THE HERALD.

VOL. IV., NO. 25. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1893. $1.00 PER YEAR.

Board of Works

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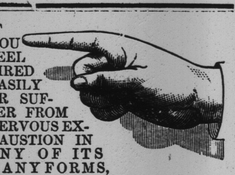

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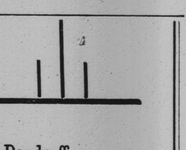

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Fredericton Nov. 16th, 1891.

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ATLANTIC DIVISION.

ALL RAIL LINE } TO BOSTON, &c. THE SHORT LINE TO MONTREAL, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect Oct. 3rd 1892.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

6.15. A. M.—Express for St. John and intermediate points; Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points North.

10.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and points East. McAdam Junction.

2.55 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON FROM

St. John, 6.25, 8.00 a.m., 4.40 p. m.
Fredericton Junction, 8.15 a.m., 12.15, 6.25 p.m.
McAdam Junction, 10.30, a. m., 2.40 p. m.
Vanceboro, 10.10 a. m., 2.15 p.m.
St. Stephen, 7.45, 10.00 a. m.
St. Andrews, 7.00 a. m.

Arriving in Fredericton at 9.15 a. m., 1.15, 7.10 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.20 A. M. — Mixed for Woodstock, and points north.

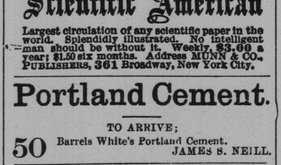
ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.50 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

D. McNICOLL, *Gen. Pass. Agent*, MONTREAL.

C. E. McPHERSON, *Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent*, ST. JOHN, N. B.

STEAMSHIPS.



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Apr 20	SARDINIAN.....	" 6	May 7
" 27	LAURENTIAN.....	" 13	.....
May 4	PARISIAN.....	" 20	" 21
" 11	CIRCASSIAN.....	" 27	"

Cabin passage, $50 and upwards; Second Cabin, $30; Steerage, $24. Round trip tickets at reduced rates.

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Sailings Fortnightly.

Glasgow, Londonderry, and New York Service.

From Glasgow.		From New York.
24 Mar	STATE OF NEBRASKA	13 Apr.
14 Apr	STATE OF CALIFORNIA	4 May
28 "	STATE OF NEBRASKA	18 "

Cabin, $40 to $60; Second Cabin, $30; Steerage, $24.

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April 29

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MANILLA ROPE.

Just received 1 Car Load.

375 COILS Pure Manilla Rope.

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Pumps! Pumps!

Just received from New York.

12 Porcelain Lined Wooden Pumps for Farmers use, also 13 pieces Extra Tubing. For sale by

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Plate Glass.

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POTATOES.

What Kind to Grow, and How to Raise Them Successfully.

A light, rich soil, moist but not wet, and a moderately cool climate, are the most favorable conditions for the successful growth of the potato. We find all the above conditions in the natural home of the plant, which is half way up the slopes of the Andes. The nearer that we approach these natural conditions by artificial means, such as draining, plowing and cultivation, the better success we may expect. Potatoes may be grown with profit on almost any soil, but they do not do well on heavy, wet clays. Perhaps the heaviest crop can be grown where considerable vegetable or alluvial deposits are found, but still the finest quality, if not the heaviest yield, is produced on dry, sandy loam. A sod will give good results. The preparation of the land largely governs the yield and quality. Apply, if possible, plenty of manure, either in fall or spring as may be most convenient. If applied in the fall plow under lightly, cultivate and plow deeply again before winter, and again as early in the spring as possible, cultivate thoroughly. Sow the early varietes about this time; for the later varieties, cultivate again after you are through with the other roots. Plant either in hills or drills — other things being equal, the yield will be much the same in either case, although some very successful potato growers prefer to plant in hills, the majority plant in drills. Planting and harvesting can be more easily effected, for horse labor will largely take the place of hand work, and therefore less work is required. Plant with a light furrow, and try to cover about two or three inches deep. A common and very successful way is to plow the ground lightly, planting in every third furrow.

