CUT RATES.

The Surprising Story of a Man Who Bought a Cut Rate Ticket to New York, and Who, When He Was Put Off the Train, Found Himself Looking Into the Mouth of a Revolver; and What Became of the Adventure.

BY MADGE SUTHERLAND CLARKE.

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Jack Corlears turned slowly away from the door of the cut-rate ticket office in Savannah. He had staked all he had on a venture and lost, and now he wanted to get back to New York. There, at least, was life, and if he was to starve he preferred to do it where he might gain some amusement during the process. Besides, in New York the unexpected was always likely to happen, and chance and change were the only gods on his altar. Corlears had never yet in his checkered career been on speaking terms with despair, but he felt that to stay in Savannah would be to court its acquaintance. The day before he had pawned his watch, his leather valise and his superfluous clothing. This morning, after paying his hotel bill, he had just $8 left in his pocket. The regular fare to New York by boat was $20, by rail $22. The scalper's office could do little better for him.

He stared for a moment at the big blue letters on the window of the office, then turned on his heel. As he did so a thick-set man with a red face and a light overcoat came out of the ticket office. He tapped Corlears familiarly on the back.

"See here," he said, "I heard you asking about cut rates to New York. If you've got nerve enough to take the chances on this, I'll sell it for $3, and what cigars you've got about you." He held up a long, somewhat soiled railway ticket, much stamped and counter stamped in blue and red ink. "I bought it of a fellow in New York last week for $10. He said it was a square return ticket from Savannah that he hadn't used because he went to Texas first. I've struck an easy thing here, so I'm going to stay, and don't want it."

Corlears looked attentively at the ticket. It was a rather dubious looking affair, but the lowest slip was marked Savannah, and the uppermost one New York. It was a chance, and he seized it.

"All right," he said.

"If you've got gall enough, you'll work it. I guess you'll have to bluff some, but you're a swell-looking chap, and that'll help."

Corlears gave him $3 and drew three cigars from his pocket. "They're all I have about me, but they're good ones."

"I'll leave you one for luck," said the red-faced man. "So long."

Corlears stood for an instant making his plans. Then he walked to the pawnshop and redeemed his valise. By means of some newspapers and a few stones he added the necessary weight, then he lunched, bought himself a clean collar and strolled to the station. When Corlears stepped on the north-bound train that evening two porters vied for the honor of carrying his valise.

Pullman dis way, sah."

"Smoker," said Corlears, sententiously.

When the conductor made his first round Corlears handed him his ticket without looking up from his paper. The man glanced casually at it, then examined it carefully. After that he took a long look at Corlears, who observed him in the mirror opposite.

"Where did you buy this ticket?" he asked.

"In Savannah, of course," said Corlears, carelessly.

"When?"

"This afternoon."

He took the ticket away with him. Through the glass door Corlears could see him in earnest colloquy with a brakeman. At last he returned.

"There is something crooked about this ticket, sir."

Corlears looked incredulous. "What do you mean by that?" he asked, sharply.

"Well, the road hasn't issued that kind of excursion ticket since the first of November. It was good for sixty days, you know." The conductor's tone was almost apologetic.

"Look at the date. I should say that would settle it." Corlears looked bored.

"Well, we think the date's been altered. The nine has been changed to a one, making the date January instead of September."

Corlears scrutinized the ticket. "I see no evidence of it," he said, coldly. "However, it's no affair of mine. I bought the ticket and paid for it; the road is responsible."

He turned to his paper. The conductor shifted uneasily and finally turned away.

"The plot thickens," Corlears said to himself. "Anyhow, I am two hours nearer New York than I was in Savannah." He went to sleep. At 10 o'clock the train ran in to Columbia, where a new conductor came on. In about an hour Corlears saw him approach, though he pretended to be still asleep. The new man was very direct in his methods.

"Look here," he said, shaking Corlears by the arm. "This ticket won't go."

"I guess it will go as far as New York," he returned, easily, "and then I'll see Mr. Howson and tell him he's got some fool conductors on this end of the line."

"There's no use in bluffing," the man growled. "Either you've been taken in yourself, or you're trying to fool us. Somebody's trying to beat the road out of a fare, and I tell you it won't go with me."

Corlears looked the man up and down. "What do you propose to do about it?" he asked, contemptuously.

