STEPHEN CRANE AND JULIAN RALPH TELL OF WAR'S HORRORS AND TURKEY'S BOLD PLAN.

Dark Side of War, with Its Wounded Soldiers and Panic-Stricken Women and Children, Portrayed---Sultan Pouring a Vast Army Into Greece, with the Object of Holding It and Defying the Powers.

By Julian Ralph.

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Nisch, Servia, May 19.—What most interests foreigners at the seat of war in Thessaly is the question what Turkey is doing. Not merely fighting Greece. On the contrary, that is the least thing she is doing. The faster the Greeks run, the more earnestly Turkey prepares for war; the nearer the end of the Greek war approaches, the faster Turkey masses ne wtroops, heaps up ammunition on Greek soil, builds great camps and buys more horses.

I was at Larissa for four days seeing a huge blue procession pour in its thousands, and when I turned homeward I found the situation still unaltered, the great blue serpent was winding new folds along to meet me and join the army. Beside the road at Larissa, Elassona, Melouna, Serbije, Cozeni and Sorovitch were military caps. At Cozeni, Haffizi Pasha, the Vali, called me to the window of the residence and showed me a large body of newly arrived troops, all armed with new Mauser rifles, who halted and gave a ringing cheer for the Padishah, as all Turks call the Sultan.

"Four thousand reinforcements there," said he, "and yesterday four thousand others came."

Swarming to the Front.

Finally, when I returned to Salonica, I learned that an average number of sixteen hundred soldiers had been passing daily to the front, and that eighty thousand men were massed at the seat of war on April 25, and the force already on the field was close to one hundred and fifty thousand. The minimum number arranged for is three hundred thousand, with two hundred thousand more of reserves within easy call. Every day I asked what it meant.

Little by little what seems to be the truth leaked out—what I am going to tell. I believe to be the whole truth and nothing but the truth. If I am right it is the most important news I have written for many years. Bulgaria and Albania both take warning by the fate of Greece, and both see as plainly as the rest of the world the wonderful evidence of Turkey's vitality, earnestness and pugnacity. Moreover, Bulgaria has got what it asked for and Turkey is now taking care of Albania by accepting thousands of Albanian volunteers for the campaign to Thessaly, at the same tim e massing Anatolian troops in Albania and along the Albanian frontier. No, the truth is a thousand times more important.

When Greece began to defy the European concert and harass the Turkish outposts the Sultan was anxious for peace and very much averse to war, but he was overpowered by two members of the Government, who assured him if he did not declare war he would anger the people and lose the throne.

The Cowardly Sultan.

He is the biggest coward on earth, so great a coward that finding Ghazi Osman idolized by the people he not only made the hero of Plevna practically a prisoner in the Yildiz Kiosk, but ever since has put him in the royal carriage every day because he believes his enemies would not shoot nor dynamite the monarch if the hero sat by his side. Yielding to unwelcome advice the Sultan sent Ghazi Osman to supersede Edhem Pasha, but when Osman arrived at Salonica, while I was there, the Sultan was terrified by the popular welcome accorded the hero and hurried him back to the palace and removed the military governor of Salonica, whom he fancied was responsible for the behaviour of the people toward Osman.

Terrified by threats of his Ministers the Sultan declared war; as soon as war was declared the same palace influences that now have the upper hand in Turkey began a new line of insidious arguments in favor of impressing Europe with the great strength of the manifold resources and complete independence of the Ottoman Empire. The Sultan's counsellors said to him: "Do you not see that Greece successfully defies all Europe, and yet is not a thousandth part as strong as Turkey." Continuing, his advisers said: "You have been deceived too long. Turkey has been the cat's-paw of its own foolish fears of Europe. We now know the helplessness of the Christian nations and their inability to combine. Let us mobilize a grand army on the soil we have captured in Greece. Let us heavily garrison each Greek town we have taken, and when the war ends let us make our own terms and declare our huge army shall not be removed until our demands are satisfied."

Ready to Defy Europe.

This I gather from officers who are members of a progressive young Turkish party and from foreign consul attaches in Turkey and from others who have the right to believe they know the subterranean forces at work within the Government of Constantinople. Between three hundred thousand and half a million soldiers are now being massed in Thessaly, Macedonia and Epirus, and I believe they will remain as silent backing of Turkey's demands when Europe intervenes to arrange terms of peace.