In order to obtain the best results, good seed must be chosen, cut directly through the centre, and if large split again. If the potatoes are of moderate size split in half lengthwise. Some experimenters say it is better to throw the seed end away, because this part produces small potatoes. Thirty inches apart in rows is a good distance for the smaller varieties, and thirty-three to thirty-five for the larger, dropping from twelve to fifteen inches apart in the rows, harrow the ground as the potatoes are coming through. It is wise to repeat this once or twice. Start the horse hoe as soon as the plants are all above the ground, and continue until in full bloom. Shallow, flat cultivation gives the best results, except in very heavy or wet soils.

What is known as the Bordeaux mixture, is being used with good success in combating the potato blight. At a recent agricultural meeting in England, members reported satisfactory results from the use of that mixture; the Irish land commission also reports great success with their experiments in the same line, while most of the experimental stations on this continent, as well as prominent growers, have reported in its favor. When the plants are a foot high or less, spray with the mixture made as follows:—Dissolve six pounds of copper sulphate in sixteen gallons of water, slack four pounds of fresh lime in six gallons of water. When cool mix, strain through a coarse piece of sacking. By the addition of two ounces of Paris green, the potato bug can be destroyed at the same time. Potatoes should be sprayed at intervals of about two weeks. This is the standard Bordeaux mixture, but Prof. Fletcher recomends the above diluted to forty-five gallons with water. If this is done, add sufficient Paris green to keep up the original proportion of one ounce to eleven gallons of water.

Never plant potatoes in a field where the crop was formerly affected by either the rot or the scab, for there will be sufficient number of spores left in the ground to spread the disease for several years. the corrosive sublimate treatment for scab, is reported by the experimental stations, and also by well-known potato growers, to have given reliable and satisfactory results. It is as follows: Dip seed potatoes in a solution of two ounces corrosive sublimate and fifteen gallons of water.

The Beauty of Hebron, White Elephant, Burbanks, Rural No 2, Summit and Empire State are the varieties which have given the most general satisfaction over the country. The last named variety is third among forty-eight sorts experimented at the experimental farm, Ottawa, while it and the Summit occupy first and second places respectively, at the Ontario experimental farm, and also the same relation on the list in the co-operative test conducted by the experimental union in all parts of the province of Ontario. The Everett, which heads the list at the Ottawa experimental farm, is mentioned by one experimenter, from Durham county, in the co-operative work as being the best of the lot, which shows the influence of climate, soil, etc., on crops.—Farmer's Advocate.

CABBAGE AND CAULIFLOWER.

The cabbage plant is much easier managed than the cauliflower, and is therefore more sure of giving a crop, even under unfavorable conditions. The first consideration is to get the right kind of soil; the best is deep, rich, sandy loam. They will do well on stiff clay ground.

The land should be drained either naturally or artificially. It should be plowed in the fall, and plenty of well-rotted manure applied; the ground should then be thoroughly worked and pulverized. The seeds can be sown in frames, in boxes in the house, or even in the open air; but, if only a few are wanted for the farmer and his family, it will pay just as well to procure the plants from some gardener who makes a business of this line of work. The cabbage is one of the hardiest vegetables, and where it is wanted for an early crop the young plants should be set out as early in the spring as the ground can be worked. As soon as wheat or oats can be sown cabbage may be safely planted in the open field. After setting out, the plants should be thoroughly cultivated; if they have been planted in rows two or two and a-half feet apart, the horse hoe will, to a great extent, take the place of hand labor. Cultivation should begin about ten days after they are set out. There is special need for this working of the soil if the weather happens to be dry. The most troublesome insect is the cabbage caterpillar, which often attacks the plants just as they begin to head out. This is the larva of the small, light, yellow butterfly, which deposits its eggs on the plants in May or June. The caterpillar can be destroyed by dusting white hellabore on the cabbage, but this cannot be done with safety when the plants are nearly ready for use, as it is to a certain extent poisonous; though, if used when the cabbage is about half grown, the rains will have washed it off sufficiently by the time they are ready for use. What has been advised for cabbage is the culture necessary for cauliflowers, with the exception that this vegetable being of a more delicate constitution it requires to be more carefully handled, and cannot be set out quite as early in the spring; but still the plants must be planted before the dry, warm weather begins or it will not do well. The cauliflower delights in a cool atmosphere, and does not give as good a yield in a dry season.

