

THRILLING STORY OF MISS EVANGELINA CISNEROS'S RESCUE.

Taken from Weyler's Prison at Dead of Night by the Journal Correspondents at the Peril of Their Lives.



FOR the benefit of those readers of the Journal who did not receive the second edition of Sunday's paper, the details of the rescue of Evangelina Cisneros from the Cuban prison are reprinted.

By Charles Duval.
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Havana, Oct. 7, via Key West, Fla., Oct. 9.—Evangelina Cisneros is at last at liberty, and the Journal can place to its credit the greatest journalistic coup of this age. It is an illustration of the methods of new journalism, and it will find its indorsement in the heart of every woman who has read of the horrible sufferings of the poor girl who has been confined for fifteen long months in Recofidias prison.

The Journal, finding that all other methods were unavailing, decided to secure her liberation through force, and this, as the specially selected commissioner of the Journal, I have succeeded in doing.

I have broken the bars of Recofidias and have set free the beautiful captive of monster Weyler, restoring her to her friends and relatives, and doing by strength, skill and strategy what could not be accomplished by petition and urgent request of the Pope.

Weyler could bind the Queen to the real character of Evangelina, but he could not build a jail that would hold against Journal enterprise, when properly set to work.

All Havana Aroused.
To-night all Havana rings with the story. It is the one topic of conversation; everything else pales into insignificance. No one remembers that there has been a change in the Ministry. What matter if Weyler is to go?

Evangelina Cisneros has escaped from the jail thought by every one to be absolutely impregnable.

A plot had been hatched right in the heart of Havana—a desperate plot, as shown by the revolver found on the roof of the house through which the escape was effected, and as the result of this plot, but into effect under the very nose of Spanish guards, Evangelina is free. How was it done? How could it have been done?

These are questions asked to-night by the frequenters of the cafes, small botegas, hotias and barberies throughout the city where the Habaneros congregate. It is conceded by all, by the officials of the palace included, to be the most daring coup of the history of the war, and the very audacity of the deed is paralyzing.

No one knows where Evangelina is now, or can know. To the story of the escape, briefly: I came here three weeks ago, having been told by the editor of the Journal to go to Cuba and rescue from her prison Miss Cisneros, the niece of the former President of the Cuban Republic, a tenderly reared girl, descended from one of the best families in the island, and herself a martyr to the unsatisfied desires of a beast in Spanish uniform.

I arrived at Cienfuegos late in September, telegraphed to a known and tried man in Santiago de Cuba to meet me in Havana, and then went to Santa Clara, where I picked up a second man, known to be as gritty as Sahara, and then proceeded to Havana. Here I remained in almost absolute concealment, so as to avoid the spies that dog one's steps wherever one may go and make impossible any clever work of this kind. Both the men who accompanied me, Joseph Hernandez and Harrison Malory, pursued the same course, and remained quiet until all plans had been completed.

The fact that Miss Cisneros was incarcerated made the attempt seem at first beyond the possibility of success, but we finally, through Hernandez, who was born on the island, and speaks Spanish like a native, succeeded in sending a note to her through an old negro, who called upon one of her friends in the prison.

A Note to the Prisoner.
A centen got this note through two hands to her a package of drugged water. Having established communication with her, we began work without losing a day.

The rest of the escape has already been told, and the Journal has kept its word to the 150,000 women of America who had urged the poor girl's liberation.

The Casa de Recofidias is located in the lowest quarters of Havana, and is surrounded by a huddle of squallid huts occupied by negroes and Chinamen and reeking with filth. It is a single story building, perhaps twenty feet in length, zig-zag around two sides of the building, opening off in front of the main entrance. Compostela street runs along the rear of the building north and south, and from

streets, and thus I can also set to sleep the victims.
"Three of you come and stand at the corners, a lighted cigar will be the signal for you to enter. I will only bring with me the necessary clothes tied around my waist. This is my plan; let me know if it is convenient."
She sent a Plan, Too.
Accompanying this was a plan drawn by herself showing the exact location of the window referred to. It was at the end of a second story apartment running along Signa street on the side of the prison, but not extending clear to its front. The azotea, or flat roof, on which it opens was about twenty feet wide, and a high parapet along the front of the building hid this window from sight in the street.
No time was lost in acting on her suggestion. The idea of scaling through an iron bar with acid was dismissed and the question then naturally presented itself: How to get the bars of the window could be cut so as to permit her to crawl through. The height of the building also precluded the idea of letting her attempt to come down by herself. Her plan was to use the rope on the flag-staff.
Consequently it became absolutely necessary for us to gain access to the azotea if we were to succeed. To do this, it became immediately apparent, would necessitate the use of a house in the crooked little alley running around the jail. By the



