CUBA'S FIGHT TO BE FREE.

ACTUAL STATE OF AFFAIRS SEEN BY A VISITOR TO THE INSURGENTS.

Spanish Tales of Victory Not to Be Trusted—The Island Island in the Hands of the Insurgents—Almost Every Cuban in Sympathy with the Insurrection—Large Bodies of Spanish Troops Held in Check by Handfuls of Insurgents—Gen. Antonio Maceo the Moving Spirit of the Revolt—Arms of the Patriots.

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For nearly a whole year, from the beginning of 1895, Spain has been trying in vain to stamp out the fifth insurrection which has broken out in Cuba during the present century.

While other Spanish transatlantic colonies were gaining independence by rebellion, Cuba remained loyal, suffering gross military and financial tyranny, in the hope that either gratitude or experience would work some change in the method in which Spain ruled her colonies, and that she would cease to regard them simply and solely as a source from which to draw a perpetual stream of profit, and a hunting field where needy Spanish officials might grow rich by plunder and blackmail.

By much patience and suffering Cuba earned the name of "ever faithful," but nothing more. Spain possessed an island capable of swift development and boundless prosperity, yet her methods remained always the same; enterprise and industry withered under Spanish rule; she chose blindly to gather the plunder of to-day rather than wait for the greater profits of to-morrow. Spain acknowledges to-day, and always has acknowledged, that her administration is corrupt, yet she has never sought to effect a change; the wave of constitutional reform which in 1836 swept over Spain was deliberately withheld from Cuba, and the last remains of Cuban loyalty vanished. The Spaniards were fully conscious of the course they were pursuing. On the one hand to grant the island constitutional liberty, to see it grow rich and strong would rob Spain of much that was profitable and might in time lead to actual independence; while, on the other hand, there was the course with which they were so familiar, the policy of financial and administrative despotism. They grasped what they could at the moment, and hoped that the day of retribution might be far distant, and that the anger and discontent of the Cubans might long be held down by force. Revolution upon revolution was been the result, and year by year the hatred which every Cuban feels for Spain has grown stronger; three times before the great ten years' war the Cubans rose and were subdued, till, in 1868, began the insurrection which the Cubans maintained against the whole power of Spain till 1878. For ten years they fought, and that at a far greater disadvantage than they do to-day, and in the end they were not crushed, but submitted to the terms of peace offered by Gen. Martinez Campos. He pledged himself to obtain certain constitutional reforms; he had been sent to Cuba expressly to make peace, and he made it, but his promises were never ratified by Spain. Since then the island has been nursing itself for the present insurrection. If the Spaniards wish to keep Cuba for Spain they will have to conquer the Cubans in the field, for the fight is now for absolute independence, without terms or compromise.

Little is known to the outside world of the actual state of affairs in Cuba during the present war. The greater part of the news published abroad is derived from Spanish official notices or from some Spanish source, and is always untrustworthy, and, if unfavorable to Spain, is deliberately falsified. Other reports are made by the agents appointed by the various newspapers in the principal seaport towns of Cuba, and their despatches necessarily consist for the most part of a resumé of the rumors which are incessantly being circulated from mouth to mouth, and which, whether favorable to Spain or no, are usually either so distorted as to be beyond recognition or entirely without foundation. In Santiago it was reported with more than usual assurance that Gen. Antonio Maceo had been heavily engaged, that he was gravely wounded, and that he was either dead or dying. I saw him afterward, as he and his escort of 100 horse rode up at full gallop to present themselves to the newly elected President of the Cuban republic—a theatrical scene, where President and General embraced, and the troops saluted and cheered. He had been in many actions, but had suffered no wound throughout the present war.

So, too, shortly before I joined the insurgent forces, circumstantial accounts of an action were published in the American newspapers, in which the Spaniards claimed to have completely defeated a vastly superior number of the insurgents with a loss to themselves of only some dozen men. I afterward chanced to ride down the valley where this Spanish newspaper victory had been achieved; the road led from the town of Santiago to Guantanamo, and on either side there was thick forest.

A Spanish column some 2,000 or 3,000 strong had here been attacked by 400 or 500 insurgents, who for two days had driven the Spaniards in disorder before them. The road was deep in mud and almost impassable, dynamite lay in the way, and the insurgents were all around, and yet invisible. Scattered here and there along the road were the skeletons of the Spanish dead; at one point where dynamite had been used the bones were mixed and scattered abroad, and here alone some fifteen or twenty men must have fallen.

It is seldom that the insurgents in the field can send despatches giving their version of affairs. Every day the difficulty of forwarding reports through the Spanish lines is increasing, and the undertaking becomes more hazardous. Every one passing through the lines is suspected and is liable to search, whether provided with a pass or no. Communication is kept up with the towns; but the news, when it arrives at all, is usually very much behind the time, and has been already discredited by previous reports.