WHEAT AND OATS TOGETHER.

In many parts of the States, oats and wheat are sown together for feed, it being claimed that the yield is heavier than if only one kind of grain is sown, that the wheat helps to prevent the oats lodging, and that the mixed grain makes a capital feed ration.

We quote the following from an Iowa writer in the Breeder's Gazette:—"Sowing oats and wheat together is a practice more of the farmers should follow. It gives excellent results. A good proportion to sow is one-half bushel of wheat to two bushels of oats. This with proper attention, will give excellent results. The objects in sowing wheat with oats are many. First, the wheat straw being stronger than oat straw, keeps the grain erect and greatly lessens the tendency to lodge. It also increases the yield by increasing the weight, as you are using a bushel weighing sixty pounds to make one weigh thirty-two pounds. Again we have found by experience that it makes No. 1 feed for stock. Wheat and oats sowed in the proportion given will not rob each other of that particular element held by the soil that each one requires to maintain life and continue growth. In this locality especially, this method of sowing is followed by many, and all will join me in saying that by this way you obtain your wheat gratis — very acceptable, indeed. An average yield is eight to ten bushels of wheat, and thirty-five bushels of oats. Suppose those interested sow five acres as an experiment and carefully note the results. It will pay."

BIG RISK FOR LITTLE PAY.

"I never go into a cage of wild beasts unless it is absolutely necessary," said A. L. Holton, the veteran animal trainer. "In the first place it is dangerous, and then there is nothing to be gained by it. What is the use of risking one's life for nothing? I used to do it when I was younger, but I don't want to do it any more. Showmen once thought it was an attraction, but the people don't appreciate the danger of the performance, so that it is seldom done any more. John Robinson will not allow anyone to go on parade in a cage of wild beasts, and he is right.

"Do you know that during the season I am continually annoyed by men who want to go into the cages? A good trainer will not risk his life so foolishly, and it is only novices who take the fearful risk. Some people think there is a lot of money in it, but I know that most of the men now parading in cages are working for no more that $30 a month. Showmen offer no inducement, but often they will permit a man to go on parade with a den of lions if he insists on it and agrees before witnesses to take all the risk upon his own shoulders.

"They do it for glory, but I don't see where the glory comes in. I used to have a cage of leopards that I raised from kittens. I went in with them for a few years, but when they got full grown I quit it. A fresh young man who was pining for glory insisted upon taking the place I refused to fill longer. He got the job and one day the leopards tore him to pieces before a large crowd to the music of the calliope. They got him out just in time to die in the open air. Yes, it is very thrilling, and likewise very glorious. But I don't hanker for glory."

WASHADEMOAK.

MAY 22.—Messrs. Leonard & Co., have erected several new buildings for tenants to let as there is quite a demand for vacant houses.

The river is rising fast and to all appearances there will be a high freshet notwithstanding the scarcity of snow last winter.

The fishermen have been in luck this spring as the gaspereaux never was more plentiful.

Vegetation is forward in this section. Rhubarb has been fit for use for several days.

Farming is rather backward; the weather has been wet for several days which had the effect of putting farming back. Yet it was everything to the lumbermen as they have got their drives all out.

W. Keith of Chipman, was visiting his friends in Thorneto wn last Sunday, and the Sun's travelling agent, I. D. Pearson was in the place "likewise."

There was quite a sensation a few days ago. A certain young gent went to see his best girl, so the story goes. While travelling through a piece of woods he thought he saw a great big bear. He retraced his steps and got several old bear hunters and started to capture bruin, at the same time using all the adjectives at his command, denouncing the Blair government for taking the bounty off of bruin's nose. When the old bear hunters arrived on the scene imagine their surprise when the dreadful bear turned out to be a harmless calf. Like Mr. Pitts' Catholic bear at Bathurst which was going to devour all the Protestant children but when investigated last winter at Fredericton amounted to nothing. The two cases were similar with but this difference. In the first case there was a calf perhaps two in the second case, the Catholic bear only existed in a York county calf's mind.

LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

"Even more important than Columbus' discovery is the fact that the general government has just discovered woman," says Mrs. Patter Palmer, president of the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair, whose portrait adorns the front page of FRANK LESLIES POPULAR MONTALY for June. The beautifully illustrated article on "Woman's Work at the World's Fair," by Isabel McDougall, which follows, is a revelation in this regard, of which every American has a right to be proud. Another timely feature, of extraordinary pictorial interest, is J. S. Stuart-Glennie's descriptive paper on "The Ionian Islands," including earthquake stricken Zante. Other illustrated articles are: Ellerslie and its Guernseys," a description of ex-vice president Morton's model dairy farm on the Hudson, by Charles H. Crandall; "In the Metropolitan Museum of Art," by Mary Titcomb; "How the big Big Tree was sent to Chicago," by Sarah D. Price; "Bird Babyland," by Nelly Hart Woodworth; and "Rays from the Search Light," together with half a dozen short stories of real merit, and the full compliment of literary miscellany.

THE WAR IN HONDURAS.

Its Scenes of Savagery Described by an Eyewitness.

Here is the story of a typical Central American war—the story of the revolution in Honduras that for more than a year has kept the country in a turmoil and for two months has absolutely paralyzed nearly every sort of industry in the nation. It is a war that needs but one feature to put it on a level with the wars in the woods of New York 150 years ago—it lacks but the burning of prisoners at the stake to have all the savage ferocity of the contests between the French and the Iroquois. for all prisoners are shot without trial, some are whipped almost to death before they are shot, innocent women are tortured on mere suspicion, and two have, it is asserted, perished under the torture. It is a war in which whole villages have been destroyed, and the aged, the sick, and the helpless driven to the woods, live as best they may or starve if they must. It is a war without any other principle than the self-aggrandizement of leaders—a contest between those who are out and those who are in. It is a war that, as will be told, may involve all Central America.

More singular still, it is a war in which a dozen intelligent Americans are taking part one way and another, and those Americans are openly saying that the atrocities committed are necessary and right.

To begin at the beginning—the causes of the war—here are the statements of representative men on each side. When asked as to the origin of the war Gen. Domingo Vasquez, Commander-in-Chief of the Government army, said:

"You can sum up the causes of the war in one word—ambition; the ambition of those who are out of power to get in, and of those who are in to stay in."

A man who represented the opposition—the "outs"—but whose name cannot be mentioned because he remains in the territory controlled by General Vasquez and would be shot were his name told here, replied heatedly to Gen. Vasquez's statement when it was repeated to him.

THE LASH.

"No, it was the cruel, the intolerable tyranny of the Bogran adminstration. Vasquez himself was for revolution before he was made chief of the government force. You shall judge for yourself by one fact, or many of the same kind if you please. You have in America Puck and Judge and other papers that make caricatures of your political leaders. Good, the leaders laugh at them. We have none such, but in Salvidor was printed a caricature of Bogran. It was a picture of a man in the fine uniform of a general, but it had the head of a burro. Many were sent to Honduras, and Bogran felt very bad. One day a citizen of Tegucigalpa who had one of the pictures put it in a letter to send to a friend. In his letter he said: I enclose a picture for your amusement. See if you can find any resemblance between it and the original. That was all, but the letter was opened in the post office by Bogran's official on suspicion, and the man was arrested. When asked if he wrote the letter and sent the picture he said. "Yes, what harm in that? But you have violated the constitution in opening my letter.

"Bogran called his executioner and ordered this citizen to be whipped—500 lashes—that day. The next morning after coffee Bogran called the executioner again and asked after the victim of the lash. He was beginning to recover. Good. Give him 300 more lashes,' said Bogran. It was done. The man fainted many times, but he was strong and healthy and he lived.

"Two days passed and then Bogran sent for the executioner once more. He learned that the man had recovered from the shock—it was only that the wounds had to heal. 'Good, give him three hundred more,' said Bogran, and it was done. flesh of the man's thighs was worn away until your arm could be sunk into the holes; his bones were exposed on his back by the lash. He would have got 300 more—1,400 in all—but a church society of ladies went to Bogran and knelt down before him and implored him to forgive the unfortunate, so he was pleased to grant their prayer. Shall I give you other instances? There are many to give."

