OUR CUBAN LETTER.

Life and Death in Cuba's Capital—Fannie B. Ward Among the Reconcentrados—How Valeriano Weyler Has Murdered More than 200,000 People by Starvation.

Special Correspondence.

HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 17th, 1898.

Could the readers of the Deseret News have been with me today, it is safe to say that the United States would be largely augmented. Let me give you an account of just one day's experiences. I arose with the larks—or rather with the parrquet, which is the only bird of this country—in order to be in the rising sun dance upon the sparkling waters of the bay and gold and blue castle and promenade the rosy-red, sky-blue and pea-green houses with this invisible, indescribably beautiful season of the year are most delightful. Early and evenings in Cuba—the mornings and evenings are very perfection—are the best of all the year, like August in Salt Lake City and the nights chilly enough to require a blanket on one's bed. The weather in this fair land needs no other entertainment than can be found in the front yard, a balcony, the Plaza Punta, or at worst in the Plaza de Armas, or the celebrated Prado, with its rows of mature and double rows of trees, where the Spanish, in their dress, where the Spanish ladies in authority of light blue coats, with straw hats, are every morning and evening promenading their coolitonas to the music of the band. In all Cuba there is no such thing as a glass window. Wooden doors serve instead, usually latticed part way up, those on the ground floor being fitted with iron bars. Each house in the Cuban capital has its great double doors opening upon a Juliet balcony, or its latter paved with white marble and ornamented with iron filagree work. The houses, by the way, are beautifully painted with blocks of many colors, pink and green, set in patterns like a patchwork quilt, and so extremely high are the ceilings that one feels as if dwelling in the bottom of a well. Whitewashed walls, six-inline woodwork, crimson or white window and door curtains, ruffled and scalloped with orange-satin lining, are all Spanish as anything in Spain. Add to this the most picturesque contrasts of glaring colors never seen to excel at one another but yet all simply lovely, but somehow true to it agreeably with the brilliant blue and vivid green of sky and foliage.

Amongst the Cubans, the most luxurious, of food, but milk and cream, as we brought to my mind, at least, and later I was in the war with a Cuban lady, to visit some concentrados. Probably by this time everybody in the United States knows the meaning of the word "reconcentrados"—for those who were present in Cuba. They are the country people of Pinar del Rio, who were scattered over the island by Valeriano Weyler, and Weyler's brutal decree were driven from their homes and compelled to hobble to the nearest fortified cities. Consequently they took no part in the war, but the reconcentrados knew that every Cuban is killed at sight, and that the "butcher's pen" was one of extermination. It is a common saying here, "If you put a Cuban into the pen, you can send it up and send it to Spain the instant the stock is removed it will pop out and pull Cuba I know."