Inland the island is in the hands of the insurgents; but the towns are Spanish, and in the hands of the Spaniards are the means of reporting the progress of a campaign of what would appear to be almost unbroken success for themselves. Spanish troops have been poured into the island in thousands upon thousands, and there lost sight of. Telegrams and reports in England and America describe Spanish actions, and the numbers engaged and killed on either side, and always there is the same story from the Spanish authorities—that the end is very near, and that Martinez Campos is only waiting for reënforcements to begin the general advance which is finally to crush out the rebellion. The general impression is that the insurrection is being sustained by bands of savage, undisciplined, and half-armed guerrillas, outcasts of Cuban society, and negroes who, hunted from place to place by the Spanish regulars, and condemned by the better class of Cubans, maintain themselves in the woods and mountains and carry on a marauding warfare of raping and murder, avoiding the Spanish forces, save when they are in vastly superior numbers.

The statements of the victorious progress of the Spaniards are false, and the reports are absolutely unreliable. It is true that Spain is making every effort; ships are bought and blockade the coast, yet arms and ammunition are continually being landed, and as yet no filibuster has been taken. Troops are sent from Spain, but no change in the situation takes place. At the end of October the Spaniards were everywhere practically standing on the defensive; they held the towns, certain positions along the coast, and, after a fashion, the railroads, which usually run a very short distance inland. The rest of the island is "Free Cuba," and is in the hands o the insurgents. The Spaniards seldom venture inland in any direction away from their base, and never with a force of less then 2,000 or 3,000 men, and even then the disorganization of their commissariat and the hostility of the country are such as to prevent them from keeping the field for more than a very few days at a time.

Almost every Cuban on the island is in sympathy with the insurrection; nothing is more false than to suppose that only those who have nothing to lose favor the revolt. Rich and poor, educated and uneducated, even the children born in the island of Spanish parents—all are against Spain.

So, too, for the most part, the American and English colonists, owners of plantations, and managers of mines, are the friends of the insurgents, and wish them well; and, passing freely as they do from the country to the towns, they assist the rebels in a hundred ways, and always at great personal risk to themselves.

The Spaniards know that the hand of every man is against them. In the town of Santiago every one is under suspicion, and everywhere there are spies; for an American an unguarded word might mean banishment, and for a Cuban transportation. The news of the morning was who had been arrested during the night, and crowds of suspects were taking passage with every ship leaving Cuba, no matter where it was bound for, warned by some friend that they had best leave quickly lest worse should befall them.

I remember speaking to the son of a very wealthy Spaniard. He had much to say of the greatness of Spain and of their righteous cause, but was interrupted by the news that a Spanish war ship had been sunk with all hands by an insurgent bomb. The youth forgot that he was speaking to a stranger and all that he had said; he clapped his sides and bellowed with delight, an indiscretion which he instantly regretted.

So again, while I was making my way out into the country, I fell in with an American. His business lay within the Spanish lines, and there were Spanish troops all around. He spoke with violence of the insurgents, and together we lamented their ways and praised the all-powerful Spaniard. It was only afterward that I discovered that far and near in "Free Cuba" he was held in the greatest reverence, that he had helped the insurgents in every kind of way, and that he was everywhere spoken of as Tommy.

On Sept. 20 I landed at Santiago, the Spanish base of operations for the eastern end of the island. I had come by sail from New York, intending in some way or other to join the insurgent forces, though how I was to get through the Spanish lines, or where the rebels were to be met with, I had not the remotest idea.

From New York I brought a letter to a Cuban sympathizer in Santiago, who was to furnish me with some plan of escape. This document was the talisman in which I trusted, and with the greatest caution I brought it ashore and through the Custom House, safely lodged in my boot, but only to find that the most necessary friend to whom it was addressed had shared the fate of other suspects—that he had been arrested on the previous night, and was then lying prisoner on a ship which was getting up steam in the bay ready to leave for Ceuta, the Spanish penal settlement in Africa.

Santiago is the ancient capital of Cuba. It stands on sloping ground at the head of a magnificent landlocked harbor, and all around, in an amphitheatre, are mountains and forest, a lovely place, but a fatal one for the Spanish soldiers. The town itself is a white sepulchre. The streets are narrow and the place is hilly beyond all words; the heat is only varied by tropical showers, which fall every afternoon through the summer and autumn months—rain so heavy that in a few minutes the streets sloping down to the bay are like muddy mountain streams in spate, carrying with them all kinds of refuse and rubbish. Everywhere the yellow fever is abroad, but it is particularly deadly among the Spanish troops. How many die is never made known. The dead are carried away and buried by night, and at one hospital a hole was cut in the wall facing the burial ground that the soldiers outside might not see the nightly processions. The soldiers stalk about the streets in their dirty white linen uniforms and big straw hats, looking pale and thin; they are badly fed, and suffer every kind of privation. Boys for the most part under twenty, they are unaccustomed to the climate, and by exposure are made unfit to battle with it.