LEAD FOR THE PRISONERS.

Although this is a war devoid of battles and likely to continue so, it is none the less full of horrors. There have been studies in savagery in it well worth the consideration of the American people, who are not only near neighbors, but, through certain enterprising citizens, largely interested in mines, ranches, and other enterprises here, including an interoceanic railroad that ought to be completed.

For instance, there is the shooting of prisoners. This practice began with the opening of hostilities.

"I saw the first man captured," said Johnny Haas, a New York boy, who is one of the gringos. "He was a courier. They brought him in with letters. Then they gave him to Col. Garfias, who called a squad of men. 'Go sit on that log,' said Garfias. 'Certainly (como no?),' said the poor devil, smiling. Then he took two or three pieces of silver from his pocket and handed them to one of the squad who were to kill him. 'Here, take these,' he said. 'I shall not need them any more,' and he chuckled—truly, laughed aloud. Then he sat down as ordered with his back to the squad, put his handkerchief to his eyes, the squad began firing and over he pitched with half a dozen bullets in him, but still living. Then a soldier put a rifle to his breast and shot his life out."

"How many prisoners were shot at Tatumbla?" was asked.

"About half a hundred, I guess. We built big pine log fires and burned the bodies. They burned like candles."

JOHNNIE HAAS, OF NEW YORK, AIDE TO GEN. VASQUEZ.

As a rule the prisoners were killed as taken without trial ceremony. After the Picacho mountain was evacuated a number of couriers came there unwittingly and were killed, but about a hundred prisoners did have their lives spared temporarily for some reason, and these were placed in the penitentiary at Tegucigalpa. This was not done as an act of mercy as for the sake of giving them a trial by court martial—just why they were put there I could not learn, but I guess it was for the sake of getting information from them. Seventeen of these were shot before I left the capital. Of these eight were taken out and shot without ceremony on the steps of a church in the south part of the town. This was on Sunday, April 2. Next day it was reported that nine more were to be shot at the same place just before sundown.

A BATCH OF NINE.

To verify the report I went to the penitentiary. The office, in charge of Col. Jesus Lanzo, had already selected the nine. Eight were of the poen—barefooted or laboring—class, but one was a man of society, tall, dark, well dressed, fine looking, and intelligent. The eight sat on the tile flagging under a veranda that skirted the main building of the prison. They looked up carelessly as the stranger appeared, and one made a remark to a companion, at which both laughed cheerily. Another smoked a cigarette. The well dressed man sat on a stool beside a low table and wrote his will, with the aid of a lawyer. He had been crying, doubtless at the thoughts of wife and babies. A single soldier, with a loaded rifle, stood before them and not over ten feet away.

But more remarkable than either the tears of the gentleman or cheerfulness of the peons was the fact that they sat there. The prison yard was without any other guard than the

BRIDGE IN TEGUCIGALPA

one mentioned, and there was but one guard on the wall, while twenty jumps away stood a ladder leading to an unguarded platform just under the crest of the rear wall. Beyond this wall was a brush-grown field, and beyond that the open country. To remain was certain death, and but two men were in any wise ready to stop their flight. Imagine nine live Americans sitting there in such fashion.

However, there these men remained all day, and then came an order to defer the execution till nine the next morning. While in the prison I visited the other prisoners waiting for some future order of the kind that had overtaken the nine. One was a slender young fellow accused of attempting to desert the government army. He had been whipped—500 lashes—two days before. He drew away his wraps to show the work of the lash, and then I was sorry I had asked to see. It is better to imagine the effect of 500 blows of a heavy whip than to look at it.

OFF TO THE SHAMBLES.

