish soldiers. They are of a very affectionate disposition, and would all fall in love with you."

"I will keep a great distance from the fighting if you will allow me to go."

The General's lips closed tightly, and he said:

"Impossible! Impossible!"

"What would happen," I asked, "if I should be discovered crossing the lines without permission?"

"You would be treated just the same as a man."

"Would I be sent to Castle Morro?"

"Yes." He nodded his head vigorously.

That settled it. I decided not to go.

"Why," I then asked, "is the rule 'incommunicado' placed upon prisoners? Is it not cruel to prevent a man from seeing his wife and children?"

"The rule 'incommunicado,' said the General, "is a military law. Prisoners are allowed to see their relatives as a favor, but we exercise discretion in these cases."

"It is False!" He Said.

"There are stories that prisoners are shot in Morro Castle at daybreak each morning, and that the shots can be plainly heard across the bay. Is this true?"

The General's eyes looked unpleasant again.

"It is false!" he said, shortly. "The prisoners go through a regular court-martial, and no one could be shot at Morro without my orders; and I have not given orders to shoot any one since I have been here."

"Do you not think it very cruel that innocent women and children should be made to suffer in time of war?"

"No innocent women and children do suffer. It is only those who leave their homes and take part in battles who are injured. It is only the rebels who destroy peaceful homes."

Amazons in Morro.

"It is reported," I said, "that thirty women are fighting under General Maceo. Is this true?"

"Yes," replied the General. "We took one woman yesterday. She was dressed in man's clothes, and was wielding a machete. She is now in Morro Castle. These women are fiercer than the men. Many of them are mulattos. This particular woman was white."

"What will be her fate?"

"She will go through the regular form of trial."

"Will no mercy be shown her?" I asked.

"Mercy is always shown to a woman. While the law is the same for both sexes, there is a clause which admits of mercy to a woman."

"There are several Cuban women insurgents in Morro and the Cabanas. Would Your Excellency," I asked, "allow me to visit and converse with them?"

"No," he said. "There is a law that no foreigner shall enter our fortresses. It is a military law. We can make no exceptions. You understand that I do not wish to be discourteous, Senorita."

"Some of these women," I continued, "are said to be imprisoned for merely having Cuban flags in their homes. Is this possible?"

"Treason," explained the General, "is always a crime, punishable by imprisonment."

"There is a newspaper correspondent at present in Morro. What was his crime?"

The General shrugged his shoulders again. "I know nothing about him," he said. "I think he has been freed."

"Do you not think that the life of a newspaper correspondent in Havana is at present a most unhappy one."

"I think it must be; for they make me unhappy. If they were all like you it would be a pleasure."

Weyler on the Machete.

"Do you not think the machete a most dangerous implement of war?"

"No. It is simply something to fight with. A man fights with a stick, a gun or a sword. It is not so cruel as a sword."

"Is it true that thumb screws are used to extort confessions from prisoners?"

"Not by the Spaniards. Rebels use all those things similar to those that were used in the Inquisition tortures."

"Don't you think the soldiers fear the yellow fever?"

"No; young people fear nothing. There has been only one case of fever so far."

"Does not Your Excellency fear it?"

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled at me in an amused way. It gave me the impression that the General did not fear much of anything.

"What does Your Excellency think of the Cubans as a race? Do you not think them progressive and brave?"

"With the progress of all nations the Cubans have progressed," he replied. "There are many Cubans in sympathy with Spain, but this insurrection is a blot upon the Cuban race, which nothing can ever erase. It is a stain made with the blood of the slain and the tears of the women. It injures the Cubans themselves more than any other."

Criticises Gomez.

"Do you not think that Maceo and Gomez have shown good generalship?"

"No. Maceo is a mulatto. He has had no military instruction. Gomez fought under me at Santo Domingo. He was a captain and I was a colonel."

"Was he not a brave soldier?"

"No, he never distinguished himself in any way."

"Does not Your Excellency think the Cuban women very pretty?" and the General smiled approvingly yes.

"Yes, beautiful," he said.

"And the American women, what do you think of them?" he was asked.