For more than a week I stayed in Santiago, trying to devise some scheme for getting through the lines, and day by day, as the various plans miscarried, the chances of success seemed to grow smaller. The easiest course would have been to visit one of the plantations which lay outside the lines; so on landing I professed the greatest interest in sugar cane, and importuned the Governor for the all-necessary pass. From the first, however, I fell under suspicion, and all passes were most steadily refused me. The longer I stayed the greater grew the suspicion, and I was followed by a shadow, who watched what I did and to whom I spoke. One Cuban was warned by a friend of his in the Government that he had better not be seen in my company, and those who might have helped me began to fight shy of me.

Everywhere the talk was of the revolution. From hour to hour new rumors took shape and grew, and there was the incessant story of skirmishes and heavy fighting. Everything was rumored, but nothing was known for certain, and it was impossible to learn where the insurgent forces were, or how to reach them. I had only a very few weeks to spare; my time was passing, and nothing whatever had been done; every one had some plan which had to be arranged, and at the last moment would disclose that he found it impossible. The spirit of the place, the word which was in every one's mouth was "to-morrow;" to-day one had to sit idly in a veranda smoking innumerable cigars, knowing that nothing was being done, and that the morrow would probably be the same.

One good fellow, an American, was bound for a point along the coast in a small fishing boat. He was willing to take me, but as I had no pass, and it was as impossible to leave without one by sea as it was by land, together we bribed the patrons of the boat to hide me under some sacks in the bows. He was persuaded, though much against his will. I was to be put out of sight overnight, and first thing in the morning we were to sail. The plan was well laid, but, like a dozen others, fell through at the very last, and I had to stay behind. The sailor who worked the boat with the patrons was of a timid disposition, and absolutely declined to risk transportation for a few pieces of money—a sensible view as it turned out, for just as the boat was preparing to sail the port officers came and searched her from top to bottom.

To be shut up in the town was insufferable, and I saw that if I wanted to get out I should have to go out alone, and as best I could. My plan was in some way or other to reach my friend who had vanished in the boat, and who would be able to help me in joining some rebel force. To get there, however, it would be necessary to take to the mountains, since there were Spanish troops between him and the town. It was awkward not understanding Spanish, but I learned the phrase, "I desire to avoid the Spanish troops," and started one evening just as I stood, save for pockets heavily loaded with cigars. Next day I was with the insurgents. I came successfully to some iron mines on the coast, and there learned that a party of insurgents were coming down from the mountains that night to fetch despatches, and to them I attached myself.

The eastern end of Cuba is mountainous and everywhere covered with virgin forest. The vegetation is semi-tropical, and the creepers and undergrowth present so formidable an obstacle to progress that when, as was very frequently the case, it proved necessary to pass round some particularly impassable bit of the road, the man riding in front had to open out a way with his machete—the large knife of the country, which in times of peace serves to cut the cane, and in times of war is carried as a side arm.

The first ride I had with the insurgents—there were two of them, a Captain and a trooper—was through the most wonderful scenery I have ever seen. All night we rode through forest, and always in an upward direction; there was a full moon, and now and again we could look down on the sea which lay below and up at the wooded peaks above.

For two hours we slept beside our horses while they rested, and were pressing on again before daylight; we wished to get to one of the camps by the following evening, and the nearest was still a long way on. The tracks were exceedingly bad, sometimes deep in mud, and at others precipitous and covered with loose rocks, over which the horses climbed like monkeys. All day we pressed on, now at a walk, now and in single file, now and again pulling up to give a challenge, for we were near the Spanish forces and did not know whom we might fall in with. It had been a long ride, and the horses were dead tired. They had been going almost incessantly through the whole day, and the greater part of the night. It had been terribly hot, and only once in the early morning had we had anything to eat. We were worn out, and when after sunset we found that we had lost our way and were wandering up and down wooded valleys which all looked exactly alike, we became thoroughly dispirited. Late that evening we came to the insurgent outpost and heard the challenge given from the darkness above us, and so we rode through the guard we saw through the trees the fires of the rebel camp. It was settled on a ridge near spur of land; behind and above were the mountains, and far below was the level coast land, and beyond it again the sea.

Col. Valeriano, a mulatto, had occupied this position for many weeks with a few Cuban officers and a force of 100 men, most of whom were negroes. Down below, on the coast, about ten miles off, were encamped the Spaniards, some 2,000 or 3,000 strong. The insurgents lay in their way, a handful of men in a strong position, and the Spaniards had made no move against them.

The Spaniards moved out from their camp the morning after my arrival. The insurgents were drawn up along the edge of the hill, watching the Spanish advance with field glasses, and praying that they might come on. Volettes were sent forward, and every one was ready; but that day we saw no more than the previous one, and no attack was made.