"Either collect the fare or put you off."

Corlears looked him squarely in the eyes. "You'll do neither," he said. "As it is, you will lose your place."

"When I lose my place it won't be for giving beats free rides to New York. If you was the president's son-in-law, and had nothin' better to show for it than this here good-for-nothing ticket, you'd have to pay or get off."

Corlears nonchalantly drew a bill from his pocket (it was his last one), and held it up to the conductor. "Here keep this for yourself, and for the Lord's sake let me alone."

The man's surly face lowered angrily, "I ain't that kind," he growled, doggedly, and motioned to a brakeman. Then he raised his hand to the cord above his head. "I'll give you two minutes to decide," he said.

A brakeman and a trainman joined the group. Corlears set his face firmly. "I guess I've had more than $3 worth out of that ticket," he thought to himself. The conductor looked at him sullenly, watch in hand.

"Well," he growled. Then he pulled the cord, the train slowed up, and Corlears found himself standing beside the snowy track, watching a receding point in the distance. As the train moved past him, Corlears was conscious of a man standing motionless on the other side of the track. It was a desolate scene that lay about them. The pale light of a waning winter moon fell upon long wastes of snow-covered fields, broken here and there by lines of black poplars, and defined at the eastern edge by long stretch of woods, massed darkly between the white fields and the pale sky. Behind, the railroad tracks stretched between the rows of telegraph poles, like a long line of music written across the snow. Just ahead the road entered a mountain gorge, through which a river flowed obscurely.

The two men became conscious of each other apparently at the same moment. The man across the track wore a silk hat, and looked like a clergyman. "You've done a pretty clever thing," he said, drawing a pistol from his pocket, and taking deliberate aim at Corlears, "but you don't find me wholly unprepared."

Corlears laughed grimly. "That's where you have the advantage of me. I admit that I am altogether unprepared. I throw up my hands. You'll hardly find it worth while robbing me, however, as I've just been put off the train for lack of car fare."

The man put up his revolver. "Excuse my mistake," he said politely. "I jumped off the train on the other side. I'm not a highwayman, but I took you for something worse. Do you know the country?" Corlears shook his head. "About midway between Columbia and Chester, I should say." The man scanned him narrowly.

"What are you going to do?" he said. Corlears set his teeth. "Walk to the next station, if I don't freeze on the way, and after that—get to New York some way."

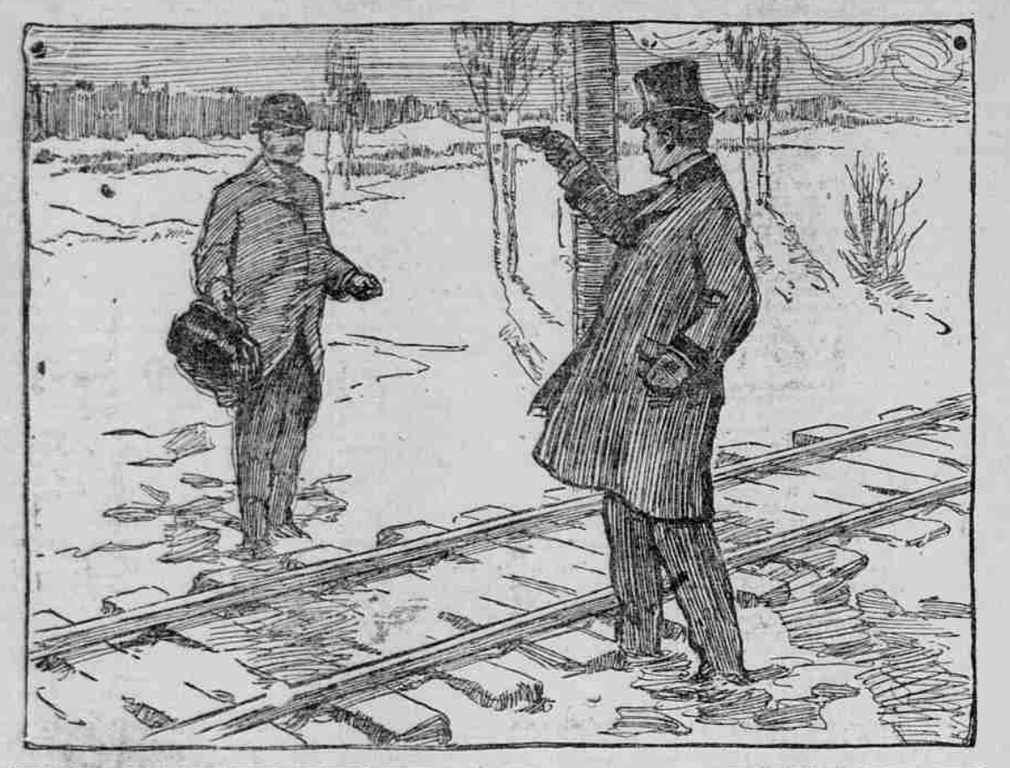
"You say that you have no money?"

