

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1898.

NOTED CUBAN BRIGAND.

MANUEL GARCIA, HIS CRIMES AND HIS POPULAR FAME.

His Speciality the Abduction of Rich Men and Murder—Said to have Left a Buried Treasure—Outlook for Brigandage in Cuba not Good now.

Among the institutions of Spanish rule in Cuba which are expected to go along with the bullfight and the lottery is brigandage. A Cuban once declared that brigandage was not really an institution, but rather an old and deeply rooted custom. Some of the American Army officers have expressed fear that the American troops who are to garrison the island will have plenty to do in keeping down bandits in the rural regions. They argue that the disbanding of the insurgents on one hand and of the local guerrillas, who were part of the Spanish Army, on the other hand, will turn loose a considerable number of lawless men, who will return to what was once a profession. The Cuban leaders do not share this fear. The suggestion was once made to Gen. Gomez that after peace came trouble might arise from this lawless element, but the grim old warrior replied that dead men never gave trouble. What he meant was that he would suppress any attempt at brigandage at the very beginning.

In the constant struggle of Spain to maintain her supremacy, and in the continual oppression to which the people of the island were subjected, there were bandits who were not exactly heroes of the rural population, but whose existence was tolerated. It was one of the schemes of the Spanish authorities at the beginning of the insurrection to make out that the ranks of the insurgents were chiefly recruited from the lawless and the criminal classes. As a matter of fact, the bulk of the criminal classes joined the Spanish guerrillas. Nevertheless, the insurgents had their share of the lawless element. Gomez's iron discipline soon reformed recruits of this class or drove them from the ranks of the insurgents to the Spanish guerrillas.

Several petty chiefs, who were in reality bandits, were executed by his order. One of the incidents last winter was the killing of two former brigands by their own followers. They were known as Cayito Alvarez and Major Nunez, and were brothers-in-law. They entered the ranks of the insurrection, became tractable and received a small command from Gomez. An arrangement was made by them to accept autonomy, as they called it. This simply meant they had taken a bribe offered them by the Spanish authorities. With some forty insurgents they were encamped near a hamlet in Santa Clara province. When they got ready to ride into the Spanish lines they made known their purpose to their followers and were immediately shot. Both were daring and desperate men. They must have known the risk they were taking yet they evidently relied on the fear in which they were held by their own followers.

The most picturesque of the Cuban bandits of recent years was Manuel Garcia. He was ambushed and killed by the civil guard a little more than three years ago. It was just at the beginning of the revolution, and his death caused a great sensation in the island. Books were written about his exploits, a romantic glamour was thrown over his crimes, and the discussion of his fate filled more space than did the beginning of the insurrection which was to end the power of Spain. The Havana theatres of the dime-museum variety gave exhibitions with Garcia as the central figure. So attractive and popular were these exhibitions that they were not displaced until the death of Maceo. Then the Spanish element in Havana had the incidents of Maceo's life produced for its benefit, and Garcia, the bandit, disappeared from the stage.

Garcia's history was eventful. It was said that his first crime was committed in avenging an insult offered to his mother, and that, as a boy, becoming a fugitive from justice, he went a step further and became a brigand. For many years he was able to escape the civil guard because the country people to whom he was known did not betray him. He was a sort of Robin Hood, levying tribute only on the rich. Fear, however, had as much to do with his security as his failure to rob the poor, for he did not hesitate to murder country people who were suspected of attempting to betray him. Garcia gather-

ed about him a small band of men as reckless and daring as himself. He had an unusual facility for disguising himself, and the popular story represented him as meeting the civil guard sometimes as a peddler and sometimes as a simple countryman. He had some fierce encounters with the officers of the law and was several times wounded. At one period, when pursuit grew very warm, he crossed over to Florida and remained in seclusion for a year or more. He carried a large sum of money with him. It was said that he had reformed, but the authorities put no trust in these statements.