The next morning at 8.30 o'clock the buglers at the different barracks thrilled the town by their shrill call of the troops to arms. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes perhaps 1,500 soldiers had gathered in and about plaza Marazan—short, swarthy, black-haired, ill-favored men all of them. Their uniforms were made of blue cotton, their arms were the old Remington rifle. When they had been formed a squad of twenty-two soldiers was seen coming in two files through the street leading to the penitentiary, and between the files walked nine barefooted men—the condemned I had seen at the penitentiary the night before save that the soldier accused of deserting had taken the place of the gentleman who had been making his will. The poor fellow who had been whipped limped from the wounds on his hips, but he kept up his pace and I could not see that his face showed any trace of pain or fear or passion. Indeed, not one of the nine showed any peculiarity of countenance, and they walked along with as easy a step as did the troops.

Having placed this squad in the rear of the brigade that was to form the right of line (a body of about 300 men) and the band at the head of the brigade, the whole army started away down the street and across the bridge leading to the part of the city south of the river known as Comeaguala. The place of execution was to be the Comeaguala plaza, because the people of Comeaguala were (and are) all liberals. The band played a cheerful march, and the line passed quickly over the route to the plaza. There were faces at every door along the route, chiefly women and children and little knots of people in the side streets, but no crowd gathered anywhere, not even about the plaza.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE CHURCH.

In the plaza a division of troops stationed there was found drawn up in line, but these joined the procession and marched around the plaza until the whole body of troops formed in a hollow square, of which one side was broken by the old, white adobe-walled church. Within the square were the officers, and, perhaps, a hundred citizens and foreign spectators. The latter gathered at the fountain and saintly statute found there, and then the prisoners with the executioners, were brought in and stopped near the spectatators while the lines of troops were straightened. For a moment they stood gazing curiously about, and then the prisoner at the head of their line, a tall, lank, beardless peon, shouted:

"Hurrah for the supreme government!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" answered the troops, for that was their rallying cry. Then one of the prisoners recognized an acquaintance among the spectators, and waved his hand to him with a smile and a nod. Everything being now in readiness, general Villela, who commanded the troops, made a brief speech telling that the men were to die as traitors. As he ended speaking, the prisoner who had shouted for the government tried to reply, but his words were drowned in cheers which the general called for.

STAINS ON THE CHURCH STEPS.

As the last cheer died out the order to place the prisoners for shooting was given. They were standing then about ten feet from three large stone steps that led to a tiled platform or landing that extended across the front of the church. It was on these steps that the eight prisoners shot two days before had died, and there were eight great black blotches of blood on them to mark the spot each man had occupied, while the stones of the steps were badly splintered by the bullets that had gone astray. Over these blotches of blood the prisoners were ordered to sit, but as they were taking their places the general ordered that they stand up instead against the front wall of the church, at the right of the door, and die there. If shot on the steps a bullet might glance off and strike one of the troops.

A CHEER FOR LIBERTY.

So the prisoners got up and walked across the tile platform, arranged themselves face to the front, in a line against the wall, the one who had been whipped standing on the right, and on the left a well built, full bearded man, who had so far attracted no attention. The shooting squad followed up on the platform and arranged themselves in the form of a V, with its opening towards the church.

Bracing himself in the angle formed by a buttress and the church wall, the bearded man shouted:

"Hurrah for liberty!" the cry of the revolutionists.

"Hurrah for liberty!" answered the others.

THE BUTCHERY.

"Fire!" said the chief execution. Four rifles were discharged almost simultaneously, then two, then three, and so on—a ragged, wretched, cruel volley it may be called. The bearded man caught a bullet in the breast. His head dropped forward, and his arms and shoulders twitched in the throes of death, but there he stood until four more bullets had been fired into him. The whipped man, as the firing began, bowed his head and half turned his left shoulder forward toward the blast, and so fell, pierced by a bullet that struck under his shoulder. Others sank down as if all their muscles had suddenly relaxed, while two pitched over forward on their faces, rigid. There was not a groan or a cry until all were down in a heap, and then the groans were simply those of men not dead, but shot all to pieces and partly unconscious.

They all believed they were dying for liberty, and they died man fashion.