"I've just $2.16." There was a pause. The man appeared to be considering. At last he spoke.

"If you'd like to earn $500, I can put you in the way of it."

"I should be delighted," Corlears drawled, ironically. "I might earn it shoveling snow. There's a good deal of it about."

"I'm perfectly serious," the man rejoined. "Listen. You want to go to New York, I want to keep away from it. I bought a ticket to New York, but I left the train when it slowed up to put you off. I've—er—changed my mind."



"YOU'VE DONE A PRETTY CLEVER THING," HE SAID, DRAWING A PISTOL FROM HIS POCKET.

Corlears nodded. "I see," he said.

"Very good. You are about my height and build. Change clothes with me, take my ticket, walk on to the next station and board the first train for New York. If you meet any anxious friends and they offer you pressing attentions, don't decline them on the score of being someone else."

"And then?"

The man smiled. "You will be taken excellent care of and you will be met at the Grand Central station with a carriage. Then they will discover their mistake and they will apologize. In the meantime you will have gotten to New York and you will be $500 richer.

He counted out five crisp new $100 bills. Corlears saw them distinctly in the moonlight."

"Is it a bargain?"

Corlears trudged on in silence for a moment. "Let me see your ticket, please." The man handed it to him. "It's good for stop-overs, I see, so I can use it all right."

The man's eyes glittered. "Do you agree?" he said eagerly.

"I'll take the ticket," Corlears said slowly, "and in exchange for it I'll swap clothes with you and keep my mouth shut until we get to New York, but you can keep the $500."

"Don't be a fool," said the man; "it will be worth more than that to me if it works." Corlears shook his head. "I tried to beat the railroad company out of a fare, I must admit," he replied, "but I usually play fair. I haven't made much of a success of my life, but I've lived it squarely so far. It's habit, I suppose."

The man gave a kind of groan. "God knows I wish I could say as much."

The exchange of clothing was quickly made. "I'm in a Dunlap hat." Corlears said, with a laugh, "though it's rather cold comfort in this snow heap."

"Goodby," said the man, and he ran quickly off in the opposite direction, his long black shadow trailing grotesquely after him.

The next morning when Corlears, footsore and hungry, walked into the little station at Blankville, he found two men there lounging by the stove. They stood beside him at the lunch counter, and when he finally boarded the northbound train they entered with him and took the seat behind him. Corlears smiled to himself. When the train reached Charlotte a boy came on with the morning papers. Corlears bought one.

"William Brand, the defaulting cashier of the Winderton bank, has been traced to Savannah. It is supposed that he has with him some $50,000 in bills and gold. A large force of detectives is working on his case and his speedy capture is looked for. He was burned in effigy last night by the people of Winderton, many of whom are reduced to penury through his peculations."

"I'm glad I kept clear of that $500," Corlears said to himself. Then he fell asleep, for he was utterly worn out.

"Takes it cool, don't he?" said one of the men behind Corlears. "Wonder if he knows the game is up."

HETTY GREEN IS HAPPY.

'Tis Because Joseph Choate Has Left New York.

In Hetty Green's interminable lawsuits, the attorney for the other side is Joseph Choate. Tonight, Hetty Green chuckled.

"Joseph's gone to England," she said. "I always call him Joseph to his face," she said. "It makes him squirm."