The camp was composed of a number of palm-thatched sheds, under which were slung two or three hammocks side by side. It was a glorious evening, the officers gathered round us in the Colonel's hut, and stood or sat about smoking, while we ate with a ravenous appetite the food they set before us. Afterwards, by the light of the camp fires and a dozen candles my Captain read aloud the news from the Spanish newspapers he had brought with him; sat on in the hut talking with officers around, and outside crouched some slave negroes, listening intently, and now and again laughing quietly at an account of some reported Spanish success.

That night I found my hammock slung next to that of the trooper who had ridden with me from the master. The poor fellow was already there. Somehow or other he had got a touch of fever, and was quite delirious, tossing himself about and raving in a most objectionable way. I had brought a variety of pills with me from New York, but, unfortunately, could not in the least distinguish between them, as they were marked not with the ailment for which they were intended, but with the various ingredients they contained. Happily, I struck on an appropriate one in the morning, and gave the trooper four large pills, which silenced him in a moment and caused him to lie like a log through the rest of the night. I afterward learned that the virtue of these pills lay in reducing the temperature from high fever to the normal state at a jump, and that they were very powerful and should have been administered sparingly. We both slept comfortably through the night, and although my patient had a relapse next day, he speedily recovered, and was very grateful to me for the treatment.

In the whole island there were some 25,000 insurgents under arms, all, both infantry and cavalry, carrying the machete as a side arm and a rifle of one kind or another, usually a Remington. Here and there the men were armed with Mausers, the new Spanish magazine rifle, which had either been collected from the prisoners or taken from the Spanish dead; it is a small-bore rifle, and from the cases I saw it would seem that the wound it inflicts is easily healed, the bullet boring a hole through the bone instead of breaking it.

For the time being there appeared to be a tolerable supply of ammunition, but no very large reserve, and in the future the insurgents may have to rely on supplies from abroad. More rifles and ammunition are constantly being run into the country; and with the increased supply of arms the numbers of the insurgents in the field could be very largely increased, since those who desire to join in the struggle very largely exceed the number of rifles now available.

Everywhere discipline was strictly enforced, guard was regularly kept, and orders had to be carried out to the letter. In their drill the insurgents cut a most ridiculous figure; yet drilled they were, however, and that twice a day; often, as was the case in José Maceo's camp, by Spanish drill sergeants, who, like so many others, had been driven from the Spanish lines by ill-usage. The cavalry were much better in hand than the infantry, and those I saw maneuvered with tolerable ease. The men were well mounted, and in the open country to the west they are accustomed to charge the Spanish infantry in square, and often with success. In the broken country of the Santiago province the cavalry is of little service, and the fighting is necessarily more of a guerilla warfare, planned by the officers, but executed by the men as units.

The rank and file of the rebels in the east are black, but further west they are almost exclusively white, and a negro there is the exception. The negroes are fine fighting men, and able to endure every kind of hardship; they march thirty or forty miles in the day without great fatigue, and are able to go for long periods without food—indeed, starvation would seem to make them more efficient, since it is said that Antonio Maceo prefers his men to fast for two days before battle.

A few of the officers are black, but usually they are Cubans. The staff of Gen. José Maceo was largely composed of the sons of wealthy Cuban planters, of doctors, and other professional men, many of them educated in America, and many of them speaking excellent French or English.

Gen. José was encamped on the high road, some fifteen miles from a Spanish division; he had only 400 or 500 men with him, and here the insurgents had no advantage in their position, yet for weeks the Spaniards had made no move against him, and here, as elsewhere, they remained inactive and powerless. Further west, on a large open prairie, Gen. Antonio Maceo was able to enter into the insurgent Government with a review of some 5,000 men, while within twenty miles, both to the north and to the south, the Spaniards had superior forces, were fully conscious of all that was passing, and yet declined to make the slightest effort.

Gen. Antonio Maceo is the moving spirit of the whole revolt. He is a tall, broad-shouldered mulatto, with a reputation for reckless bravery and a good knowledge of Cuban warfare, gained during the last insurrection. He is the hero of the Cubans and the terror of the Spanish soldiery, a volcano of energy, with a charming manner, a kindly disposition, and eyes which are perpetually smiling through a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses.