Greece has set her a great example and taught her a lesson; she feels all her strength and it gives her newborn confidence; she is ashamed of her past subjection and aspires to rank as one of the great powers hereafter. A dozen times I said to the Turkish officers:

"Are you going to give up the territory you captured?"

"Never."

"But the Sultan pledged his word not to make this a war of conquest."

"Yes, but a higher than the Sultan's, the power of the entire ruling class of Turks forced this war, and that power feels that Turkey has only taken what belongs to us by former ownership and we have paid a high price for it with our blood."

By Stephen Crane.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

Athens, May 22 (On Board the St. Marina, Which Left Chalkis, Greece, May 18.)—We are carrying the wounded away from Domokos. There are eight hundred bullet-torn men aboard, some of them dead. This steamer was formerly used for transporting sheep, but it was taken by the Government for ambulance purposes. It is not a nice place for a well man, but war takes the finical quality out of its victims, and the soldiers do not complain. The ship is not large enough for its dreadful freight. But the men must be moved, and so 800 bleeding soldiers are jammed together in an insufferably hot hole, the light in which is so faint that we cannot distinguish the living from the dead.

Near the hatch where I can see them is a man shot through the mouth. The bullet passed through both cheeks. He is asleep with his head pillowed on the bosom of a dead comrade. He had been awake for days, doubtless, marching on bread and water, to be finally wounded at Domokos and taken aboard this steamer. He is too weary to mind either his wound or his awful pillow. There is a breeze on the gulf and the ship is rolling, heaving one wounded man against the other.

Wounded Taken to Athens.

Some of the wounded were taken off at Chalkis; the others will be taken to Athens, because there is not room for them in the Chalkis hospitals. Already we have travelled a night and a day under these cheerful circumstances that war brings to some of those who engage in it.

When we with our suffering freight arrived at Piraeus they were selling the newspaper extra, and people were shouting, "Hurrah! Hurrah for war!" And while they shouted a seemingly endless procession of stretchers proceeded from the ship, the still figures upon them.

There is just enough moaning and wailing to make a distinct chorus above the creaking of the deck timbers over that low hole ere the lamps are smoking.

Retreat Toward Thermopylae.

This is Wednesday, I think. We are at Stylidia. All day there have been clouds of dust upon the highroad over which Smolenki's division is retreating toward Thermopylae. The movement completely uncovers this place, and the Turks are advancing from Haimyr os.

One long line of dust marked the road across the green plain where Smolenski marched away. And the people stared at this and then at the great mountains in back of the town, whence the Turks were coming. All the household goods of the city were piled on the pier. The town was completely empty, except for two battalions of Smolenksi's rear guard, who slept in the streets, worn out, after a twenty hours' march. We loaded the steamer and schooner with women and children, and household goods. The anchor was raised by two man-of-war's men, three fugitives, and one Greek Red Cross nurse.

Suffering of Women and Children.

The refugees generally seemed dazed. The old women particularly, uprooted from the spot they had lived so long, kept their red eyes turned toward the shore as they sat on their rough bundles of clothes and blankets.

Our deck looked like an emigrant quarter of an Atlantic liner, except for the sick soldiers. The Journal steamer then went to St. Marina and landed the hospital stores.

Lieutenant-Colonel Caracolas came aboard there, much disturbed because some bread had been left at Stylidia. He was at the head of the commissary department of Smolenski's division. He asked us if we would try to get the bread. We agreed and found another schooner. We told the captain we were going to take him to Stylidia and he flatly refused to go. There was no time for argument; our extra bluejackets, seven in number, promptly stormed the schooner and took it by assault. I guess the captain of the schooner is talking of the outrage yet. The bluejackets got us a hawser, raised the anchor, and we towed the protesting schooner back to Stylidia, with the captain on the bow, gesticulating violently throughout the voyage. Incidentally we never found the bread.

We steamed back to St. Marina and found Dr. Belline, chief surgeon of the Greek army. He was worried about the safety of the hospital at St. Marina, but no orders had been issued for its removal. The obvious thing to do was to get orders from Thermopylae headquarters, and we carried the doctor across the gulf. He got the orders promptly and we took him back to St. Marina and took aboard the wounded men and Red Cross nurses of the hospital. The last boat had left the shore when a soldier came and said something to the interpreter, who shook his head negatively. The soldier turned quietly away.