Then this richest woman in America stepped into the tiny back parlor and carefully lowered the gas. This conversation took place in a cheap, neat flat in Hoboken, where Mrs. Green is known as Mrs. Dewey. She had recently migrated from Brooklyn, a nomadic life being necessary to one who would avoid paying personal taxes. She admits, however, that she is a resident of Bellows Falls, Vt., where she has a pretty summer place. When she returned to the front parlor she spoke of the time more than thirty years ago when, as Miss Robinson, she was one of the belles of New York society. When the prince of Wales was here she danced with him. Later she lived in England and was presented at court. When Van Buren, then ex-president, summered at Saratoga, Mrs. Green, then Miss Robinson, was the honored guest. Then her father died, leaving her $7,000,000. Since then she has devoted her life to business, and has increased her fortune to more than half a hundred millions. The day Judge Hilton would have failed she handed him her check for $1,000,000 and saved him. Her best friend now, next to her daughter Sylvia, who lives with her, is Russell Sage. She dresses shabbily for a purpose, and declares that there is a conspiracy among her arch-enemies, the lawyers of the country, to take her life. Between the Hoboken flat, where she sleeps, and the Chemical bank of New York, where she has a desk and works all day, she is often accompanied by her bodyguard, the stalwart nephew of a former New York police inspector. She is careless in her speech, drops her final g's and uses slang freely. Money-making and talking are her chief pleasures, and her main object in life is to leave to her son Edward, who lives in princely style on his ranch in Texas, a great fortune. She has proved that, in finance, woman can be the equal of man. Her energy and endurance, at 69 years of age, surprise all who have dealings with her. She is a woman such as only American soil could produce.

GILSON WILLETS.

A New Parrot Story.

(Household Words.)

A maiden lady of a certain town in Cornwall owned a parrot, which, somehow, acquired the disagreeable habit of observing at frequent intervals: "I wish the old lady would die." This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her about it. "I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours." The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two had become accustomed to each other, the bad bird remarked: "I wish the old lady would die." Whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemn accents, added: "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord." The story got out in the parish, and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the Litany at the church services.

RUSSIA'S SECRET RAILROAD.

Unknown to the World, 220 Miles of Rails Have Been Laid.

(New York Journal.)

The importance of the news of the completion of the Kerv-Kushk railway and the aggressive railroad building of Russia in general cannot be overestimated.

The fact that a railway 220 miles long, directly threatening Herat, Afghanistan, has been built, almost one might say secretly, is astonishing in these days of telegraph and newspapers. The line was commenced some two years ago, but all allusions to it were scoffed at in St. Petersburg. However, there can be no explaining away the railway now. Its value to Russia may be set forth in a word. Its head is only ninety-five miles from Herat, a town which is the key to both Persia and Afghanistan.

The English railroad is about 200 miles away from this important strategical position. When the Central Asian railway was being built it was impossible for Russia to explain that the line was as much commercial as military, for it ran through Askabad, Merv, Bokhara and Samarcand, all fairly important trade centers. But what is the meaning of this branch line from Merv to Kushk? The railway touches no trade route, and must, therefore, be looked on as purely strategical.

There was a time when British statesmen believed that it was impossible for Russia to invade India, owing to the physical difficulties in the way. Later on, however, as Russia gradually absorbed the Central Asia Khanates, and built her conquering railway, first across the Caucasus, and then on this side of the Caspian, the physical difficulties were not much heard of, though the barrier of the Hindu Kushk still gladdens the heart of Sir Neville Chamberlain. As a matter of fact, the "mountains 20,000 feet high," which were said to bar the road between Saraks and Herat, were proved by Lassar as far back as 1882, to consist of a miserable row of hills with an easy pass, fit for vehicular traffic 900 feet only above the surrounding locality. There is now, therefore, no physical barrier before a Russian army marching on Herat, and behind there is not, as heretofore, a long journey over inhospitable deserts, but an iron road.

The Russians having brought their railway to the Afghan frontier—a possibility which even the alarmist, Charles Marvin, was shy of admitting fourteen years ago—British statesmen will have the task of considering what steps should be taken on their part, if indeed, it is possible to take any direct steps. Would it not be possible to better the British position strategically? The course which offers the least difficulty lies in the direction of consolidating the British position in Afghanistan. The ideal from a military point of view would be a perfectly friendly ameer, one railway extension from Peshawar through the Khyber to Kabul, and another from Chaman to Candahar. There is, however, the question of expense which is unanswerable. The ameer also would never allow a railway to Kabul. The ideal may therefore be set aside as impossible for the present. But the new viceroy is personally acquainted with Abdur Rahman, and might, perhaps, induce him to acquiesce in the Chaman-Candahar extension, which would certainly be a good set-off against the Russian line.