"If you, senorita, are a fair sample, then I think them adorable," and the General bowed with his hand upon his heart.

"General, I wish to cable this story to the Journal," I said. "If I give you my word as an American woman that there will be nothing against the Government in it, will you not allow it to go over the wire without censorship? I understand that the censor edits with a machete."

"I do not wish you to think that I could doubt your word," he replied, "but this is a rule to which we can make no exception. You can be sure that your article will not be injured."

No Women are Harmed.

"Your Excellency, the hearts of American women are suffering in the thought that their Cuban friends are suffering. Will you not graciously indite a letter to the Journal which will reassure them on this important matter?"

"I tell you, and is not that enough? No women are harmed. The Spaniards are kinder to Cuban woman than the Cubans themselves. There are many Cuban women married to Spanish men, and they make them good and devoted husbands. I see many Cuban women, who come here each day with petitions, as you have seen them to-day. I rarely send one away without granting what she asks."

"Your Excellency, how can I believe you, much as I would like to? I do not wish you to think for a moment that I doubt your word, but you have refused two of my requests. If you will allow 'La Porbre Americana' to go through the lines and to visit Morro I shall believe you."

The General laughed heartily at this.

"No; it is the law," he said. "If there is anything I can do for you I shall be extremely happy to do it, but I cannot transgress the law. Would you not like to see the palace?"

Then General Weyler led the way into the throne room, which was just off the audience chamber. It is a long, stately, high-ceilinged apartment, curtained in brilliant red velvet. The floors are of white tiled marble and the walls of red brocade, outlined with gold. The throne itself is on a raised dais at the end of the room, right under a portrait of King Alfonso.

Secret Door to His Bedroom.

There seemed to be no outlet to this apartment, but the General placed his hand upon the wall, near the throne, and almost like magic a panel door opened, which the General held until I had passed through.

"This is my bedroom," he said. It was a beautiful room. The big brass bed was canopied in fine lace and soft, white monogrammed linen showing through. The chairs were of cane, and a couch was drawn near the window, where flowers were blooming. A cut-glass liquor set was on a small table and books were upon a shelf near the bed.

"Step in here," said the General, and he opened another of those secret doors in the wall and we were in the enclosed balcony. The General pushed open one of the blinds and the palace garden was before us, a delightful breeze coming through the wavy palm trees that lined the walk.

The sitting room opens off the bedroom. It is daintily furnished. A dressing table draped with lace bears silver toilet implements and many photographs. A broad table near the window is furnished with writing materials of silver.

General Weyler drew aside the lace that hung before the window and pointed to the sea.

Weyler's Dead Daughter.

"Is it not beautiful?" he said.

"This room is like a lady's boudoir," I exclaimed. "Has not your Excellency a wife and daughters who might enjoy all this with you?"

He went to the dressing case and picked up a large photograph of a beautiful young girl, with black hair and large, serious eyes. Across the corner was written in Spanish: "To my father," with an affectionate sentiment inscribed beneath.

"She died five months ago," he said. Then he handed me another picture, that of a bright, sweet faced girl. "She speaks English," he said.

Then came the picture of a boy, resembling the General across the forehead and eyes. "Has he not a good German face?" he asked, proudly. After this he handed me a card upon which the faces of his smaller children were pictured, the heads close together. "These are my babies," said the General.

The General's Bathroom.

"Now I must show you my bathroom," he continued, and with pardonable pride he ushered me into a large room, the floor and walls of which were of pale blue marble. There were Turkish towels everywhere in a beautiful profusion, which I had not before observed in Havana, and a cane couch had pillows, also covered with towelling. A velvet screen shut off the marble bath, but the General led me back of this so that he might show me the shower bath. The floor was indented beneath the shower, and the General stood at a safe distance and pulled the brass chain to show me how it worked. It was wonderful.

"There is not such a beautiful bath room in Havana," he exclaimed, enthusiastically.

Out of this room we walked into a spacious billiard room, the long windows filled with flowers. There was a fine table and a set of cues in a case upon the wall.

"Do you play, General?" I asked.

"Yes, but I have no time now," he answered. He ushered me into a stately dining room, white and cool and finely furnished.