On board the steamer your correspondent idly asked the interpreter what the soldier had said, and he answered that the soldier had asked for transportation to Chalkis on the ground that he was sick. The interpreter thought the man too well to to go on a boat containing wounded men.

We sent ashore and after some trouble found the soldier He was ill with fever, was shot through the calf of the leg and his knees were raw from kneeling in the trenches.

There is more of this sort of thing in war than glory and heroic death, flags, banners, shouting and victory.

HOW NOVELIST CRANE ACTS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

Journal's War Correspondent's Sangfroid Under Fire at Velestino Described by a Fellow Worker.

By John Bass.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

Athens, May 21.—At Velestino I was greatly interested to see how the Journal's correspondent, the well-known novelist, Stephen Crane, would act in a real battle. Your correspondent followed him up the steep hill to where the Greek mountain battery, enveloped in smoke, was dropping shells among the black lines of Turkish infantry in the plain below. Your correspondent sought shelter in a trench and cautiously watched the pale, thin face of the novelist as the latter seated himself on an ammunition box amid a shower of shells and casually lighted a cigarette.

Stephen Crane did not appear surprised, but watched with a quiet expression the quick work of the artillerymen as they loaded, fired and jumped to replace the small cannon overturned by the recoil.

I was curious to know what was passing in his mind, and said:

"Crane, what impresses you most in this affair?"

The author of "The Red Badge of Courage" lighted another cigarette, pushed back his long hair out of his eyes with his hat and answered quietly:

"Between two great armies battling against each other the interesting thing is the mental attitude of the men. The Greeks I can see and understand, but the Turks seem unreal. They are shadows on the plain—vague figures in black, indications of a mysterious force."

By this time the Greek army was in full retreat.

As the last mountain gun was loaded on the mules Stephen Crane quietly walked down the hill. The Turkish artillery drawn nearer, and amid the singing bullets and smashing shells the novelist stopped, picked up a fat waddling puppy and playfully christened it Velestino, the Journal dog.

ENSIGN STONE'S ENGAGEMENT OFF.

So Says Miss Marie Conde's Mother—He Says Nothing.

DISHONORABLE CONDUCT.

Mrs. Conde Accuses the Rejected Naval Officer of Planning an Elopement.

CONDES WEALTHY; STONE POOR.

Published Announcement of the Ensign's Engagement Repudiated by Her Parents—The Young Lady Is Secluded.

Pretty Miss Marie Conde is presumably sighing her sentimental soul away in the sequestered seclusion of her wealthy papa's superb Summer villa at Oswego.

And gallant George L. P. Stone, ensign, United States Navy, if you please, is making himself popular with his brother officers of the grim, turreted monitor Puritan by cheerfully taking all their tours of deck duty that require constant pedestrian exercise and permit of solitary communion with the stars.

For true love, that never did run smooth, has been once again diverted from its joyous course by the flat of family interference.

The society reporter brought things to a climax in this particular instance when she inserted the following notice in a daily newspaper:

The wedding of Miss Marie Conde and Ensign George L. P. Stone, U. S. N., whose engagement has just been formally announced, will take place next October. The fiancee is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Swits Conde, of No. 6 West Fifty-sixth street. She was one of last season's prettiest debutantes. Ensign Stone is a member of an old Washington family. He is now stationed on the monitor Puritan.

Mr. Swits Conde is a very wealthy manufacturer of Oswego and New York.

Mrs. Swits Conde is a very handsome, very stately and very fashionable grande dame, chatelaine of a splendid mansion in West Fifty-sixth street and a beautiful Summer villa at Oswego.

Miss Marie Conde is one of the prettiest and most popular of last season's debutantes. Ensign Stone is a handsome young officer of the navy—scion of one of Georgia's oldest families, now transplanted to the exotic official circles of Washington.

So much by way of prelude.

Of the very dreadful tragedy which has temporarily, at least, blotted out all the joy in life for two young souls, Mrs. Conde detailed the plot, scenario and incidents fully to a Journal reporter yesterday. Mrs. Conde wore a handsome house gown of black silk and spoke in the soft, mellifluous accents of the gently bred.