I first met Maceo on an occasion of great state and ceremony. Cuba had just elected a provisional Government, which was to watch over the interests of the country till the struggle should be ended. The General was mobilizing the troops of the East to receive and do honor to the President and Ministers of the Cuban republic, who had journeyed very far to meet him. The President of the republic, the Marquis of Santa Lucia, is a man very nearly 80 years old, a stately and courteous old gentleman, and so wiry that he had arrived at the place of meeting several days before he was expected. The rest of the Government is almost entirely composed of young men, who are almost all under 40; shrewd, pleasant fellows they seemed, full of zeal and hope in the future, and apparently by no means oversanguine. From them I learned how it was proposed absolutely to forbid and prevent the grinding of the sugar cane throughout Cuba, and so to hinder Spain from getting any financial assistance from the island. The insurgent forces were maintaining themselves in the field without expense, and could continue to do so, while the Spanish army of occupation was an ever-increasing burden, and one which every day Spain became less able and willing to bear. The Cuban policy was to cripple Spain financially while she withstood her in the field. The insurgents would be willing to treat with Spain as to a price for Spanish evacuation, and to pay freely rather than draw the war out to the very end. During the first three months of the struggle they would have accepted a free and full measure of autonomy, but now the establishment of a Cuban republic can only be prevented by Spanish victory and Cuban annihilation.

Riding through Cuba from camp to camp was a pleasant life, and often an exciting one. I had an escort, an officer and trooper, and all day we rode over hills and through forest, and always along tracks which were almost impassable. Sometimes our road would pass near the Spanish lines, and on one such occasion we barely avoided a Spanish ambush; at times we would ride the greater part of the day without food of any kind and with a hot sun above, with the result that one's grip in the saddle seemed to loosen and one's head to turn. When our horses tired we changed them for fresh ones with the peasants along the way.

Wherever we chanced to find ourselves at nightfall, we slung our hammocks and slept; sometimes it would be in a shed, and sometimes in the open air, and once and again unpleasantly near the enemy. We passed one night in the shed which contained the printing press of the Cuban republic, and around about us lay the copies of the gaudy number of *Libertad*, in blue and red type to commemorate the governmental election. In the morning, we would be up and in the saddle again before sunrise, the only toilet possible being a good shake. Everywhere I found the Cubans the most courteous and hospitable people conceivable; whatever hour of the day or night it might be, all that the Cuban had and all that he could do were at the service of the stranger. In the middle of the night we were served with coffee and food if there chanced to be any, and no matter how poor our host might be it was out of the question that he should receive money. From the time I joined the insurgents to the day I got back to Santiago I never spent a penny.

How I ever got back to Santiago I am still at a loss to understand. Twice I had to pass through Spanish troops, whose officers, as I afterward heard, had expressed a wish to lay their hands on the Englishman who had joined the insurgents. True, I had borrowed a planter's suit—which was necessary, as I had not had my own clothes off for three weeks—and I had shaved. But, for the rest, I met with the most extraordinary good luck.

I have written little of my wrongs in Cuba, but I have seen and heard enough of what is passing to wish all success to the cause of the insurrection, and to hope that the United States will not be long in recognizing the Cuban insurgents as a belligerent power.

HERBERT HOWARD.

TRAINING WARD MEN.

Commissioner Parker's Little Headquarter's School for Detectives.

Police Commissioner Parker said yesterday that precinct detectives were to have been appointed nearly a fortnight ago, but it was desirable that officers of some experience should be detailed to the duty. Within the last two weeks a number of patrolmen have been detailed to the Detective Bureau, where they are acquiring detective experience and also have an opportunity of seeing the crooks that are brought in from time to time. As soon as the men have sufficient training they will be sent out to duty in precincts.

The Commissioner said that men with a practical knowledge of detective duty were needed in the precincts, and for that reason a sort of training school has been established. Patrolmen from various precincts are being sent to the detective office right along. Gradually some of these men will be assigned to precinct duty, by the means it is believed that an efficient detect ve force will be built up.

The Commissioners have had some talk among themselves concerning other roundsmen who are detailed at the Central Office. It is understood that Mr. Parker made the suggestion that the roundsmen who are detailed in some of the commissioners' offices should be sent out to precinct duty. His suggestion met with some opposition from Mr. Roosevelt, it is said. Each Commissioner, except Mr. Parker, has a roundsman detailed in his office. Roundsman Tarney is with Mr. Roosevelt, Roundsman Tracy is in the office of Mr. Andrews, and Roundsman O'Brien does duty in Col. Grant's office.

Commissioner Parker believes that patrolmen would do just as well, and that the roundsmen should go back on the beat. There being a number of vacancies in the ranks of roundsmen, Commissioner Roosevelt, it is said, told his colleagues that Roundsman Tierney did duty at night. No final action has been taken in the matter.

Horse Clippers Form a Union.

Thirty horse clippers of this city organized a horse clippers' union yesterday, with temporary headquarters at 229 East Twenty-fourth street. The object of the union is to establish a minimum price for clipping horses. There are 300 horse clippers in this city and Brooklyn, and the promoters of the union think that nearly all of them will join it. Charles Kaiser is President, M. J. Leonard, Secretary, and F. A. Pendleton, Treasurer, of the new union.

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Our Annual Sale of

HOSIERY,

Beginning TO-MORROW, offers the

STRONGEST HOSIERY VALUES EVER KNOWN!