A long table was spread in the centre of the room and there were hundreds of roses upon it. They were in tall vases and in circles upon the white cloth. They filled the air with their fragrance.

"Will you not accept these?" said the General, selecting some particularly fine ones from the largest cluster.

"What color do you prefer?" said he. Then he handed them to me with a bow, as I thanked him.

"I shall be most happy if you will join me at dinner this evening," said he, "or if not convenient, any other evening; or to breakfast, if you prefer. Breakfast is at 12 each day, and dinner at 8."

I thanked the General for his courtesy, and he continued: "You must not think it odd that I should invite you. I know that American ladies can dine or breakfast with a gentleman without remark."

I assured the General that I should be very much honored to accept his kind hospitality, and we passed into a long room, half balcony and half windows. Upon the walls were wooden shields with various kinds of sabres fastened to them, the blades beaming in the sunlight. Upon one of them hung a wreath of laurels, tied with ribbons of red and yellow. Upon the ribbons was written in letters of gold

"To the brave and illustrious Dan Valeriano Weyler, Cobernador-General de la Isla de Cuba."

Back again to the audience chamber we went and General Weyler pointed out the portraits of the various Generals who had preceded him.

"Where is Your Excellency's portrait?" I asked.

"They do not put them here until we leave," he said, as though with a great appreciation of the humor of this arrangement. Then with many assurances of his consideration and with a kindly urged invitation that I might come again to partake of his hospitality, General Weyley shook hands with me in a most friendly fashion, and we said "adios!"

POWELL MURDERER MAKES CONFESSION.

Continued from First Page.

said: 'You do all of the treating, as they know you have money.' Mayhew gave me $2, and said: 'I will give you more money in the morning.'

"Then we came down Fulton street as far as Washington street, and turned down Washington street as far as Front street

"We arrived at Clements's saloon between 11 and 12 o'clock. In going to Clements's we went through the railroad yard and I am satisfied it was Charles Powell who saw us. We stayed in Clements's saloon until about 12 o'clock.

"I left then and went to Brinkerhoff's corner."

Waynes then told about his getting his clothes from a laundry and said he finished the night in a chair in the gas house. He continued:

"I got up and went to work in the gas house. I worked there until I helped to put in the 6 o'clock charge and then went across the street to the foreman's house to breakfast. It was not long after breakfast that I was arrested at the gas house by Mr. Gettings, who came in and asked me where the foreman was. I told him that he went up to see Mr. Powell. He then arrested me.

"I took off my old jumper and put on my overcoat, and said: 'All right, Mr. Gettings.' He took me out in front of the gate first and then went to see the foreman's wife. He left me at the corner and then he took me to the Town Hall lockup, where he put me in a cell. I then asked him what I was arrested for, and he said: 'This man here will talk to you and answer all questions.' He meant the Coroner."

DISCHARGED BY THE CORONER.

Wayns is an undersized, shabbily dressed negro and Mayhew is a dapper, neatly dressed fellow, fully six feet high and big in proportion. They were arrested early Sunday morning. The evidence of Alice Hutchinson was strongly against them, but Coroner Myron C. Coombs, who came in from Inwood to take charge of the case, thought so little of its value that he discharged them.

District-Attorney Noble suggested their re-arrest when the pipe that Waynes dropped was found just back of Abram's house. Near it was also found a stocking, doubtless the one with which the blow was struck. Three stockings were found in Waynes's pockets, two of them mates.

Alice Hutchinson and Sarah Jones were arrested Thursday, and their testimony helped to weave a mesh around the two suspected negroes. John Treadwell had seen two men pass through Jackson street on a run at just about the time of the murder. William Gitten, an ex-Trustee of the village, had heard them running. When Waynes was confronted with the circumstantial evidence against him yesterday afternoon he weakened and said to District-Attorney Noble: "Well, I suppose there is no good of holding out any longer. I'll tell my share of it if you let me off."

REWARD IS LARGE.

Rewards aggregating $5,000 have been offered for the "arrest and conviction" of the murderers, and when a conviction is secured there is likely to be a controversy as to who is entitled to the money.