GUARDS AT THE PRISON DOOR.

farrest good fortune I found on my next visit to the vicinity a vacant house immediately adjoining the jail on the north side of Compostela street.

More Famous Than the Palace.
By this time No. 1 O'Farrell street is better known and more famous in Havana than the palace itself. By the end of the next day the house was in our possession. As La Lucha naively remarks to-day: "The Jesuits could find no one to become responsible for them, so I paid two months in advance."

Our gold pieces made this O'Farrell purchase ours for the price of two months' rent. Next day the deal was closed. A colored Habanero was sent to the house to whitewash and beset the line and brush he carried a light ladder about twelve feet long. The possession of this ladder was not until a week after our survey that we were able to occupy it that long.

Household Next Door Alarmed.
Having the key, I went first and reached and entered the house without being noticed. Hernandez and Malory followed about an hour later, but were so unfortunate as to find the door of No. 3, the adjoining house, standing open, with two of the occupants, a man and a woman, waiting for the arrival of the last of their household. As our two men passed them and disappeared into the house they became very much alarmed, seeming to imagine the visit of the strange men to the house next door foreboded some pending calamity to themselves.

Although it was now 12:30, the occupants of No. 3 remained awake, busying themselves at first with barricading themselves in. Finally, however, the tardy member of that household arrived and with much noise and clamor they barred themselves in and went to bed.

It was fully 1:30 o'clock before the noises of the neighborhood, arising from the evil place fell into a semblance of repose. At this time the moon was high in the heavens and as bright as the midday sun.

Down toward the corner of the front of the Recofidias a large gas-lighted bracket against the side of one of the houses made visible the smallest object in the dirty thoroughfare.

A Perilous Trip.
Notwithstanding these disadvantages, however, we mounted the roof and proceeded to business. The front of Recofidias lay at right angles to our house, but the prison building ran back of our building so that the walls were together. At this point, however, the guard wall of the Recofidias rose sheer twenty feet above our heads and was protected on the top by a thick sprinkling of broken glass bottles.

The guard wall extended out from the front of our wall to a point ten or twelve feet distant, where it joined the azotea. To reach this latter point, therefore, it was necessary to throw the ladder diagonally across the right angle separating our roof from the azotea. This was the most ticklish part of the business, as the ladder was frail and thinningly short.

Finally the ladder was in position and the trip across began. No man engaged in that enterprise that night will ever forget

that twelve foot walk across that sagging, decrepit ladder. At one time it swayed from the wall. Hernandez was only saved from a terrible fall by the promptness with which the two men at the ends of the ladder acted.

As it was, a large piece of the weak cornice on which the ladder was resting went clattering down into the street, waking the alcalde, who came hastily to the door. By this time the ladder had been withdrawn. Two men were left on the azotea of the jail, while the third was left on the roof of the house to handle our drawbridge and guard our retreat.

Jailer's Narrow Escape.
A great gap opened in the face of the massive building as old Don Jose looked out from the quiet street. He stood there for a few minutes with an absolutely unnecessary candle in his hand staring out at the moon and apparently greatly pleased with the beautiful aspect of the soft Cuban night. Then, apparently convinced that all was safe, he turned and passed back into Recofidias, and thus passed unharmed through the most dangerous moment of his life, for every second that he remained in the street was a second fraught with death.

Three forty-four calibre revolvers covered him and his discovery of our position on the roof would have called for his immediate execution. Time was then allowed for the natural quiet to drift back upon the scene, and when finally everything had become normal the work of retreating the Journal's proteges out of her loathsome dungeon was begun.

