

## FEVER TIME IN SANTIAGO

AN INCIDENT OF THE DAYS FOLLOWING THE SURRENDER

Captain of Immunes Tells the Story of the Death of One of the Men at the Anglo American Club—His Own Paid For by Winnings at his Last Game of Poker.

'They have had a pretty scary time with the fever at Santiago this year, I'll admit,' said the ex-Captain of Immunes, 'but it wasn't a circumstance to the game we were up against there last year. My regiment was the first which landed in the province after the surrender. We got there on Aug. 2 and they put us to policing the town right away, although we were as raw and undisciplined as a party of Kickapoo bucks. That was a job which soldiers who had been under army discipline for twenty years would have found difficult. The regulars were mostly in the hospital, however, and we had to do it. You can imagine what kind of a time we had with our 'Communes'—they never called us anything else. One of the correspondents having learned the capacity of some of our men for that villainous native rum and the several different varieties of blazes they used to raise after falling under its influence, dubbed us 'Hood's Communes,' and the name stuck. Moreover it was applied to all of the other so-called immune regiments as fast as they landed.

'When we struck Santiago the death rate averaged something like 150 a day, not counting the United soldiers who had taken part of the campaign. There were so many deaths every day that the cemetery force, which had been vastly increased, wasn't large enough to bury them, and Gen. Wood had to burn the bodies. He didn't burn any Americans; only 'pauper Cubans and Spanish soldiers. The term 'pauper Cubans' admitted of a pretty general application for at that time they were all in a pretty bad state. They were dying of yellow fever, typhoid fever, and all kinds of stomach trouble. The Americans were petering out pretty fast, too.

'I'll tell you the story of the way James, the manager of the English Cable company, passed out, and was put away to give you some idea of the way we had come to look at things. It makes me shiver to think about it now that it's all over, and I can think calmly. Luckily I didn't think normally in those days. None of us did. We were all in a sort of a state of intoxication and couldn't see things in their true light. James was a big fellow who had been all over the world. He was full of good stories, and everybody around town liked him. One night, late in August, he was sitting in a game of 50-cent limit in the Anglo-American Club. The boys who messed at the club had a table at the end of the sitting room and there was a game of six or seven hands going on every night.

'James sat at one end of the table, blowing big clouds of smoke ceilingward from a long, black, rank cheroot, which after the fashion of most Cuban cheroots, good, bad and indifferent, was called a 'Henry Clay.' Mason, the English consul, who had been with Ramsden for twenty years, and who had taken Ramsden's place when the poor fellow went over to Kingston to die from the effects of a fever he caught, while helping the unfortunate people in the town during the pilgrimage to Caney, caused by Shafter's threat to shell Toral into surrendering, was hanging over James's chair watching things closely. Mason was trying to get the hang of the game, which was entirely new to him. James had picked the game up in his travels and played it well. He had been with the invading army before it left Tampa, and after it landed on Cuban soil and had had plenty of practice. A big blonde staff Captain from the palace who quit a handsome income in New York to see the scrapping and had secured a comfortable staff billet, sat opposite James at the other end of the table. The other players were another couple of Captains of Immunes and myself, the representatives of a bunch of New York Philanthropists who had raised a fund to establish in Santiago a plant of crowded hospitals, and the Spanish agent of an American line of ships.

'We were all smoking 'Henry Clays,' and between deals imbibing villainous Bacardi rum in open and flagrant violation of the orders from the palace. There was nothing else to drink. The club's stock of brandy had long since given out under the abnormal consumption since the surrender.

'There was a concert going on in the other end of the room in which Cox, who was in town looking after the interests of an American mining syndicate which had big investments and valuable property at Daiquiri, was the central figure. Cox was at the piano of ancient French make, [singing Kipling's songs, negro melodies, improvised odes to Anglo-Saxon unity, and playing his own accompaniments. His audience which was made up of about the same variety of element as ours was joining

in the choruses. Cox was a spell-binder when he sat down at that piano. He had a fine voice and an inimitable way of putting character into his songs. Chevalier himself was not superior to him when it came to singing coarser songs. He did it as well as he had looked after the interests of his company during the three years in which the Cubans and Spaniards had been engaged in the cheerful occupation of cutting each other's throats, which is saying a good deal, for he was a master of the diplomatic game. Cox was in Santiago province all through the insurrection. Sometimes he was in town hobnobbing with the Spaniards, but quite as often in the Cuban camps in the hills. His skin was impervious to the fevers which struck other people down. The Americans had hardly got settled before he was as popular with them as he had been with the Spanish and Cuban officers whom he used by turns to entertain at the mining company's beautiful place on one of the picturesque hills overlooking the bay about three miles south of Santiago on the old Morro trail. Cox managed his situations well, and there were no embarrassing denouements. The Spaniards never dropped in on him while the Cubans were drinking his company's good Burgundy, and smoking his company's Henry Clays and the Cubans, not to be outdone in politeness, had business elsewhere when he was entertaining the Spaniards. This all cost money, but the game was worth the candle. Cuban mining property is valuable. You don't have to sink deep shafts and dig tunnels to get the metal. The ore crops out of the mountain-side in veins which a man who knows a little about geology can follow and all you have to do is build a narrow-gauge railroad in from the sea to the place where you want to begin work, pile the ore in cars and run it down to the ships. Cox's company had built such a road and Cox had protected it. At the end of the three years' strife the property was all there. The road was hidden by a tropical jungle, the rails, the cars and the machinery were a bit rusty, perhaps, and the houses were a bit dilapidated, but nothing had been broken up although the machinery in other estates all through the provinces had been smashed and the last plantation house destroyed by marauding parties of first on one side and then the other. The Cuban mining laborers found things when they returned from the hills, after the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over the palace, pretty much as they had left them three years before, when they threw up their jobs to follow the fortunes of the brothers Macco.