With this sale we offer enormous quantities of desirable Hosiery at prices sure to turn what is ordinarily known as the dullest month in the trade into the busiest. Remember, the lots advertised on this sheet are choice goods, perfect and desirable as those sold at REGULAR PRICES.

All our Reg. 25c. Ladies' Cashmere Hose to be closed out at 15

All our 50 and 60c. Cashmere Hose . . .39

35c. LISLES AT 23c.

350 dozen Men's 4-thread Lisle Half Hose in stainless Black and Tans. These goods have never been retailed at less than 35c., 3 pairs for $1.00. It seems a little early to buy Lisle, but it will pay you. Annual sale price, 23 Cents.

Come before the lots are broken if you want your size.

LADIES' HOSE, 25c. Hose at 15c.

All our good number 7 Ladies' Hose that have been sold for 25c. will go at this annual sale at..... .15

We have sold thousands of pairs at 25c. and can recommend them very highly.

15c. Hosiery at .07

500 dozen Ladies' Seamless Fast Black and Tan Shades, full seamless, regular price 15c.; annual sale price..... .07

15c. Hose at .07

Children's Heavy Cotton Ribbed Hose, every pair sold guaranteed perfect and stainless black, former price 15c.; annual sale price..... .07

CHILDREN'S HOSE.

All our Heavy Children's wide and narrow Ribbed Woollen Hose, formerly sold for 25c.; annual sale price..... .15

All our finest grades imported English Cashmere Children's Ribbed Hose, all with extra double knees; these goods have been for size 7 in. 53c.; annual sale price, all sizes..... .29

$1.00 Silk Hose at 39c.

Ladies' Fine Silk Hose, in stainless black, Richelieu ribbed and plain; also fancy black boot patterns, never sold before less than $1.00; annual sale price..... .39

MEN'S HOSE.

BIG LEADER.

15c. Socks at 7c.

2,000 doz. Men's Full Regular Made Imported Half Hose, in tans and stainless black, sold formerly at 15c., or 2 pairs for 25c.; annual sale price ..... .07

25c. Hose at 12½c.

Special lot of Ladies' Fine Gauge Cotton Hosiery, formerly sold at 25c., in black only; annual sale price..... 12½

Our Reg. Fine 25c. Socks at 15c.

900 doz. Men's extra quality best Egyptian Cotton Half Hose, one of our best sellers at 25c.; annual sale price .15

KRAUSS FINALLY SUCCEEDS.

Jumps from a Roof and Is Killed—His Second Try at Suicide.

Reuben Krauss, a Russian painter, 26 years old, committed suicide at 10 o'clock yesterday morning by jumping from the roof of the four-story tenement house at 32 Scammel street into the yard of the next house. He was instantly killed.

Krauss lived with his brother at 74 Allen street. He was found in his room at 1 o'clock on Friday morning bleeding from a wound in the abdomen which had been inflicted by a razor, which was found near by. He told the police that he was sick and despondent and did not wish to live any longer. He was removed to Gouverneur Hospital, where it was found that the wound was superficial.

During the day he was arraigned in the Essex Market Police Court, where he contradicted the story he had told that he had tried to commit suicide. He said instead that he had been assaulted by three men whose identity he had purposed to conceal by telling a story of self-destruction. He was discharged from court and the police started out to fine his assailants.

Krauss had been employed at 32 Scammel street about two weeks ago, where he had done some painting. Yesterday he went there and asked August Smith, who lived there, how his fire burned since the chimney had been painted. Smith replied that it smoked a good deal. Krauss then said that he would go up on the roof and take a look at the chimney and asked Smith to go up with him. Together they climbed up the fire escape to the roof. Krauss went over to the chimney and examined it. Then without the slightest warning he ran to the edge of the roof and dove off head foremost.

In his fall he struck and broke off a big branch of a tree which stood near the building. Smith ran down stairs and called in Policeman Hugh Smith of the Delancey street station, who sent to Gouverneur Hospital for an ambulance. The surgeon said that Krauss must have died instantly.

The police now disbelieve the story that Krauss had been assaulted. The dead man's widow and four children are now on their way to this country from Russia.

Will the Palisades Be Preserved?

The Joint Commission from this State and New Jersey for the preservation of the Palisades met at the Essex Club in Newark yesterday afternoon to discuss business and to meet the Hon. R. Wayne Parker of the Military Committee of Congress. The bill to make a military reservation and National Park of the Palisades has been referred to his committee. Mr. Parker gave the Commissioners little encouragement, and subsequently said that Congress was too poor this session to give any appropriation for the purpose. The amount asked for is $500,000 and the estimated cost of the land in question is $2,000,000.

Struck the Acting Captain in the Face.