We crept softly across the roof of the window she had indicated. As we reached it we saw her standing before it. She was dressed in a dark colored dress and not easily seen in the gloom inside. She gave one glad little cry and clasped our hands through the bars, calling upon us to liberate her at once. She had been standing there for over two hours and a half, but her patience never deserted her, and she knew that all was coming as she wished on the roof of No. 1.

Hiding her by quiet, we started at work cutting through the iron bar between her and liberty. We selected the third bar on the left side of the window, and began cutting it near the bottom. Our progress was slow and wearisome, and finally, after an hour's work, we found that we had only cut part of the way through. It was impossible to use the saw quickly, as the bars were not set firmly in the frame, and rattled and rang like a fire alarm every time the saw passed across the iron.

First Night Too Short.
At last a str in the room she had quitted warned Miss Cisneros that it was best for her to retire again; so, leaving us, she slipped a sheet about her and glided quickly back to her bed at the far end of the dormitory. Before going she begged us to return the following night and complete our work. She was quite assured, we would be on hand again, and she was contented.

We were bitterly disappointed at our failure. I had selected Tuesday night in view of the fact that the next day afforded an opportunity to enter the steamer to Key West, where we could send a note with the full story of the night's occurrence, as it was well known that no detailed account of the escape would be published.

We trusted to luck, however, to stand by us, hoping only that our anxious neighbors would not be disturbed. The night, however, that the cut bar would remain undiscovered. We had no means of knowing the next day whether or not our attempt of the night before had been discovered or proceeded on the assumption that it had not, and so determined to carry out our plans to the letter.

A lot of cheap second-hand furniture was purchased in one of the outlying suburbs and was placed in our house, and that night when we went there we were met by our own household laces and penates. A huge porron decorated the linoleum, flanked on either side by a bottle of Jenever and a bottle of brandy. The table was set with plates and other crockery, and a chest of drawers a folding table and a pair of canvas folding cots had been

dragged out the tables and set forth candles until it gleamed like a banquet board. Then we threw open the window and the bright moonlight that shined on newcomers in the neighborhood and became acquainted with them, and, finally, fell into a game of poker around the table.

The Guards Looked In.
Until 11 o'clock the game went on. A brace of guards, in their striking blue and red uniforms, lounged up to the windows to note whether we played for wind or cents, and, finally, came in at midnight as a day in May, wandered off with their swords clanking about their heels. At 11 o'clock we shut the window and handed out the bright moonlight that shined in the room with its silvery glory and then turned in for a couple of hours' patient waiting.

It was now 1:30 o'clock, and we were as we lay upon was as hard as the heart of Weyler and twice as cold. The bundle of brevas went up in smoke as we lit three cigars and every man had a time for action arrived. The inmates of No. 3 were again awake, and, far from being impressed by our household furniture, they were, in fact, waiting for the night before. It was dread of the strangers in the alley that kept them quiet and made Miss Cisneros' release possible.

They sat up talking this night during the entire time we were working on the roof, and were still spouting Spanish and English during the night. The moonlight was working with us, and everything moved as smoothly as clockwork. The ladder was raised to the roof without a sound, and as we patterned about in our stocking feet a spell of enchantment seemed to fall upon the city. Far off in the distance, a faint, straightening of bells seemed changed by some magic into sweetest music, and the ugly life roofs and queer bits of old masonry architecture, jutting angularly here and there, seemed transformed by some magician's touch into palaces.

Again on the Frail Ladder.
Again the light, frail ladder was thrown across from the roof of the azotea. The trying and perilous journey was made as quickly as possible. The ladder was withdrawn and we were again in front of the window behind which Miss Cisneros was

lying. This time there was no delay. Our outfit consisted of a pair of Sillson wrenches, and, putting one above and one below the lighted bars, we were able to wrench the bar asunder with one snap. In a second I had caught the broken bar and had pulled out enough for a purchase and, slipping my knee under it, drew it up till it was horizontal with the roof. I then stooped, slipped the bar across my shoulder, and, grasping the crossbar, swung myself over the roof.