'As I was saying, when Cox took his seat at the piano everybody within earshot, except the pokerplayers, stopped to listen. Officers of the regiments encamped on the hills outside of the town, who always dropped in at the club to get a square meal stopped rummaging among the piles of out-of-date French, Spanish, American and English pictorials which littered the long mahogany table in the centre of the room; the immune of Grubb's battalion occupying the old Spanish theatre, across the street, ceased their ribald songs; tipplers at the New American Crystal Palace Cafe, lately established under the old theatre, all came out on the sidewalk and the sensoritas in the houses throughout the neighborhood drew their chairs close to the lattice walls which separated their verandas from the street, to hear the mining mana-

ger's lively solos and the crashing choruses which followed.

'The poker players alone hung stolidly to the work in hand, smoking and drinking and making only occasional monosyllabic responses to the queries: 'What y' got,' 'What y' going to do?' etc. 'Cox's inimitable.'

'Then 'ere's to ye, Fuzy Wuzy.'

'At yer 'ome in the Sowdan had no charms for them. We were very strong on Kipling, and the Anglo-Saxon unity in those days. In fact, the Queen and Empress was toasted by us about as often as any red-coat mess in the far away Himalayas. The unconscionable ship captain who came into port one day anxious to create a sensation, and told a yarn about Victoria's alleged death caused as much consternation as might have stirred up at Kingston.

'Cox didn't sing late on this particular night. He and such of his crowd as did not go to bed when the singing was over, were watching the game before ten o'clock.

'At that time James had most of the chips and a big pile of Spanish centenes, English sovereigns and American five-dollar gold pieces before him. He had a big run of luck. Also he had two dark rings under his eyes, two dark semicircles around the corners of his lips and a dazed look and a very pale face. The crowd was interested in the game and hadn't noticed how badly he looked until he suddenly got up and said abruptly:

'I'm going to quit.'

'What's the matter? Cold feet?' queried the big blonde staff captain, with just a touch of a sneer in his voice.

'Maybe,' said James, with some fire, 'but not the kind you are thinking of.'

'Then, turning to Cox, he said:

'Cox, you cash in for me. I'm going to bed.' With that he went off to his room and Mason and I followed him.

'There's only one kind of fever that can produce those circles and that dozed look,' Mason whispered to me as James went into his room, 'and it's the kind that's always bad when it strikes a man of James' build.'

'Yes, I know,' I said. 'I have seen a lot of it in Central America where I was building a railroad when this trouble came up.'

'As we entered the room, James was crawling into bed with his six shooter in his hand. He put the gun carefully under his pillow, turned his face toward the wall and muttered half to himself and half to us:

'It's the real thing. Symptoms unmis- takeable. Crashing pain at the base of the brain, shooting pains up and down the back bone, dull aches in the knee joints—I know 'em, but remember I'm going to stay here. They are hustling the yellow jack patients over to the island as fast as they catch the disease. It kills the patient to be moved, but it saves the town to get him out of the way. One man's life doesn't count for much when it's balanced against the town, according to the way they look at things at the Palace, but when it's my life it counts with me. To hell with the town. I'm thinking of James, and if they try to move me, there will be a bit of a scrimmage in here.'

'James tapped his pillow significantly as he spoke.

'Mason and I agreed to take a chance and not say anything about what ailed James. We didn't think the other fellows would be quite as expert at diagnosing his trouble as we had been. After we had sent the last bottle of champagne in the ice chest into him we went back to the poker game. The crowd had thinned out some; another man was in James' chair and the cloud of smoke hanging over the table was a bit heavier.

'Will the next death report of the commanding General, department Santiago, contain the item: James, civilian, operator; yellow fever?' asked one of the correspondents.

'I'm afraid so,' said Mason. Then the game went on. Other men had dropped out of it on other days just as James had done, and for the same reason. It was no longer a novelty.