EDISON'S PERPETUAL MOTION

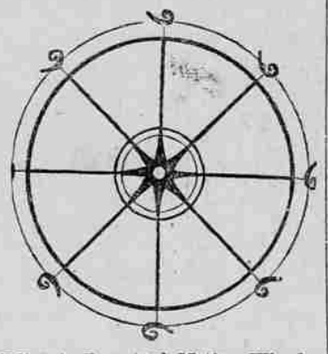
HE SOLVED THE PROBLEM LAST WEEK FOR HIS MEN.

Like Many of the Great Inventor's Triumphs, It Is the Acme of Simplicity—Plan of the Machine.

Thomas A. Edison, who has given so many wonders to the world, has solved the problem of "perpetual motion." In his laboratory the other day he laid before his workmen plans for a machine which, once started, will run forever. It is so obviously simple that one is led to wonder why the inventor did not think of it before—why, in short, it was not one of the inventions of his early life instead of his middle age.

"I have had many plans for perpetual motion machines submitted to me," said the inventor, "but the principle which involves an equilibrium of force seems to have been lost sight of in each one. Many of the machines would work for a time, but sooner or later the resisting energy would equal the potentiality of the machine's energy, and then, like a subsiding pendulum, the mechanism would slowly stop working. See!"

He gazed earnestly around at his expectant workmen, who seemed ready to cheer this final triumph of their chief, and pressed eagerly forward to study the plan for the perpetual motion machine which he laid upon the work bench. The plan resembled the following diagram:



Edison's Perpetual Motion Wheel.

"You will see," continued Mr. Edison, "that this is the plan of a wheel. The spokes which point toward the right hand carry on their points the figure 6. Those points on the left side of the wheel carry figure 9's. Therefore, since 9's carry 50 per cent more weight than sixes, they would bear down their side of the wheel, and as they went around underneath from left to right, would change into 6's. The 6's, on the other hand, would change into 9's as they went over the top of the wheel, and as the potential capacity of each number would depend merely on its position, why, the thing would work forever. Really, gentlemen," he continued, as several of his workmen began to look very, very foolish, "I assure you that the scheme is quite as practical as any perpetual motion machine." And the inventor winked solemnly at a small apprentice boy and walked from the room.

THEODORE WATERS.

Not Quite Ready.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"All those who want to lead better lives will stand up," cried the revivalist in a commanding tone.

They all stood up excepting the stranger with the chin whiskers who sat in the front row.

"Don't you want to be a better man?" demanded the revivalist.

"Well, it's like this, parson," said the stranger. "I expect to be a better man, of course, but you see I hain't been to town before in ten year, an' I was calkylating' to have a leetle fun fust."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's family Pills are the best.

MENOCAL, CUBA'S COMING MAN.

Hero of Bravest Deed of War—Now Head of Havana Police Department.

BY GEORGE RENO.

BY GEORGE RENO.

Cuba has today, for the first time in her four centuries of history, a man at the head of the police department who is a Cuban. And he is the coming man of Cuba.

The selection of General Mario Menocal as the chief of police of Havana has a significance which is understood and appreciated all over the island. His appointment by General Brooke was not only a recognition of Menocal's merit and executive ability, but was, to a certain extent, a reward for perhaps the most striking act of personal heroism performed in the Cuban war, or, for that matter, in any war in any country.

It was in the spring of '97 that the city of Guaymaro, in Camaguey, was besieged by Garcia's forces, and captured, after a stubborn resistance on the part of the enemy. Americans now know what kind of a fight Spaniards can make when placed behind entrenchments and fortifications. At Guaymaro, after the outer defenses had been abandoned, a massive stone cathedral in the center of the place, heavily garrisoned by men, who kept up a merciless fire from the long, narrow windows and protected arches, minarets and belfries, promised to be almost impregnable. The insurgents had fought their way into the city, but to approach within range of this fortified church was simply sure death. While this citadel remained in the hands of the Spaniards, the capture of Guaymaro was impossible.

General Mario G. Menocal—From a Sketch Drawn By Himself On the Battlefield.

