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CAPTAIN CHRISTO

By M. QUAD.

About eighteen months before the United States declared war on Spain in behalf of Cuba the Spanish Captain Christo arrived in Havana. He was a man with very much of a past. He had fought three duels; he had been the warden of a prison and had flogged several convicts to death he had been chief of police at Madrid and was known as cruel and relentless. He was big and burly and bullish, but he was said to be the bravest man in Spain.

General Weyler wanted a man after his own heart. He wanted a man who would lead a small command against the Cubans in rebellion and kill every man as fast as come to. He arranged matters that Christo came out as a captain and was given a hundred men. They were known as Christo's Devils. Any Cubans who took up arms and fought from the canebrake will tell you that these devils were more dreaded than five times their number of regular troops. Now and then when the regulars captured a bunch of prisoners they spared a few lives. That is, they sent a few rebels to prison to die of fever. When the Devils made a capture he it two men or twenty; they were shot or cut down without mercy.

On one occasion, after twelve Cubans had held a sugar house against ninety Devils for two days, and were still having the best of it, Captain Christo came forward under a flag of truce and asked for a flag of truce. He didn't demand it, but asked for it on the ground that it was necessary to prevent prestige. It would never do for it to get out that he had been held at bay by such a small force. They might march out with their guns and their flag, and on the sacred honor of a Spanish soldier



HIS HORSE. WAS SHOT FROM UNDER HIM.

and a gentleman they should not be fired on. The Cubans distrusted him, but they were afraid of him for only one more day, and it was finally determined to accept the terms. Christo had posted his men in ambush, and when the Cubans appeared all but one were shot down.

At another time he surrounded sixteen Cubans in a thicket. They had sent out a scout, and this scout had fallen into Christo's hands. He refused to give any information until his feet were toasted in a campfire and he was otherwise tortured for an hour. Acting on his information the thicket was searched, and Christo had only forty-five men with him at the time, and the Cubans could have stood him off for a week. When the Cubans were marched a distance of two miles and then, meeting a Spanish force, they were done to death. They were shot in succession. Every man was made to see the others shot until the last was finally reached. For this deed a Spanish Club in Havana presented Captain Christo with a gold watch and General Weyler mentioned him with praise in his reports.

Three or four legends like Christo working into the jungle with small forces at their backs, might have finally wrecked the Cuban cause, but there were no others to follow in his bloody footsteps. The rebels dragged him and thirsted for revenge. A farmer, who was about thirty years old, was laid and failed an American soldier of fortune serving with the Cubans as sergeant came forward. He was known only as Hines. He gave no information about himself, and was asked a fighter no questions men go with him, and he took men whose courage he had seen tested. During an afternoon they marched nine miles to the house of a peon friendly to the cause. He informed them that Christo's Devils were only a mile away on an abandoned sugar plantation. He had visited them that morning to carry in provisions. In marching through the jungles two or three days before most of the men had been poisoned by a vine like our ivy. The peon said that fully thirty men were blind with the poison, and of the other sixty many

could not handle their muskets for their swollen hands. The native had understood that Captain Christo was to ride back to the Spanish lines next day, but this might or might not be so. He had seen the captain and had been questioned by him, and he reported the officer on mule spirits. The rebels passed the plantation that night and went into ambush on the road beyond. It was taking a chance. If Spanish troops came up they would be cut off, if Captain Christo rode for the lines they hoped to capture him. They were in luck. At 9 o'clock next morning the Captain, attended only by an orderly, made his appearance. His horse was shot from under him and his orderly killed, and the next minute the leader of the Devils was a prisoner.

Hines had sketched out a plan to bustle into the jungle and not a word uttered in reply. After half an hour had passed the Captain raised his offer a thousand dollars a piece. On top of that he would agree to resign his commission and go home to Spain. Still no reply. Coming to the cabin of a man who could

I never fought a duel, and I think I should like to try one for a novelty. Have you receded from your position on the bullfight question yet? Sub., Colonel Bunker never recedes.

Well, let the duel go on. Good-by, Colonel. I made up my mind, said the Colonel, that he was a queer man, but how queer he didn't reckon until he met the next morning. The choice of weapons rested with him, and may as he blessed, sub, if he didn't appear in his hands and seemed to be highly interested.

Our seconds told him that no duel could take place with such weapons. That Colonel Bunker was a gentleman and needed a gentleman's weapon. The Professor said that as he was a very busy man it must be the duel was again off, or rather, left to his convenience. People were already laughing over the made ridiculous. I did not wish to be later. Egad, sub, but you were wrong. He came to my hotel at 2 o'clock in the morning and insisted that I was awakened in order for him to sleep.

Colonel Bunker, you must really excuse me, sub, but I have been experimenting with hens' toes and our duel slipped my mind. I have found that for useful purposes a three-toed hen is just as good as a five-toed. Breeders should work to reduce the extra number. I can guarantee I'll be convenient to meet me at sunrise to-morrow morning.