'James was dead at the door when a doctor and a couple of ambulance stewards sent from the Palace the next afternoon arrived to take him to the island, so they ordered him to the cemetery instead and told us to be quick in obeying the order or the palace would have to take the job off our hands. We bought a rough mahogany coffin with James' poker winnings and put him in it just as found him on the bed sticking the six shooter under his head.

'Don't be surprised at what I said about the mahogany coffin. The Santiago woods are full of mahogany timber. It is much cheaper wood there than American pine. Back in the hills the natives use it to cook with and the principal wharf of the town is made from it; all but the piles.

'James got more of a funeral than the average stranger was getting in Santiago in those days. We who had been messing and playing poker with him at the club felt that it was up to us to do something out of ordinary. We followed the body



Mrs. James Constable, Seaforth, Ont., writes:—'Ever since I can remember I have suffered from weak action of the heart. For some time past it grew constantly worse. I frequently had sharp pains under my heart that I was fearful if I drew a long breath it would cause death. In going up stairs I had to stop to rest and regain my breath. When my children made a noise while playing I would be so overcome with nervousness and weakness that I could not do anything and had to sit down to regain composure. My limbs were unnaturally cold and I was subject to nervous headaches and dizziness. My memory became uncertain and sleep deserted me.

'I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and as a result am very much better. I have improved in health and strength rapidly. The blessing of sleep is restored to me. My heart is much stronger, and the oppressive sensation has vanished. I can now go up stairs without stopping and with the greatest of ease, and I no longer suffer from dizziness or headache. It seems to me the circulation of my blood has become normal, thereby removing the coldness from my limbs. I can truly say that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done me a world of good.'

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## FLASHES OF FUN.

'Is he a good stamp speaker?'  
'Finest ever. Why, I'll bet he'd shine as a witness in the Dreyfus case.'

'Der Kaiser,' said Mr. Dinkelspiel, 'may be Vilhelm der Grosse, put py chymically, I am Vilhelm der grocer alrety. He in?'

Softleigh—A brilliant—aw—idea struck me last evening doncher know.

Miss Cutting—Indeed. And did it have a fender on it?

'Here is a pair of 14 shoes that the maker has marked 6 by mistake. Just try this on please: I believe it will just fit you. (Trial and speedy sale.)

Little Horace—Paps, what are silent watches of the night?

Papa—The ones people forget to wind when they go to bed, I guess.

Muggins—Your face is a sight. Why don't you change your barber?

Buggins—Never! He may slash me a bit, but he's a dead mute, my boy.

Lawyer—Your honor, here is my clause. Larry (in the rear)—Will ye hear thot, Dinny? He's got claws, is saucy an' rid in th' face. Ain't he a rale lobster?

'The trouble with the modern hired girl is that she doesn't know her place.'

'And no wonder. She doesn't stay in one place long enough to get acquainted with it.'

'This 'Gates Ajar' design is a handsome one,' said the tombstone man. 'It is just what I want,' said the widow. 'He never shut a door in all our married life without being told.'

The Gentleman From Chicago—Stranger, can you tell me where there is a good place to stop at?

The Citizen of Boston—Just before the 'at.' Good day, sir.

'Whatever became of that gambler who went to Alaska?'

'He struck gold all right.'

'In the Klondike?'

'No; on a prospector coming back.'

'That tramp just going away was telling me a most heart breaking story.'

'How much did you give him?'

'Nothing. It was a story to break one's heart all, but breaking a \$5 bill is different.'

'When I was about to propose to Miss Miggles, she stopped me.'

'What for?'

'We are going to play golf, and she said she couldn't risk falling down in her play.'

He looked with forced admiration at the slippers—forced because he had half a dozen pairs in a closet.

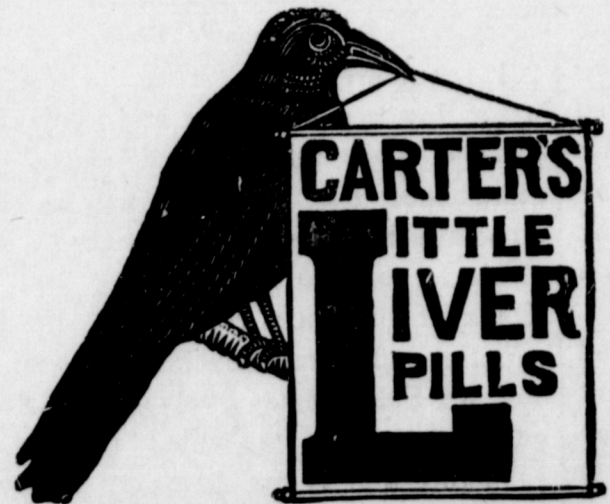
'You don't mean to tell me that they are all your own work? What a talented little wife I'm going to have!'

And she smiled happily, though the plain truth was that she had bought the uppers, paid a man to sole them, and then managed to sew the bows on crooked after her mother had made them. Yet she was very proud, and really wondered how she had managed to accomplish so much.

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