When all were down, the struggling mass was pulled apart. The executioners grabbed a leg here and an arm there, and separated the quivering bodies, and then continued the firing until the last motion among them had ceased. There were twenty-two men in the squad of executioners, and some of them loaded and fired their rifles four and five teams each. The shooting at the last was in single shots, the officer commanding the squad indicating the body with his sword and calling a soldier by name to shoot it. The soldiers lifted and tossed the bodies about in shocking fashion. It was about five minutes from the first to the last shot.

At last the executioners withdrew, and the citizens and officers within the square gathered about the pitiful mass of dead men—some for a brief glance, others apparently to gloat over the spectacle. Then the bugles sounded once more, the troop marched away, and the bodies were left under the battered and blood-splashed church wall for a couple of hours, when carts came and carried them away to an unmarked grave in unconsecrated ground.

No more men were shot while I was in town, but eighty lay in the penitentiary under sentence of death when I came away.

TORTURING THE WOMEN.

The men do not alone suffer. Early in February eight women were arrested for "talking too much." All the women in town were talking too much to please the government, for they were liberals almost without exception. Nothing will make one of these men here fight so quickly as the urging of his women friends. To stop the talk, an example was made of these eight women. Their hair was cut, and they were then marched bareheaded through the streets and put in the penitentiary, where they were compelled to make tortillas (a sort of corn pancake) for the government troops. They were of the barefoot class, but one died, they say from the nervous shock, for cutting the hair is a terrible disgrace in their eyes.

Nor did the society women all escape. I saw half a dozen in the penitentiary myself—refined educated women who had never done a day's work in their lives before that time, but I was told they were compelled to grind corn for tortillas, till their hands were raw, while a peon soldier stood over them with a whip to keep them at it.

A WOMAN WHIPPED TO DEATH.

But that is not the worst. Immediately after the fight at Tegucigalpa it was observed that hundreds of empty cartridge shells and some cartridges were scattered about the streets, but before nightfall they suddenly began to disappear. The women were gathering them to send to the liberals, who have reloading outfits. There was a rush to capture these women, but the rush brought only one poor soul, a Mrs. Sevilla, the mother of Narcisso Sevilla, who is general Vasquez's valet. Some one had seen her with a basket out on the Leona, where the waste of cartridges was greatest, and a man said that when she saw she was watched she hid the basket. That was the charge. So they arrested and gave her to the executioner, who was told to whip her till she told where she hid the shells and at whose order she gathered them. She could not tell this, for she had not gathered shells, and had not been ordered to do so. Her protests, her pleadings and her tears were all in vain, and at last she died under the lash tortured to death. Then they found the basket. She had been after greens for food and him them lest she be robbed.

TEMPERANCE VALE.

MAY 15—The roads in this vicinity are at present in a fair condition after the recent rain.

Bro. Isaac Lewis has been having quite a revival here and much good has resulted from it. There will be a baptism on the coming Sabbath afternoon.

We are all glad to hear that the numerous small drives on surrounding streams will soon be out and we will welcome the return of our young men once more.

Levi McElwain, who returned home a week ago on account of bad health, accompanied by his wife, we learn is slowly recovering.

Harry Ferris, who has been working at Rumford Falls, Maine, has returned home sick. His disease is rumored to be slow fever. His numerous friends and companions wish him a speedy recovery.

Rumor has it that Temperance Vale is about to lose one of its fair young ladies, if so we wish her every happiness a married life can bestow.

WHITES COVE.

MAY 22.—L. J. Ferris who went away to Houlton to work, was seized suddenly with pneumonia and died on the fourth day of his illness. He was brought home by his brother and buried at Mill Cove on the 11th. Deceased was 19 years of age and a member of Grand Lake division, sons of temperance. The members of the division attended the funeral, wearing their badges draped in black. His family have the sympathy of the entire community.

C. W. White's house looks very white in its new coat of paint.

Tilleson Dykeman had the misfortune to lose a horse on the 18th.

The young people here meet in the Methodist church and have singing practice Saturday evenings.

Capt. Young was here and spent Sunday; he is engaged in carrying coal from Newcastle to Fredericton.

A Victim of Habit.—Ellen—Habits are hard thing to break. Maud—Yes, indeed. There's Minnie Sereleaf, who formed the habit of being twenty-two some years ago and has never broken it yet.