Detective Owen Kavanagh and Pinkerton Detective Tobin, who were employed by District-Attorney Noble and secured the evidence by means of which the confession was obtained, will doubtless claim a share as well as the officers who made the arrests.

The rewards offered are $1,000 by the family, $1,000 by Mr. Powell's brother, $1,000 by the town, $1,000 by the county and $1,000 by August Belmont, who is a resident of Hempstead. There was talk in Hempstead of lynching the negroes when they were first placed under arrest on Sunday, and it was renewed last night when the villagers heard that Waynes had confessed. It is probable that future hearings in the inquest will be held in the Court Hous, Long Island City, to avoid taking the prisoner to Hempstead again.

After five years' use in French Army posts the reduction in typhoid fever cases was found to be:

At Lorient,	91	Per cent.
" Cherbourg,	92	" "
" Melun,	94¼	" "
" Avesnes,	96⅔	" "
" Dinan,	99⅔	" "
" Auxerre,	99⅔	" "

This wonderful result was attained by use of The Pasteur Germ Proof Filter. Sold at 1193 Broadway, bet. 28th and 29th sts.

MR. HAMMERSTEIN SUSTAINED.

Magistrate Kudlich Holds That His Arrest Was Wrong.

Magistrate Kudlich, in the Harlem Police Court yesterday, handed down his decision in regard to one of the recent charges made against Manager Oscar Hammerstein. This particular complaint was the overcrowding of the Olympia on the night of February 22. Fireman Rothenhausler was the complainant.

Magistrate Kudlich holds that Mr. Hammerstein should not have been arrested because his theatre was crowded, nor because he refused to order the people in the aisles or in the back of the theatre to vacate. The remedy was a civil one. The fireman, after ordering the manager and the ushers to notify the people to vacate, should have made a report to the Fire Commissioners that his orders were disobeyed. Then the Commissioners should have sued Mr. Hammerstein and the ushers for the fine provided for by the law.

Mr. Hammerstein was not present to witness and enjoy his triumph. He was at the Olympia, where a professional matinee was in progress. The charge of assault made against Mr. Hammerstein by Fireman Rothenhausler was adjourned until Friday, as was the complaint made against Benjamin A. Gicquel, Jr., the doorkeeper, for refusing to admit Richard F. Kenehan, an inspector of the Fire Department, to the theatre.

Recommended for Delegates.

The Platt organization in the Thirty-third Assembly District has adopted resolutions indorsing the candidacy of Joseph Murray and David Friedsam for delegates to the St. Louis convention, and has appointed a committee to urge the appointment of George G. Johnson, of No. 204 East One Hundred and Twelfth street, as Coroner to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late William O'Meagher.

SOME SOCIAL GAYETIES.

The O. N. Sewing Class, named after its founders, Mrs. Charles Oelrichs and Mrs. Frederic Neilson, met yesterday at the residence of Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, No. 20 Gramercy Park.

***

Miss Marie Winthrop has a charming new skating costume of dull navy blue cloth, edged with Alaska sable. The coat has two draped jabots in front, on either side of a ruffle of ecru lace, above which a purple velvet bow stretches in Alsatian fashion.

The combination of purple and dark blue is daring, and would be impossible for any one but a pretty girl like the one in question, who also carries a witching little muff, all done up in purple velvet bows and furs.

***

Mrs. Robert V. McKim, of No. 32 West Fifty-eighth street, will entertain the Euchre Club this evening.

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A tea will be given this afternoon at the Waldorf, by the Society of Decorative Art. It will be held under the auspices of the Board of Managers, which includes Mrs. James W. Pinchot, Mrs. Francis P. Kinnicut, Mrs. George H. Morgan, Mrs. William T. Bridge, Mrs. Carl Schafer, Mrs. A. B. Stone, Mrs. Frank K. Sturgis, Mrs. Thomas S. Young, Mrs. Alexander T. Van Nest and Miss Margaret Johnston.

***

Mrs. Frank Hewitt, of No. 108 West Eighty-sixth street, has cards out for a Lenten dance at her residence on Saturday, March 28.

***

Mrs. Whitney Warren will be missed from Newport this Summer. She will spend the season abroad with her father, Mr. Gabrie' Mead Tooker.