What Mrs. Conde Says.

"Mr. Conde and myself were pained and surprised when we read the unauthorized announcement of our daughter's marriage in an evening paper," said she.

"We had told Mr. Stone as gently as possible that we could not approve of his suit for our daughter's hand several days ago. We did not base our objections to the young man's suit upon his poverty, though we did think it very selfish of him to attempt to take our daughter from the surroundings to which she has always been accustomed to such a home as he could provide for her upon his salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year.

"Our primal objection to the marriage lay in the fact that our daughter is very young. She only made her debut in society last season, and we do not wish her to choose a husband too hastily. We desired her to wait awhile before accepting any serious attentions. But Mr. Stone disregarded our plainly expressed wishes. From the time he first met our daughter at a reception he pressed his suit most ardently, and even attempted to induce the young lady to consent to a clandestine marriage. He made repeated attempts to gain her consent to an elopement, and she very properly rejected his overtures and informed her parents.

Stone Had No Encouragement.

"Mr. Stone received no encouragement from my daughter, and when Mr. Conde was informed of the young man's ungentlemanly conduct, he forbade Mr. Stone calling at our home or holding further communication with Miss Conde.

"Then Mr. Stone did a very dishonorable thing. He bribed our servants to carry messages to our daughter and hung about the house and other places in hopes of meeting her.

"Of course, we consider his action in making a public announcement of the engagement without having gained our consent—knowing that such consent was withheld for good reasons—an unwarranted piece of assumption upon his part. Had there been any engagement the duty and privilege of announcing it would have devolved upon us, not upon Mr. Stone. Mr. Conde summoned Mr. Stone to an interview and told him plainly that he must cease his unwelcome attentions to our daughter. We were all going to our Summer home in Oswego this week, but that unauthorized announcement has made it necessary that I should stay in the city and deny it to our friends. Mr. Conde thought it best that our daughter should accompany him to Oswego

"Of course, the published announcement was a very great shock to us, and my physician has forbidden me to talk upon the subject," continued Mrs. Conde. "It is evident, however, that my daughter knew nothing of Mr. Stone's intention to publish it, for I had a letter from her this morning in which she expressed great surprise at the rumors she had heard."

Ensign Stone, when asked what reply he had to make to Mrs. Conde's statement, declined to discuss the matter at all.

"It is not a subject for public discussion," he said. "All I can say is that I had nothing to do with publishing the announcement of the engagement. I have placed the whole matter in the hands of a friend, and must decline to say a word on the subject."

Mr. Stone's Action.

The friend into whose keeping the young ensign has confided his honor as an officer and a gentleman, after the usual fashion of officers and gentlemen who are accused of ungentlemanly and dishonorable conduct, is Mr. "Sou" Osborne, who graduated from Annapolis in the same class with Ensign Stone. Mr. Osborne, like his principal, declined to discuss the affair further than to say that a purported interview with Mr. Stone in a morning newspaper was a "fake," and that Mr. Stone had not uttered a word contained in it.

Other officers at the Navy Yard are not so close mouthed. They are discussing Mrs. Conde's statement that she never approved of Mr. Stone's attentions to her daughter with evidences of pained surprise.

"Why," said one of them, "before Stone came to the Puritan he was senior officer of the steerage mess in the flagship New York. While billeted there he gave several dinners aboard ship and Mrs. Conde and her daughters were his guests of honor at every one of 'em. And at the New Year's ball here at the yard Mrs. Conde and Miss Conde came as Stone's invited guests. He was frequently invited to their house, too, and they made a lot of him."

Characters in the Stone-Conde Broken Engagement Affair.

Mrs. Swits Conde denies that her daughter was ever engaged to Ensign Stone. She has sent her daughter away to the family's country home at Oswego. She asserts that young Stone has acted in an ungentlemanly manner, bribing servants and attempting to arrange a runaway marriage.

TO SUE FOR MILLIONS.

A suit in which, according to the plaintiff, the sum of $3,500,000 is involved, is expected to be tried shortly in the Queens County Court in Long Island City It is that of William D. Marvel, who lives at Browne and Madison avenues, Flushing, against Georgiana C. Stone and John D. Wood, executors of the will of George F. Stone. The complainant says the $3,500,000 represents a valuable mine in Spain.