Acting Captain Groo of the Mulberry street station was assaulted while standing within a few feet of Police Headquarters last evening by John Adams, a dock laborer, who lives at 140 Forsyth street. Groo had been at Headquarters and was at the corner of Mulberry and Houston streets, when Adams asked him where he could get a car to take him to Broadway. Groo told him, but the man became enraged, and, telling his informant that he lied, struck him in the face. Groo placed Adams under arrest. Adams was drunk.

Stabbed by Brooklyn Footpads.

John P. Payne, 27 years old, of 148 Fulton street, Brooklyn, while passing through Nassau street, near Pearl, early yesterday morning was held up by two highwaymen. He was told that they wanted money. He refused to give them a cent. Then one of the footpads drew a knife and stabbed Payne under the left shoulder, inflicting a slight wound. Mr. Payne furnished to the police a description of his assailants, who took to flight after the stabbing.

SOME NEW YORK CROOKS CAUGHT.

Boston Police Gather in Four, One of Whom Says He Has a Big Record Here.

BOSTON, Jan. 11.—A gang of crooks was captured yesterday afternoon by detectives connected with the Bureau of Criminal Investigation. They have been in Boston but a short time.

The names given by the men are William Smith, alias "Tiney" Smith, alias Carlin, alias Kennedy, age 32; Charles Drake, 24; Oscar Burns, alias William E. Hill, alias Ferguson, and Richard D. Coleman, alias Hawley, alias "Whitey" McGowan, 19. All except Hill give their residences as New York city. Hill says he lives in Brooklyn.

Smith at first denied his identity, but finally confessed. He said if he was returned to New York he would be sure to get twenty years. He admitted serving fifteen years in New York prisons, and told of many crooked jobs in which he had been implicated.

He said another crook systematically stole letters from street boxes for some time with the aid of false keys. In many cases, he said, he wore a letter carrier's uniform, which he said was made for him by a tailor named Livingston, in New York.

He skipped his bail for a robbery in a Mott street store on Oct. 16, 1895, and came to Boston with the other men arrested.

THIEF HUNT IN HARLEM.

Mounted Policeman "Suspender Jack" Catches an Old Offender.

A wagon thief gave mounted Policeman McGee, otherwise known as "Suspender Jack," a wild chase on Friday night. Grocer Muller's boy had left the wagon while delivering groceries at St. Nicholas avenue, near 110th street. Arthur Berger jumped into the wagon and drove off. The policeman gave chase and, overhauling the wagon three blocks beyond the starting point, caught the horse. Berger jumped out and continued his flight on foot.

Still holding the grocer's horse, McGee galloped on after the fugitive, the clatter of the wagon attracting a crowd of spectators along Seventh avenue into which the chase had turned. At 116th street an obliging citizen knocked the fugitive down, and the chase was ended by the arrival of the policeman a moment later.

Berger described himself as 22 years old and a resident of 53 Bowery. A shoplifter's bag, a coil of light but strong rope, a pair of nippers, and a lot of pawn tickets were found on the prisoner. He was held in $1,000 bail yesterday.

BEATEN BY BURGLARS.

They Attacked a Bowling Alley Employee with Tenpins.

Jacob Thuman has a bowling alley at 107 Horatio street, which is close by the Gansevoort Market. About 3:30 o'clock yesterday morning two thieves forced an entrance into the place. Julius Thuman, a young man, who is the cousin of the proprietor, was sleeping in the alley on a cot. He was awakened by the presence of the burglars. The latter, who were armed with tenpins, beat him over the head with the heavy weapons and then made their escape.

The burglars probably did not see Thuman until they fell over his cot. This aroused Thuman, but before he could utter a cry he was struck on the head with one of the tenpins. Although the blow dazed him, he managed to jump from the cot. He tried to get hold of the man nearest him and received another blow in the face with a tenpin. This knocked him down. Blood was pouring from the terrible wounds he received and almost blinded him. The thieves made their escape in different directions. One fled by the front way, while the other got out of the window by which they had gained entrance.

New Club House in Orange Valley.

ORANGE, Jan. 11.—The Young Men's Catholic Lyceum of Orange Valley has decided to erect a new club house at a cost of $20,000. The new building will be on the southwest corner of Valley and Nassau streets.

EHRICH BROS.

"IMPORTATION SALE."

SPECIAL NOTE.—All these fine goods will be displayed on fourth floor (a space covering seventeen full city lots), sale commencing promptly at 9 o'clock.

WHAT THIS GREAT SALE MEANS!
IT MEANS AN OPPORTUNITY TO BUY THE HIGHEST GRADE OF IMPORTED GOODS AT ABSURDLY LOW PRICES, AND PLACES THE VERY BEST CLASS OF MERCHANDISE WITHIN THE REACH OF THOSE OF SMALL MEANS.