Something almost beyond belief will be told you in the great Sunday Journal to-morrow.

You need not be afraid of the twinge of rheumatism when you have Salvation Oil. ***

Walter Grant Dygert.

A photograph of the young American citizen who is now incarcerated in a Cuban dungeon, charged with being the rebel leader "Inglesito."

ANTECEDENTS OF WALTER B. DYGERT.

The Young American Now Languishing in a Dungeon in Guines, Cuba.

A Sturdy Young Farmer's Son Who Was on a Prospecting Tour.

WENT SOUTH ONLY A MONTH AGO.

Could Not Have Been on the Island More Than a Fortnight—Easily Recognizable by a Birthmark on His Head.

Nunda, Ill., March 13.—The family of Walter Grant Dygert, the young man now incarcerated in a Cuban dungeon and suspected of being a rebel leader named Inglesito, is deeply grief-stricken since they have learned of the plight of their son.

The Dygerts are respectable farmers, living at Greenwood, a little hamlet not far from here.

To-day his father returned from Chicago, where he has been consulting friends and attorneys for the purpose of obtaining his son's release.

Walter Grant Dygert was born at Nunda, Ill., on July 14, 1872. His parents moved to Greenwood in 1884, where they obtained for their son such schooling as the place afforded. He had better opportunities in Woodstock, Ill., where he spent several terms in the public schools

Walter left home on March 25, 1890, for Idaho, where he spent five years alternately teaching school and working on farms and railroads during vacation. During the last two years of his stay in Idaho he was employed in a gold mine.

Soon after his return home in November last he expressed the desire to go to Florida on a prospecting tour. He went there last month and his parents hoped to hear that he had succeeded in his plans. Instead of this came the disappointing news sent by your Havana correspondent.

Walter Dygert is five feet seven and a half inches tall, has dark hair and eyes, and weighed 165 pounds when he left home. The Spanish authorities can easily identify him if they will take the trouble to do so. He has a birthmark near the crown of his head a little larger than a nickel, and his teeth are very short.

The following is a copy of the last letter written by Walter to his father:

Tampa, Fla., Feb. 7, 1896.

Dear Father—I arrived here late last night without mishap. I could not get a ticket at the places to which George Vermilya had directed me for less than $35, as they sold no second-class tickets. One of them sold an excursion ticket to Mobile, to start Tuesday, for $21. At another office they sold me a second-class ticket to Mobile for $16.50.

I left Chicago 8:25 Saturday evening, and arrived at Mobile 3:15 Monday morning. I came by the Chicago & Eastern Illinois to Terre Haute, from there by the Terre Haute & Evansville to Evansville, and by the Louisville & Nashville from Evansville to Mobile. The only time I had to change cars was at Nashville. I had to lay over at Mobile until Tuesday at 2 o'clock. From Mobile to this place it cost me $10.40 by steamer, second class.

The steamer was due at Port Tampa 7:30 Thursday morning, but on account of bad weather did not get in until 6 o'clock in the evening.

I did not think I would get seasick, but the water was pretty rough Wednesday morning and my berth was right in the stern. Several fellows in the same room had been very sick in the night, and the bad air in the close place made me a little sick while I was putting on my shoes. I then went on deck and soon got better.

It blowed a gale all day Wednesday, and some were very sick. I slept all night on Wednesday night, and on Thursday morning it was blowing a hurricane. The captain could not make Tampa Bay and had thrown her head to the wind and lay to under steam.

The ship was over 200 feet long, and drew 18 feet of water, and her deck was high above the water. She had a cargo of twelve or thirteen hundred tons.

The sight on the morning of our arrival was glorious. When the ship's stern was on top of a wave the prow would be in the trough between that wave and the next. Then the prow would strike the next wave and just bury itself, then rise on top of it, and the stern would go down in the trough. The whole ship would rise, balance itself on the wave, plunge over forward, throwing the whole stern out of water, and the prow would go down in the next hollow. The stern would rise and fall thirty feet or more, and wasn't slow about it, either.

Some of the crew said the captain was seasick, but I enjoyed it. Toward noon the sea went down, and we came into port in the afternoon.