RAN WITH A TORPEDO.

In this emergency Menocal came to the rescue. Under a heavy fire, encumbered with a torpedo of dynamite, he made his way where possible along protecting walls. Where shelter could not be found he dashed across the open from house to house, but with each step approaching nearer to the church, from which came a perfect hailstorm of bullets. Had one of them but touched the explosive he carried in his arms, Menocal would have been blown into eternity. Watching his chance, little by little, slowly but surely, he neared the cathedral. One last dash and he gained the shelter of the edifice itself, placed the bomb under the edge of the great stone wall, and in an instant was away again. From a protected point fifty yards distant he seized the rifle of a companion and sent a bullet into the dynamite.

The explosion which followed tore out the entire end of the cathedral, whereupon the garrison hauled down the Spanish flag, surrendered to General Garcia, and Guaymaro became henceforth the city of Cuba Libre.

The courage of the Cuban has been not only questioned, but at times absolutely denied, but I have reason to believe that even our brave Colonel Roosevelt or Lieutenant Hobson might have hesitated a moment before offering to carry twenty-five pounds of dynamite up San Juan hill on July 1. For this heroic deed Colonel Menocal was made a brigadier general.

THE COURAGE OF A CUBAN.

In September of the same year came the attack on Victoria de las Tunas. Slowly but surely the Cuban lines enveloped the Spanish stronghold. On the morning of the third day the dynamite gun, under the direction of Aristo Portuonda, was brought up to a position where it could be rendered effective. Several shots from it struck the base and sides of a stone fort which was the key to the city's defenses, and at last a shot penetrated the roof; the effect of the explosion which followed was marvelous. The walls of the fort simply bulged outward and the structure collapsed; nearly every man within or near was instantly killed. Consternation and terror momentarily overwhelmed the Spanish forces. Brigadier Menocal saw his opportunity. Without waiting to consult his general at the head of his brigade, he immediately charged and carried the enemy's trenches, and before the Spaniards could recover from their surprise Victoria de las Tunas was in the hands of the Cuban forces, there to remain. For this gallant action Menocal was made a general of division.

Not long before our late unpleasantness with Spain resulted in war General Menocal was sent to the west and placed in command of the insurgent forces of Havana province. It was thought at that time that we would be compelled to take Havana by storm, and Menocal was selected as one of the ablest Cuban officers in the anticipated attack.

Up to the time of his appointment as chief of Havana police General Menocal was stationed at Marianao, where the excellent influence which he exercised over the men in his command won the admiration of General Brooke and the entire staff of American officers in Havana. It is needless to say that he is loved in his native city, where his family have held a high social position for more than a century.

EDUCATED IN NEW YORK.

Mario Menocal was sent from Cuba to this country to be educated when only 16. He remained in New York eight years, and was graduated with high honors from Cornell university as a civil, mining and military engineer. A little before the breaking out of the last revolution he returned to Havana where General Martinez Campos ordered him to proceed as an engineer to Porto Principe to give color to the proposed construction of a railroad from the latter city to Santa Cruz on the south coast. This proposition was intended to pacify the people of that province and prevent them from joining the revolt. But no sooner did General Maximo Gomez cross the line from Oriente into Camaguey than Menocal dropped his quadrant, shouldered his rifle and presented himself to the commander of the insurgent forces. General Gomez immediately placed him on his staff as a lieutenant, and soon promoted him to the rank of captain for bravery and ability displayed at the battles of Altagracia and Mulato, which took place in the summer of '95, and afterwards made him a commandante, or major.

In such high esteem were Menocal's services held that he was elected assistant secretary of war by the Cuban assembly, which met in the following September. The young officer, however preferred the more active duties of the field, and in the spring of '96 he was transferred to the forces of General Calixto Garcia, who had just landed near Baracoa. Garcia made him his chief of staff, and in this capacity he assumed nearly all of the arduous detail and much of the responsibility of the fortunate campaign of the Oriente in which General Garcia became virtually master of the situation in the province of Santiago de Cuba.

A MEETING WITH MENOCAL.

It was during this campaign in May of '96 that I first met Mario Menocal, then a colonel, near the Cauto river. "It seems good," he remarked, "to meet some one once more who has come to the field direct from New York. It is a great old town," he sighed. After a moment, which evidently recalled some pleasant recollection, he continued: "Tell me what is now on at the Broadway theatres." This within hearing of rifle volleys which the Spanish forces of Jiguani were firing at a party of Cuban cavalry suggested anything but the awful realities of war.