A second later I had twisted myself into a huge V above the crossbar, and, reaching down, caught Miss Cisneros by the shoulders and pulled her through the opening.

Could the women of the United States be so brave and so true? On that poor girl's face as she realized that at last, after fifteen months of prison life, she was at liberty, they would have felt a happiness as great almost as hers. That one fleeting smile of ineffable happiness was reward

enough for both of us there at the window for all our work and risk.

To get our little heroine safely away was now the question. The trip across the croaking swampy ladder was made by Miss Cisneros with the grace and ease of a frightened fawn. The astute detectives who found a knotted rope on the roof stated that the ends had been held by two men on either roof, affording Miss Cisneros a hand rail to guide her across.

Nothing of the sort was done. The knotted rope was to be used in case of emergency. In case our return to the roof of No. 1 should be cut off, forcing us to descend from some other part of the building, Miss Cisneros needed no hand rail in her state of joy and exhilaration.

No Delay in Making Off.
No time was lost in getting away from the building. We quickly made our way downstairs, donned our shoes and made off. The neighbors heard the clang of the heavy doors closing, then the sharp rattle of a carriage dashing recklessly off over the cobbles, and then quiet fell upon the neighborhood of the Recofidias. The beautiful girl prisoner was at liberty and would never again feel the suffocation of its croaking walls.

There was but one bad break in the arrangements we made on leaving. Hernandez, taking alarm at a sound in the Recofidias, had drawn his revolver. Then he placed it on the parapet of the house, laying it down to assist Miss Cisneros across. He forgot it, and it has been found there, to the great indignation of the police.

The "Evangelina" escape was carried to Palermo at the palace shortly after 8 o'clock by Don Jose Quintana, the alcalde of the prison. For the time Palermo was like a crazy man. He burst into a torrent of abuse against the alcalde and every one connected with the prison, including them all with the carabinieri, and started at once the investigation which is now being carried on. He was furious for hours and no one dared go near him on the day of his escape.

Finally it was decided to make the best of the affair, and to say that she had been spirited away by the Spanish Government. This plan was working beautifully until Thursday evening, when word was telegraphed here by the Spanish Consul in New York that the Journal had published exclusively the news of Evangelina's escape. Again both Palermo and Weyler were frantic.

"Has not the General troubles enough of his own?" roared Palermo. "but this damned Yankee newspaper must upset all his plans and ruin all his work, and give him all this trouble?"

The theory that Evangelina had escaped from a small boat, which she had hidden in the harbor, and had been carried to the people at the palace, and the Nueva Espana, the swiftest cruiser at the island, at once cleared for Key West, and started on a search for the fugitive, entering the entire distance from here to Key West yesterday and last night with glasses and searchlights. Every night that could be spared and every man, contract and gunboat took part in the search, but without avail.

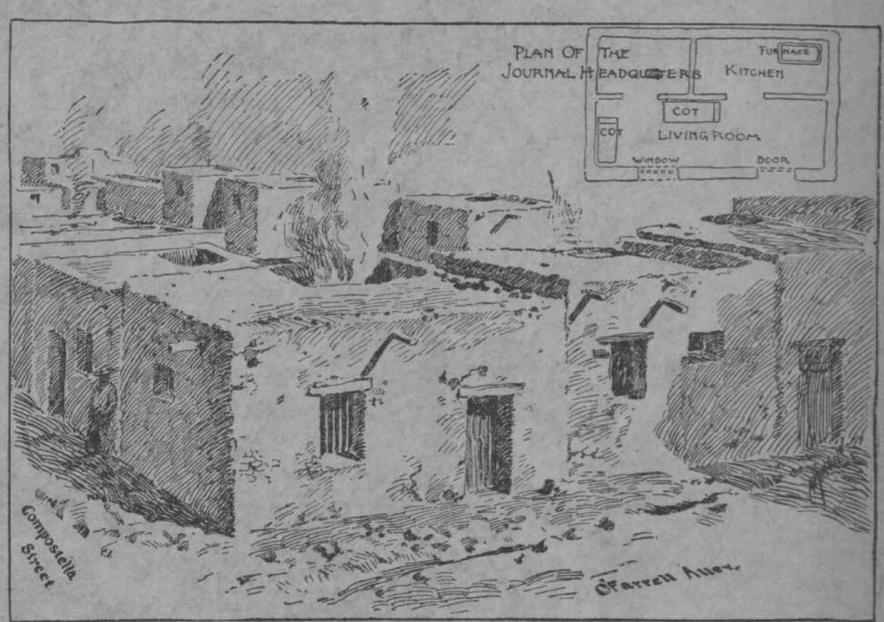
Nothing was printed about the escape until yesterday, when Editor San Miguel, of La Lucha, was permitted to publish the fact and a fairly complete story of the affair. San Miguel had gone to Weyler's night before, but could not secure permission to bring out an extra, as Weyler believed at that time that it would be possible to keep the news from the "damned Yankees."