I was distrustful of the man, but I thought I would take another chance. It would have been better to have turned my back on him. He was on the ground before I was, and what do you think he was armed with this time? Upon my word, sub, it was a common ax, such as woodchoppers use, and he gleefully wielded it as he would decapitate me at the first sign of alarm. The ax wrestled with him, and after a long argument he shouldered his weapon and walked off, and then there I determined to have no more to do with him. He held a chair in the collar, sub, but he was no gentleman. I'm interested in my bill began to wane, and in order to revive it I had a committee appointed and went with them to the subject of frog pond. I then satisfied them that the frog was a quiet and respectable member of the community unless driven to the wall. He would meditate in silence for hours until he was driven to the wall by a mule or a pig. He would break forth in belows of protest. The investigations of the committee were made known in the press. He printed and held a chair in the collar, sub, but he was no gentleman. I'm interested in my bill began to wane, and in order to revive it I had a committee appointed and went with them to the subject of frog pond. I then satisfied them that the frog was a quiet and respectable member of the community unless driven to the wall. He would meditate in silence for hours until he was driven to the wall by a mule or a pig. He would break forth in belows of protest.

OUR SECONDS TOLD HIM THAT NO DUEL COULD TAKE PLACE WITH SUCH WEAPONS. week later I met him on the street and he held out his hand to me and said: Excuse me, but I believe this is Colonel and Scout Bunker? The same, sub, and at your service. You are the bullfight man? I am, sub. And come to think of it, were to fight a duel. I was to buy at the date named, but I will meet you at sunrise to-morrow morning.

he trusted, he was sent to the Cuban camp, a reinforcement of thirty men. While waiting for the arrival of this force the Captain was gagged and thrust down cellar. When the thirty men had come up they led the way to the sugar plantation and all night the Devils almost made a wipeout. Only ten escaped.

When Captain Christo had been safely landed in the Cuban camp he was informed of the slaughter. He could not doubt it, for the men around him were dead. He took the spoils of the Spanish camp. He was also told that he must die within an hour. They would not torture him, but he should die by the rope. The man grew white with a chill. He tried to bluster, but it was a lamentable failure. He had seen dozens of captured Cubans stand boldly up to be shot to death by his order, but the presence of the grim specter unnered him. He cried like a child. He stated that he had \$80,000 in bank at Havana, and every cent should go to the Cuban cause. It should be spared. He offered to lead a Spanish force into a trap. He even offered to turn rebel and fight for the cause.

When the rope was prepared he and I looked at the man in charge of the execution. His sword-ice was so disgusting that many turned away. Christo had been a daily sunbather and a leader all his life, and he had a fine reputation. He was in terror of death and died whining like a dog.

HE TELLS OF A GENTLEMAN WHO IS NO GENTLEMAN. HE TELLS OF A GENTLEMAN WHO IS NO GENTLEMAN.

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MR. BOWSER'S VOICE

HE STARTS IN TO GET CULTIVATION.

Mr. Bowser had smoked his cigar and read the paper when he crossed said to Mrs. Bowser: "I shall be busy in the attic for the next hour and do not wish to be disturbed. You are not going to try to ride that old bike around again, are you?" she asked.

"Why, nothing, of course, but when gets as heavy and loggy as you are, he shouldn't think of fooling around with bikes."

"Oh, I'm heavy and loggy, am I? I have reached that stage where I am to be looked upon as a haystack on wheels? Thank you for your flattery, Mrs. Bowser."

"You know I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I just meant that you were not as spry as you used to be. If you had tried roller skating twenty years ago you would have had a success of it, but now—"

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wild-eyed and asked of Mrs. Bowser: "Has it come at last, ma'am?" "What do you mean, Susan?" "Has Mr. Bowser gone out of his head and become dangerous?" "Of course not."

"Then what's he doing up stairs going 'hi hi ha ha whoop! whoop! whoop!' and a hundred other words that there's no sense to?" "He's cultivating his voice so as to make a rooster and a speaker of himself."

"I never heard the likes, but if you say it's so I must believe you. Hark to that, will you? The neighbors will think we are all being murdered."

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and that noise must stop or I shall lose my job. The word came to the station house that five people were being murdered by a lunatic."

"Very well; you can see how dangerous the matter is. The officer found his way to the attic. Mr. Bowser was waving his arms and bending his body as if he were being murdered by a lunatic."

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ter, and a rooster it is, and do you know what I'm going to do with him? I'm going to wring his neck for crowing so early in the morning."

"Come on, Jim," said one of the men as he seized the rooster by the arm and pulled at him. "It may be a rooster and it may be an owl, but what do we care?"

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YOU CAN SEE WHAT A CROWD HAS GATHERED.

"Go ahead and say what you started out to."

"Well, when you tried it one evening a few weeks ago you came down with such a jar that you shook the whole house and was unconscious for ten minutes."

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THAT SKINNER BOY

HE AND A PARROT HAVE ADVENTURES.

"Humpty," said Mrs. Skinner the other morning, as her only son got up to late breakfast. "Mrs. Noble was here early this morning to see you. Her sister, who lives up on Jay street, lost her little boy, about four weeks ago and is very lonely. Mrs. Noble is going to send up her parrot to be company for her. She said she would give you ten cents to take the bird up there."

"I'll do it," eagerly exclaimed Humpty.

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THE BIRD LOOKED WISE, BUT HAD NOTHING TO SAY.

er helped Humpty to elevate the cage to his head and then said: "Go right along and attend to your business. If you meet another gang turn back or dodge 'em."

"Go along, old man," called the parrot as Humpty walked away and hoped that their troupe was over.

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JAPAN'S ROYAL BOX.

It is proposed that an "Imperial Box" for the accommodation of the Mikado, shall be constructed in the permanent wrestling house which is to be built in Tokio.

FOOTBALL IN SWEDEN.

Fred Coles, a Grimsby football player, has been engaged to teach the game to a club composed of the sons of shipowners and merchants at Gothenburg, Sweden.