I told him of the different plays then running, as well as I could recall them, while mounted couriers momentarily brought reports of the success of the insurgent force which was engaged in driving away the cattle from under the enemy's guns in the fortified suburbs of the town near by.

In the operations which were carried on in Holguin district soon after Colonel Menocal did enough work for any five men. Our hammocks were usually swung near each other, and night after night officers and practicos were reporting to him and receiving orders until long after midnight. We were always up, saddled and on the march before dawn.

"Are you never going to take a night off and indulge in a good rest?" I once asked him.

"I shall not care to until Cuba is free," was his quiet reply.

A GOOD HORSE BARGAIN.

During the summer of '96 I saw many evidences of Menocal's coolness and unerring judgment at critical moments in different engagements with the enemy. Although a quiet, serious man he greatly enjoyed a joke, even at his own expense. One morning previous to my departure from General Garcia's command for the headquarters of the provisional government some 200 miles distant, I rode alongside of Colonel Menocal and noticed him eyeing my horse very carefully.

"That's a splendid animal you're riding, Reno," he remarked.

"Yes, isn't he a beauty," I replied.

"Where did you get his mouse-colored majesty?" he asked.

"I traded a new $1.25 machete for him last night."

"It was a good bargain. He'll carry you from one end of the island to the other if you take care of that little sore under the saddle."

"How did you discover that there is a sore under my saddle?"

"Oh, easily enough. That pacifico traded you my reserve horse, that's all," he replied.

I at once offered to restore the property to its rightful owner, but he would not have it so.

"He is just what you need. Don't say a word, the joke is on me, that's all."

Aside from the excellent work inaugurated in the police department by its new chief Menocal is serving as a valuable object lesson to that large body of ill-informed and pessimistic Americans who not only doubt, but, with singular assurance, assert that all talk about the Cubans governing themselves for at least several years to come is idiotic.

A BLUE-EYED CUBAN.

When a few days ago in Havana I referred one of these doubting individuals, a New York ex-alderman, to some of the new chief's executive work which merited approval, he exclaimed: "Why, he's no Cuban; he's got blue eyes and he speaks English."

It is true that General Menocal speaks English, perfect English, and that he has blue eyes, but he is nevertheless a Cuban born in Havana. The Menocals have been conspicuous as leaders in every revolution against Spanish rule in Cuba since the people of that unfortunate country commenced to send their sons to the United States to be educated. The mother, sisters and daughters of the Menocal family are equally patriotic with the male members. I can recall but two women, Caridad Aguero and Concha Agramonte Sanchez, who sent her five sons to the field, whose enthusiasm for the cause of independence quite equals that of General Menocal's mother. She sent her four sons, all she had, to battle for freedom, and when at Marianao she visited the general a few days ago, joy and pride were pictured in every lineament of her handsome face.

MENOCAL'S PATRIOTIC MOTHER.

"As chief of police," she said, "Mario can do much good. Of course, I am proud of him; he has fought for Cuba since the first battle cry of liberty was sounded by Jose Marti. Were he not my son I would exact of him a renewal of his promise never to desist in his efforts until our island republic is firmly and honorably established under the protection of the United States."

The new chief's uncle, Aniceto Menocal, is the celebrated engineering expert of Washington, who was entrusted with the report on the Nicaragua canal route. One of his cousins is the well-known surgeon and physician of Havana, Dr. Raimundo Menocal. Another is the distinguished artist, Armando Menocal, who painted that famous masterpiece of the Fortuny school which was exhibited at the world's fair, "Columbus in Chains." The chains, however, were afterwards painted out at the express request of the Spanish crown.

It is needless to state that General Menocal is making an efficient and satisfactory chief of police. Untiring energy, quickness in thought and action, perfect control of temper and absolute fearlessness in the face of danger are his most prominent characteristics. Although under 30, the past four years in the field have given him a wonderful experience in enforcing obedience and in controlling both large and small bodies of men. Added to these qualifications he has had the benefit of a thorough American education and possesses a practical knowledge of "the way we do things in the United States."