Weyler's Search in Vain.
Journal's Interpreter Was Promptly Arrested, but the Authorities Soon Set Him at Liberty Again.
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)
Havana, Oct. 9, via Key West, Florida.—The interpreter of the Journal Bureau was arrested early yesterday morning and held for examination at the Bolea Police Department. He was closely questioned as to the movements of the Journal correspondents, but was ultimately released.

This course was adopted immediately on receipt of a cable dispatch from the Spanish Legation in Washington by Weyler announcing the Journal's publication of Senorita Cisneros's escape. The authorities are considerably mystified how the news got to New York despite the rigid censorship on all messages.

A boatman was held incommunicado, charged with aiding the escape. He was arrested by the harbor patrol, having moored his boat against the quay near Recofidias after prohibited hours. When the escape became known the next morning the authorities placed much import on his capture. The boatman is terrified to find the serious predicament to which he has been brought by, as he alleges, his thoughtless but innocent action in breaking the rules of the city, which forbid boats on the water after dark.

Pennsylvania Railroad.
Announces that commencing Monday, October 11, sleeping car service will be established between New York and Pittsburgh on train leaving West 23d st. at 8:25 p. m.; Corliss and Desbrosses sts. at 8:45 p. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving Pittsburgh 8:30 a. m., stopping at Altoona and East Liberty, and connecting at Pittsburgh for points West and Southwest. This train does not run into Philadelphia and does not carry West.



House Occupied by the Rescuers of Miss Cisneros.
No. 1 O'Farrell street is famous to-day in Havana—famous throughout the world. The Journal's correspondent, recognizing as the only place from which a rescue could be favorably carried out, secured it for himself and his two comrades. From the roof of the house the ladder was put across to the jail.

more enchanting description of the surpassing beauty of a moonlight night in the tropics, than that which is struck like a pearl in the Journal story of the rescue.

Fancy that moonlight scene put on the stage by some master of realistic art like Henry Irving—the old watchman with the candle, the scene at the window when the rescuers had to give up the sawing of a bar of iron at the window because it rang like a fire alarm!

I remember that once long ago I and a friend, now a venerable lawyer, sawed and bored down a pole, the maintenance of which at a perpendicular we thought offensive, while the owner was known to sleep with a shot gun by his side to play any one who meddled with the pole. The

TO CURE NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.
To Gain Flesh, to Sleep Well, to Know What Appetite and Good Digestion Mean, Make a Test of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Interesting Experience of an Indianapolis Gentleman.
No trouble is more common or more misunderstood than nervous dyspepsia. People having it think that their nerves are to blame and are surprised that they are not cured by nerve medicine and spring remedies; the real seat of the mischief is lost sight of, the stomach is the organ to be looked after.

Nervous dyspepsia often do not have any pain whatever in the stomach, or perhaps any of the usual symptoms of stomach weakness. Nervous dyspepsia shows itself not in the stomach so much as in nearly every other organ; in some cases the heart palpitates and is irregular; in others, the kidneys are affected; in others the bowels are constipated, with headaches, still others are troubled with loss of flesh and appetite, with accumulation of gas, sour risings and heartburn.