In time Garcia was back at his old haunts and was bolder than ever. Several daring robberies were committed by him. His favorite practice was to abduct some rich sugar planter or merchant and him for ransom. These abductions were committed with skill and boldness. The relatives of the prisoner who knew Garcia's character never failed to provide the ransom. A breach of faith or an attempt to evade the conditions meant murder. One of the most celebrated abductions committed by Garcia was that of Fernando de Castro, then, as now, a wealthy citizen of Havana. It was done right under the eyes of the authorities. Garcia took delight in defying them and in showing his prowess. He was a man of fair education, and one of his humors was to visit Havana. He made many boasts of his exploits while in Havana.

In time most of the members of his band were hunted down and killed, but he continued as reckless and daring as ever. When he was finally shot by the civil guard in passing along a country road, it was said that only two or three faithful followers remained to him. The number of murders which could be traced to him was said to be not less than a dozen. The civil guard looked upon his death as the greatest triumph it had achieved in years. Garcia was said to have left a buried treasure somewhere, but this was mere legend.

It Saved His Life.

The following story speaks vividly of the uncertainties of government in Central America, where one revolution is no sooner over than another is likely to begin. A man, with two comrades, had been captured by the latest revolutionists in—while they were hastening to rejoin their friends of the Government party. His companions in misery thought it mattered little, so long as they had die, in what fashion they were buried. So they scooped out a few feet of earth with the tools their captors gave them, stood up in these hollows, and were shot back into them dead. The third man declared he was not going to let

his body lie so near the surface, and he accordingly dug carefully to the depth of six feet, smoothing the sides of the grave and sharpening the corners. While thus engaged at the bottom of the hole he heard yells and shots above him, and when he poked his head up over the edge of the grave, it was to see his own troops running down the mountain side and his enemies disappearing before them. He is still alive, and frequently rides past the hole in the roadside on his way to the capital.

ON THE CATTLE RANGES.

The Bonanza Kings Have Disappeared—The Business of the Present.

On the boundless cattle ranges in the western part of North Dakota and eastern Montana the specular beef round-ups are and have been in progress since early summer, and will continue until late in the fall. All is done with the regularity of clockwork. System and order are pre-eminent. Regular circuits are drawn. A foreman superintends the whole. Central places are designated, and here the cowboys drive the herds, where all marketable cattle are separated and driven to the nearest railway station and shipped, while the defective and unmarketable are turned back to the hills.

How many cattle are in a large range herd? Between 1,500 and 2,000. How many cattle on the Western ranges? About 75,000 head. Within these figures are history and romance. Here is life in its primeval state. The drawing-room man is not conspicuous by his absence. Here the uncouth cowboy revels in his element, and the crack of the rifle makes sweet music to his ear. But the glamour is rapidly passing. The bellow and roar of trampling herds will soon cease. Now all is concentrated life and activity. No longer the sun rises and sets on a hundred scattered herds browsing contentedly upon the plains. The desert splendor changes anew and the Virgilian cowboys ride on in the panoramic round-ups. Bronzed faces glow and voices rise in cadence from morn to morn, from noon to night. The vales are dark and the hills are light. Around the appointed mass wagons the exhausted sons of the saddle eat the supper, smoke the pipe, tell the story and drop off to sleep.

The bonanza cattle business is dying. De Mores, who was recently murdered in Africa, tried it to his finite pleasure and infinite sorrow. His ranch is the fixed star in the bonanza geography. There is neither glory nor profit nor the natural inducements

to make it a success any longer. Energetic ranchers have been emigrating and settling for the last ten years in the fertile creek valleys and watering places, pre-empting the richest places, fencing on the best spring ranging grounds for hay, and otherwise restricting and debarring extensive operations. But the harvest has been golden and bounteous. For twenty years the bonanza kings have been unmolested; they have had their princely coffers filled to overflowing, but their knell has been sounded and their dream is vanishing.

Four kings wield the sceptre now, but before another year passes there may possibly be only one left, Pierre Wibaux, a Frenchman, who has about 20,000 head of cattle. The other combinations are known as the 'Three Stevens,' the 'Ox' and the 'Seven-Bar-Seven.' Their combined property is valued at \$2,000,000. The last three are closing out their herds, preparatory to quitting the range. The influx of the small rancher and sheep farmer has given them their commercial death sentence.