Not since the fall of 1894, when we placed on sale the famous

KATE REILY

stock, have such extraordinary prices been made on rich, high-class imported goods. We have decided to dispose of every dollar's worth of this fall's importations of French, German and Belgian goods to make room for next season's importations (now in process of selection by our buyers in that field), and as a consequence our entire stock of PARIS GOWNS, MANTLES, COSTUMES, FURS, &c., examples of RAUDNITZ, PINGAT, DOUCET and others, are offered at prices simply ridiculous, even in comparison with the best domestic productions. LUSTROUS LYONS SILKS, MAGNIFICENT REAL LACES, DAINTY FRENCH LINGERIE, SUPERB DRESS GOODS AND NOVELTIES, EXQUISITE VELVETS AND PLUSHES, BEAUTIFUL WRAPS AND CLOAKS, MISSES' SUITS, CLOAKS AND COSTUMES, and articles of wear for infants and children and ladies at a mere

FRACTION OF ORIGINAL COST.

These goods defy classification, and we merely cite a few examples.

LACES.

Rich Collection of Magnificent Laces.

Immense bargain in Round Point Bridal Set, consisting of veil, two flounces, fan cover, handkerchief, prayer book cover, and mouchoir case; cost to import $1,200, at..$600.00
Bridal Veil, of point appliqué; regular price $125.00, at..... 49.98
Round Point and real Valenciennes Lace; regular price $18.00, at..... 9.98
Duchess and Round Point Mixed; regular price $14.00, at..... 9.49
Real Valenciennes Laces, besides large Guipure Cape and Duchess Collars; regular price $9.00, at..... 4.98
Point Appliqué Lace; regular price $6.00 yd.. 2.49
Bruge Duchess Lace; regular price $5.00 yd.. 2.98
Duchess Point Doylies; regular price $1.40 each, at..... .69
Renaissance Lace Scarfs, 20x54; regular price $5.98, at..... 2.98
Arabian Lace Scarfs, 20x54; regular price $8.00, at..... 3.98
Arabian Lace Scarfs, 20x72; regular price $12.00, at..... 4.98

FINE VELVETS.

Such high grade goods as these were never before sold at such absurd prices:—

32-inch Velour du Nord, rich, lustrous pile, black and in changeable effects, the popular fabric for cloaks and capes; value $3.00, at..... 1.50
Fine Lyons Silk Velvets, an exceptionally fine quality, comprising all new colors; also black; value $1.25 and $1.00, at..... .69
100 pieces Silk Velvets, black and all leading shades; value $1.00 and $1.25, at..... .50

RICH FURS.

Prices That Require No Comment.

Alaska Sable Capes, 27 in. long, handsomely lined, reduced from $85.00 to..... 39.75
Finest quality Electric Capes, very full sweep, reduced from $49.00 to..... 28.50
Canada Seal Capes, 30 in. long, full sweep, trimmed with Thibet, reduced from $38.00 to..... 16.75
Persian Capes, 30 in. long, 100 sweep, handsomely lined, reduced from 45.00 to..... 16.50
Dark Mink Muffs, 4 stripes, reduced from $16.50 to..... 9.75
Lynx Capes, 30 in. long, reduced from $10.50 to..... 3.49
Mink Neck Scarfs, good quality, reduced from $4.75 to..... 1.98

CHOICE SILKS.

Evening Silks for the price of ordinary Silks!

Black Satin Damas, very rich and heavy, and the most sought for designs, usually sold from $1.75 to $3.00 yd., at..... 2.00
Novelty Silks, imported this season; magnificent quality, regular selling price from $3.50 to $4.75 yard, all at..... 1.00
Highest grade imported Novelty Silks, all this season's manufacture, beautiful and magnificent fabrics, formerly from $6.50 to $10.00 yd., at.....5.75 and 3.75

Wraps & Costumes.

Values for model Wraps, model Dresses, are not to be estimated by the prices we ask for them.

Elegant blue Velvet Cape, with long tabs of mink fur and heads, lined in white Dresden silk, trimmed in Persian crepe and exquisite cut jet, reduced from $100.00 to..... 49.50
Handsome Short Cape, in Dresden uncut velvet, lined in rose pink silk, trimmed elaborately in black ostrich feathers and cream lace, reduced from $75.00 to..... 36.50
Ladies' imported Single Circular Capes in extra quality plush and velour, plain and elaborately embroidered in jet, heavy rhadame linings, trimmed in Thibet, sable, opossum and marten furs; also 75 imported Costumes, in plain and mixed cheviots and broadcloths, in handsome combinations of silk and guimpe; Coat and Norfolk Waist Suits, in latest cut and style; worth $27.50, at..... 12.75

TEA GOWNS.

Handsome Tea Gowns of crepon, China and surah silk, and fine wool fabrics, all made in the most artistic styles, and ranging in value from $35.00 to $40.00, all at..... 14.75
Henrietta Tea Gowns, in a large variety of styles, handsomely trimmed; value from $20.00 to $22.00, for..... 8.25
Tea Gowns of China Silk, elabor