Mr. A. W. Sharper, of No. 61 Prospect st., Indianapolis, Ind., writes as follows: "A motive of pure gratitude prompts me to write these few lines regarding the new and valuable medicine, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I have been a sufferer from nervous dyspepsia for the last four years; have used various patent medicines and other remedies without any favorable result. They sometimes gave temporary relief, until the effects of the medicine wore off. I attributed this to my sedentary habits, being a bookkeeper with little physical exercise, but I am glad to state that the tablets have overcome all these obstacles, for I have gained in flesh, sleep better and am better in every way. The above is written not for notoriety, but is based on actual fact."

"Respectfully yours,
"A. W. Sharper,
"61 Prospect St., Indianapolis, Ind."

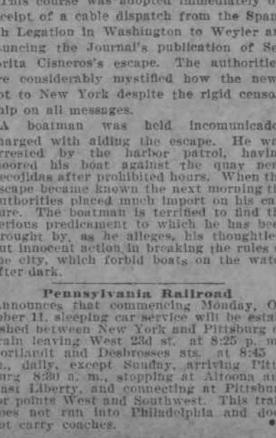
It is safe to say that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure any stomach weakness or disease except cancer of stomach. They cure sour stomach, gas, loss of flesh and appetite, sleeplessness, palpitation, heartburn, constipation and headache.

Send for valuable little book on stomach diseases by addressing Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

All druggists sell full sized packages at 50 cents.

AN AFTER-DINNER COMFORT.
"Spanish Puffs"
LITTLE CIGARS.
10 FOR 5 CENTS.
SAVE THE COVERS.
They will be REDEEMED FOR VALUABLE PREMIUMS.

Physical sensitive-ness is a development of civilization. Medicines that cured our rugged forefathers are liable to kill us.
DR. GREENE'S LAXURA CATHARTIC PILLS
are the remedy of civilization. They cure biliousness, constipation and all disorders resulting from torpidity of the liver. 25 cts. Made by the discoverer of Dr. Greene's Nervura.



MURAT HALSTEAD TO THE JOURNAL.
Cisneros's Rescue Without a Parallel Since Mary Queen of Scots.
LIKE KINKEL'S ESCAPE.

I am asked as a Journalist who has seen some service—executed some enterprises, and planned more difficult ones executed by others—what I think of the achievement of the Journal in Havana, releasing the beautiful Cuban girl Evangelina Cisneros from prison.

It first occurred to me when reading with amazement the marvellous story, that if it was true, as Consul-General Leo has been reported as saying, that Senorita Cisneros would have been released long ago if it had not been for the newspaper sensations, that the newspapers had got even on that anyhow. If the Journal caused the detention of the lady, certainly the Journal has liberated her and squared the account.

The next thing that annotated the surprising history was that the man of all the millions of the Greater New Yorkers who would read this true romance with the keenest appreciation, is Carl Schurz, who got his old tutor, Kinkel out of the dungeon fortress of Spandau near Berlin—the place held to be the most secure in Germany because there the gold for the next war, 300,000,000 marks, I believe, is kept.

The chivalrous conduct of two young Americans who attempted to liberate Lafayette by strategy from the Austrian prison at Olmutz, and only succeeded, though they were brave and ingenious, in getting the Marquis into deeper trouble, is suggested by the exploit of "Modern Journalism" in Havana.

The most remarkable modern instance of the delivery of a prisoner of distinction held under military guard was that of the escape of Marshal Bazaine, with the assistance of friends, from a French fortress "that crowded a Mediterranean precipice."

But we have to go back to the hat-breath escape of Mary Queen of Scots to find anything like a parallel to the work of the heroes of the Journal. I hardly know whether one should say reporters, but I think there were fine touches in this drama that only a newspaper expert could have dreamed of. I had thought sometimes that journalists would become famous for working wonders that persons without the training of reporters could not imagine, but this Havana jail breaking beats my most sanguine anticipations. The newspaper man is trained on the ragged edges of tragedy and lives drama-writing of realities that exceed in dramatic action anything that has been put on the stage is a daily duty of men of the press.

This affair of the Journal's was conducted by men who are not only heroes but poets. There has never been written a

breathes there the man with soul so dead Who ever to himself hath said, "I don't believe in advertising!" If such there be, just let him try. A Journal ad., and then he'll cry, "Results are certainly surprising!"