When no heavy life loss occurs an average profit of about \$20 a head on steers is realized. When railroads are extended in this region it will be a paradise for individual efforts. Montana and North Dakota are noted for their boreal mildness, and the natural shelter afforded by the configuration of the Bad Lands makes the wintering of cattle inexpensive and safe. What will be the result of the departure of these immense interests? Business depression, higher tax and progress temporarily checked. But the future will profit by it. A hundred small ranches owning a hundred head each, and cultivating a certain defined territorial sphere, will change a desolate Sahara to a blooming garden.

NO CALL.

It Was not a Telephone Call but the Alarm Clock.

At a meeting of doctors recently, a well-known Brooklyn physician, so prosperous that he can afford to tell a joke against himself, related the story of his first call by telephone.

'The telephone was a new invention when I started to work up a practice,' said the speaker, 'and in the back parlor of my father's house, where I established my office, a phone was the first bit of furniture I put in. It got to be a standing joke with the family at the breakfast-table to ask how many telephone calls I had had in the night.'

Late one night in January I was awakened by a furious ringing. As the bell kept right on, I made up my mind that it had been ringing for a long time, and that the telephone girl had become impatient.

Visions of a call to a house where there had been a murder, or a tenement-house fire with great loss of life, flitted across my brain, and without adorning myself with clothing enough to keep me from getting chilled I hustled downstairs, grabbed the telephone-bell, rang a reply and asked what was wanted. To my surprise it was some time before I received a reply, and when it came it was to the effect there had been no call.

Meanwhile the air was becoming colder every minute, and I was growing more impatient. The girl at the other end of the phone and I had an animated conversation. It was before telephone managers had laid orders against strong language, and I said a few things about incompetent girls employed by the telephone company. The wire was cut off with alacrity at the other end, and I went back to bed half-frozen.

At breakfast I told the family of my experience with the telephone girl, and laid stress on her incompetency and stupidity. Instead of giving me the sympathy I had expected, the old folks looked at each other and laughed.

I told them that I did not see anything to laugh at, and that they wouldn't either, if they had got up at 2 o'clock in the morning and not half dressed. Ann, the cook, who was also the waitress, just then entered the dining-room and heard the last words.

'An' what toime was it, docther, when you got up?' she asked.

'Two o'clock,' I said.

'Sure, docther,' she said, 'that was the toime my alarm clock went off onixpected.'

Ants as Servants.

It is generally known that any small dead mammal or bird, when left near an ant-hill, will ultimately be found picked clean of flesh. The ants are clever and do their work quickly. It has been lately demonstrated that they can be made useful in the direction of skeletonizing specimens. Professor Bernard, so says Popular Science News, has been employing ants as his servants. While in Florida, he had a fox-squirrel thus skeletonized in a single day. The only agents employed were ants. His method of procedure is to kill his specimens, bind it with wire in the position in which he wishes the skeleton to remain, and then place it near a group of ant-hills. The voracious ants do the rest. The operation requires careful watching, but should attack the cartilage that holds the bones together. At precisely the right moment the professor removes the specimen from the neighborhood of the ant-hills, and applies a preservative and hardening chemical to the cartilage.

The Dominion Official Analyst's Statement with Regard to the Value of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt has received the highest endorsements from the Medical Journals and from the Physicians of Canada since its introduction here. It has sustained its European reputation.

It is a highly palatable and efficacious tonic. As a refreshing and invigorating beverage it is unequalled. Its use has prevented and cured innumerable cases of Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Gout, Rheumatism, Fever, and all Febrile states of the system. In Spleen Affections and as a regulator of the Liver and Kidneys, its value is unquestioned. Its use purifies the blood in a natural manner, leading to good health and a clear, bright complexion.

LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE, Office of Official Analyst, Montreal, July 28, 1898.

I, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, do hereby certify that I have duly analyzed and tested several samples of "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," some being furnished by the manufacturers in Montreal and others purchased from retail druggists in this city. I find these to be of very uniform character and composition, and sold in packages well adapted to the preservation of the Salt. This compound contains saline bases which form "Fruit Salts" when water is added—and is then a very delightful aperient beverage, highly palatable and effective.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage.

(Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S.,

Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

A Teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt, taken every morning before Breakfast, will keep you in good health.

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