The South in general seems unprosperous. There were many sea-going vessels at Mobile, but some of them seemed to have nothing to do. I think that eight or nine vessels came in while I was there, but all empty, or nearly so. There are seven or eight ships at Port Tampa and in the bay. Tampa is the only place I have seen in the South which seems to be thriving. The town is building some, and there seems to be lots of business. I will write again soon and let you know whether I intend to stay or leave.

Your son, WALTER.

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

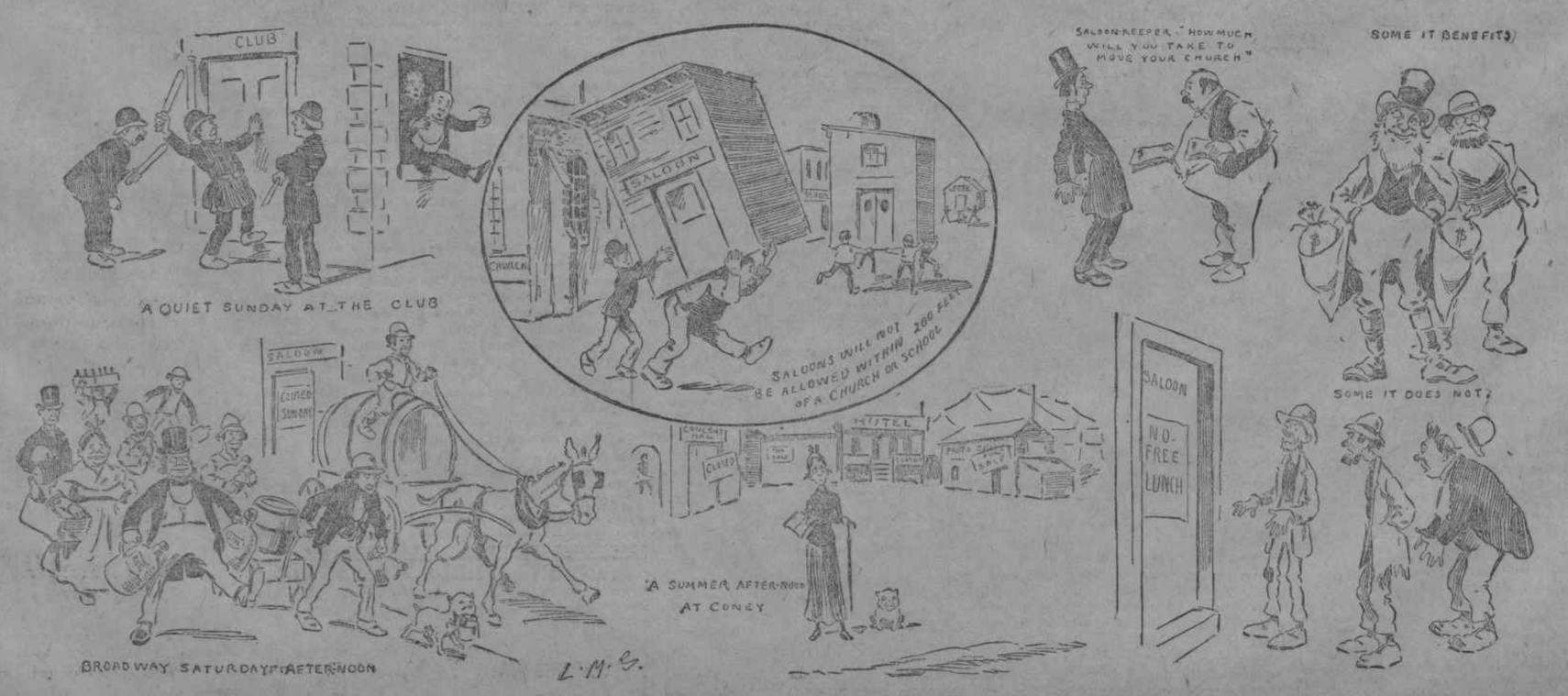
Purify Your Blood

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.



SOME OF THE THINGS THAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE RAINES EXCISE BILL BECOMES A LAW