In 1869, while Marvel was an ore merchant in this city, he says he discovered iron ore in the south of Spain and became interested in the Sierra Alhamilla Railway and iron mines of that country. Two years later he claims he became the sole owner of the mine.

Mr. Marvel says he formed a partnership with three others in 1886, under the firm name of Marvel & Co. He declares that after two years he found his best interests demanded the dissolution of the partnership, chiefly because of his partners, through whose actions, Mr. Marvel says, he sustained enormous losses. Mr. Stone held claims, and finally claimed ownership of the mines and refused to concede to Mr. Marvel any rights in the property. Mr. Marvel avers that he has ever since been deprived of all profits from the business. The property has not been worked for the past eight years. Mr. Stone died in January, 1895, and Mr. Marvel immediately began the suit for the recovery of the mine.

An interesting feature of the case was the bringing of Mr. Marvel's private safe from Spain to America. In the office of his residence in Spain Mr. Marvel had a safe in which were his private papers. Just after the beginning of the trouble over the partnership, and during Mr. Marvel's absence, he says the safe was put on board of a vessel and brought to this country. Mr. Marvel says he finally located the safe in a sub-cellar of a big office building on Wall street. The safe had been opened, and, so he says, several of his most important papers relating to the mines were missing. The safe is now at his home in Flushing.

Mr. Marvel was nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the First Congressional District last fall, but was defeated.

LOVE LURED HIM TO SPAIN'S TOMB

Agramonte, Jilted, Led His Expedition to Barracoa.

CAPTURED ON THE COAST.

In His Dismal Cell in Moro Castle He Has Thoughts of His Ideal Only.

WRITES TO HER EVERY WEEK.

His Letters Should Prove to Spain That He Is Less a Dangerous Patriot Than a Chivalrous Suitor.

In his cell in Moro Castle, in the light of a window which lets him see as in a frame on a wall a line of horizon, waves of the ocean, and, at long intervals, a white sail, Dr. Frank J. Agramonte writes to a young woman of Brooklyn letters that are passionate and tender.

Tall, athletic, a veteran of the Twelfth Regiment, a graduate of the College of Dentistry, where he won the higher prized of the two medals awarded to diligent students, he had among those who knew him here a reputation for impassibility which was singular and captivating. Agramonte, his best friends thought, had only one ideal at a time. He wanted to be a good soldier on drill days, he wanted to be a great dentist every day, and nothing could divert him from the study of tactics and the study of his profession. He would not be general of the National Guard, because he was a soldier on holidays and special calls only; but he would be a great dentist. Plays, music, companionship of men or society of women attracted him not at all. He worked in solitude, like a monk in a convent of Asia, and in February, 1895, two months after he had opened an office in a fashionable street for the practice of his profession, his colleagues gave his success as a proof of the value of a single aim.

Suddenly he disappeared. He had abandoned all that he had worked so ardently to achieve, and his friends did not know where he was until cable dispatches from Havana announced his arrest as an insurgent. Then it seemed clear that patriotism was a higher ideal in Agramonte's mind than any other, and that he had followed it impulsively, with consistent singleness of purpose.

Frank J. Agramonte is the nephew of the celebrated General Agramonte, whose valor in the previous Cuban rebellion is an epic of Spanish-speaking nations, and the son of Emilio Agramonte, whose school at No. 110 Lexington avenue is a hotbed of Cuban patriotism, so that his fidelity to the Cuban cause is natural, although he was born and educated in New York and his friends were Americans. He did not offer his services to Jose Marti at the beginning of the organization of the rebellion, however, and none expected that he would. Suddenly he went to the Junta and asked for a mission. He was twenty-four years old, intelligent and audacious. He received the appointment of a Major on the staff of Flor Crombet, and was instructed to accompany him, Maceo and twenty-five filibusters from Central America to Cuba.

Speaking English only, Agramonte avoided all the spies of the Spanish government and succeeded in landing with an expedition from Central America at Barracoa. There Maceo advised one route and Flor Crombet another. Agramonte followed Maceo. The entire party except Maceo and his brother were killed or captured.