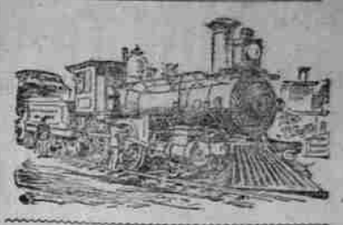
FRIEND OF THE UNITED STATES.

More than all, he has the respect, confidence and esteem, and will receive the support of the better element of Havana, Cubans and Spaniards alike. The corrupt know that they cannot buy him, and the criminal that they cannot trifle with him. From the moment that Spain's flag was lowered over Havana and Old Glory was sent up in its place, a new day dawned, a new regime commenced in the control of the city's affairs.

He has already closed those theaters which, under Spanish protection, have been a blot upon the city's reputation, and the dissolute classes have been driven into a locality where they may be confined and controlled. Against publishers and disseminators of vile literature, who have so long thrived unmolested, if not absolutely protected under the old order of things, he has inaugurated a war of extermination.

"I may not be able to make Havana a morally ideal city," he recently remarked, "but I can and will at least remove it from the category of places which disgrace the civilization of the century."

Chief McCullagh, who was sent to Havana this winter for the purpose of inspecting the police department, has reported that it is one of the most orderly cities of its size in the world.



OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MARCH 19, 1899.

ARRIVE.

From Ogden, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver ..... 3:30 a.m.
From Ogden, Cache Valley, Portland, Butte and San Francisco ..... 8:55 a.m.
From Ogden, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha and Denver ..... 3:05 p.m.
From Ogden, Cache Valley and San Francisco ..... 7:20 p.m.
**From Frisco, Milford, Sanpete and intermediate points ..... 9:35 a.m.
From Tintic, Mercur and intermediate points ..... 6:30 p.m.
*From Tooele and Terminus ..... 6:00 p.m.

DEPART.

For Ogden, Park City, Omaha, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City and St. Louis ..... 7:00 a.m.
For Ogden, Cache Valley and intermediate points ..... 8:00 a.m.
**For Tintic, Mercur and intermediate points ..... 7:30 a.m.
For Ogden, Denver, St. Louis, Chicago, San Francisco ..... 6:40 p.m.
For Ogden, Butte, Portland, San Francisco ..... 9:45 a.m.
**For Provo, Sanpete, Milford and Frisco ..... 5:30 p.m.
*For Tooele and Terminus ..... 7:40 a.m.

**Trains south of Juab do not run Sundays.
*Daily except Sunday.

City Ticket Office Under Masonic Hall, Second South Street.

S. W. ECCLES, Gen. Traffic Manager. D. E. BURLEY, Gen. P. and T. A.
W. H. BANCROFT, Vice President and Gen'l Manager.

THE RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILWAY — THE GREAT SALT LAKE ROUTE

Current Time Table.

LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east ..... 8:30 a.m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east ..... 7:40 p.m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap and intermediate points .. 8:00 a.m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and intermediate points ..... 5:00 p.m.
No. 3—For Ogden and west ..... 10:50 p.m.
No. 1—For Ogden and west ..... 9:45 a.m.
No. 42—For Park City ..... 8:25 a.m.
No. 9—For Ogden, intermediate and west ..... 12:30 p.m.

ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1.—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the east .... 9:20 a.m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east ..... 10:40 p.m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Manti and intermediate points ..... 5:35 p.m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the west. 8:20 a.m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the west. 7:30 p.m.
No. 10—From Ogden and intermediate points ..... 3:10 p.m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and intermediate points. 10:00 a.m.
No. 41—From Park City ..... 5:15 p.m.

Ticket Office, 103 West Second South, Postoffice Corner.

UNION PACIFIC — OVERLAND — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE — THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE.

LEAVE SALT LAKE CITY.

"The Overland Limited," for Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver .. 7:00 a.m.
"The Atlantic Express," for Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver ..... 6:40 p.m.

ARRIVE SALT LAKE CITY.

"The Overland Limited," from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver ..... 3:05 p.m.
"The Pacific Express," from Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver ... 3:30 a.m.

City Ticket Office, 201 Main street. Telephone No. 665.

H. M. CLAY, Gen. Agent.

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W. F. M'MILLAN, Gen. Agt. 214 S. W. Temple St., Salt Lake City.