Agramonte was sent to Morro Castle with thirteen of his companions. His family and his friends appealed to Washington; his aunt, Princess Radziwill, appealed to the Queen Regent at Madrid. Nothing could be done for his release, nothing can be done. The law of nations condemns him. Moreover, he is a patriot, forever dangerous to Spain.

Well, the passionate and tender letters which Frank J. Agramonte writes to a young woman of Brooklyn, in Spain, where love is not yet a subject of cynicism, might relieve him of t[illegible] of being a dangerous patriot. [illegible] prove to his friends also, if it [illegible] to print them in their sincerity [illegible] were right in ascribing only one ideal [illegible] him, but the ideal is not what they suspected.

"She is beautiful enough to be an Agramonte," his father said to him, at the Berkeley Lyceum, four years ago, and to deserve to win her Frank became the recluse who amazed his friends. For her he won his medal; for her he became successful in his profession.

Was she a coquette or simply innocent? Dr. Agramonte wrote to her in February, asking her to become his wife. She refused, and on March 24 he was a prisoner of Spain. He writes to her every week, passionately, tenderly, with chivalrous deference, and one wonders why the Queen Regent, who has a heart, is not made acquainted with this correspondence.

Frank's father, Emilio Agramonte, has not seen it, for he smiles at the mention of it, shrugs his shoulders and says: "Frank is a patriot. He fought Spain and lost. Under Weyler's regime he would have been shot. He is not badly treated and his mind has improved amazingly in prison."

GAS JETS ON, FIRE RAGES

Tea Gowns and Lace Curtains Up in Smoke at a Broadway Blaze.

Fire did about $25,000 damage to stock of lace curtains and women's tea gowns in the building Nos. 386 and 388 Broadway. The losers are Lesser & Co., [illegible] tains, $15,000; Levy & Co., wrapper[illegible] tea gowns, $10,000. The building [illegible] damaged $2,000.

Some of the firemen stated that on the third floor they found all the gas jets turned on, and only one of them lighted.

Wh[illegible] wonder that [illegible] women are heedless abou[illegible] things that [illegible] cern them [illegible] They endure [illegible] sorts of pain [illegible] misery with [illegible] lessness wh[illegible] would never [illegible] possible if [illegible] realized [illegible] consequenc[illegible] Comparatively [illegible] women understand [illegible] when they neglect [illegible] health because they [illegible] too busy or overwor[illegible] or their minds [illegible] taken up with o[illegible] concerns, that they [illegible] balancing on the [illegible] of a fatal precipice [illegible] Any weakness or [illegible] ease of woman's sp[illegible] organism is no tr[illegible] matter. A woman [illegible] through indifference [illegible] neglects these troubles is laying the [illegible] dation for life-long wretchedness.

A modest woman naturally recoils [illegible] the mortifying ordeal of examinations [illegible] local treatment which doctors insist up[illegible] But there is no necessity for any such [illegible] pugnant alternative. Dr. Pierce's Favo[illegible] Prescription cures these delicate complai[illegible] positively and completely. It is a medic[illegible] devised for this particular purpose by [illegible] of the most eminent of living specialists [illegible] woman's diseases.

Dr. Pierce has been for nearly 30 ye[illegible] chief consulting physician of the Invali[illegible] Hotel and Surgical Institute, of B[illegible] N. Y. During this time he has receiv[illegible] ninety thousand letters from wom[illegible] who [illegible] by the "Favorite [illegible] scriptio[illegible] printed by permission in one co[illegible] Pierce's great thousand-page book, "T[illegible] People's Common Sense Medical Adviser[illegible] It contain advice and suggestions for se[illegible] treatment which every woman ought [illegible] read. More than half a million copies ha[illegible] been sold at $1.50 each. An absolutely fr[illegible] edition in paper covers will be sent for [illegible] limited time to anyone sending 21 one-ce[illegible] stamps to pay the cost of mailing *only*. A[illegible] dress World's Dispensary Medical Assoc[illegible] tion, Buffalo, N. Y. For a handsome clot[illegible] ound copy send 21 stamps.

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I remain, most respectfully,

P. J. DERVIN,

No. 60 Prince st., corner of Marion st., New York City.