Weyler said that the rebel army was prevented from the sons and husbands of these concentrados, families and that the money or help afforded them, all and about as soon expire. The terrible war, which is raging Spain and devastating Cuba is nearer an end after three long years and never would terminate while there was even a single reconcentrado left. The desperate case demanded desperate measures, and the marquis of Pinar del Rio, the Spanish soldiers scoured the country, driving the people from their homes, burning the houses over their heads and killing all who resisted. The eviction of "Evangelina's" people from Nueva Santa was as nothing in comparison for the Nueva Santa peasants were comparatively speaking and were allowed to take their portable property with them. Fancy being simply turned out of your own home in Salt Lake City, with only what you could hastily collect and carry in your hands, the rest being left behind in your eyes. But that would not be a parallel case, because if you have some means in reserve, the large house are your daughter and find it plenty in the United States. But of these poor Cubans, poverty-stricken in the best of times, had only their palm thatched cottages and small patches of ground where a few cows and vegetables were raised. There are practically no farms in Cuba, such as we know them in the "God's country." Rich and poor are alike sustained by the products of two great crops, sugar and tobacco, and when those are cut off, years after years, as since this war began, nothing is left. Even when ever plot from years of land (the general measure of the country), he does not find an infinitesimal of it to the raising of pigs, chickens and vegetables for his own use. The majority of the peasants have been employed as laborers upon the large plantations, for very small wages—until the land was burned, the cane-fields, the Spanish soldiers driving the cattle, the Spaniard called the tobacco, and before two years the richest were half starving indeed. For the peasantry, there was suffering enough, poor souls, but they had still their homes and could pick up some sort of existence in the familiar places. In the cities of the Cuba were sad and sick days and ladies nearly burn. But poor sufferers were positive—not they—not as to the instant, and the bubbles burned to the ground. The richest of one case, no higher than thousand of dollars, will go for an exam. A man had double age had spent a quarter of a century saving money for a home, has exactly wages to a lot of money and had built a comfortable cottage upon it. When it was finished for, his pride and joy was divided. His wife and children and mother had a home for life. The family belonged, and the women had the little food which he worked on the plantation estate. But alas! Their days were short and long duration. Within two weeks after the cottage was estate, came a company of soldiers ordered from a neighbor. How would the poor man give up the home of a lifetime, the home built of his own? Half crazed with grief he resisted the following body forced upon the ladies and children to Havana. The aged mother died on the voyage, and one by one the children died, and the wife died on the voyage and the husband was dying by hunger and misery in the reconcentrado hospital. Cubans in Havana are busy in the large towns, and the best they can do for them is to establish a drop of comfort in the ocean of wretchedness—but all home to the noble ladies and gentlemen, who are a considerable crisis. In themselves in a city under strict military law where partly feeling runs so high, had devoted their time and money to the work. The government, in its policy of extermination, has even placed every obstacle in the way of these charities. Spain has 20,000 soldiers in the hospitals of Havana suffering for food and medicine, and yet, by the little her depleted resources can devote to charity, is given to them. The wealthy Cubans, and there are in Cuba; they can live on bananas." But the fact remains that more than 200,000 people have died of starvation, and as the result of his concentration order. Even bananas have their season, and the whole country depended with them (which it is not), and if bananas were to be had for the picking, there would not be enough to sustain the reconcentrado population, could they endure the excessive diet. People cannot live on climate; they starve in any part of the world where food is not.

Dismissing our carriage at the arch of Los Fosos, we walked out to the Plaza for the return, according to the custom of Havana where carriage fare is only 25 cents, and the distance is half across the city, and carriages swarm in the street like flies around a molasses barrel—we passed a little boy, about three years old, lying all about were what at first glance looked like heaps of rags; upon more minute inspection I was able to crawl out into the sun, leaving the few feet of the hospital for those worse off than myself. I have seen misery in many lands, but never anything like this. We did not enter the building, we did not go more than two steps to the quarters of the women and children. Such a sight! Two floors filled with beds rows and cot-beds in recent acquisition since poor Lee and now that Chata Barton has passed, things were in better order, I attest. If every community in the United States would immediately send a train-load of provisions to Havana in boxes, they would be safely and secure what it could in money or clothing, what inexhaustible amount of sufferers would be relieved! Money or body of means would give but few or ten cents out of his abundance, what might be hoped from the seventy million people in our heavy country!

Having now no more money in our purses than the reconcentrados themselves, we were obliged to walk to our hotel, more than two miles, over three busy streets, every step of which makes one feel like like a pedlum with peak in his shoes. Talk about side-walks in Havana so narrow that two cannot pass one another upon them! In many places the pave but a few inches wide, so that one, the size of your correspondent, can barely walk abreast upon them, the narrow streets which one may almost reach across filled from walk to walk with carts thundering over the stones, each cart driven by a red-capped Spanish peasant and drawn by a wonderfully bedgowned donkey, with red tassels and jingling bells and brass-mounted leathe all over him. Among the carts the carriages dash at such a rate that one expects a total destruction, walking or riding. However, we reached the Parade with no damage but to our feet, which felt as if they had been bastinaded, in time for breakfast—the usual hour for that meal in these parts being 11:30 or 12 m. After a brief rest and a replenishing of the pocket-books—for pilgrims without funds are of no account—we set out to see to the Jacoba, another of Havana's temporary asylums, down near the Cerra a cabo. In a large room we saw row that one literally could not swing a cat, in it without bumping its head on either wall, one carriage was stormed by a small crowd of half a dozen men and boys grouped around what looked like a bundle of dirty rags.

"What is the matter?" I asked in my poor Spanish.

"Nada, Nada," said a man, indifferently turning away. "Solamente una pobre!"—Nothing, nothing, only a poor woman."

"Why don't you take her up—can nothing be done for her?" was the next query.

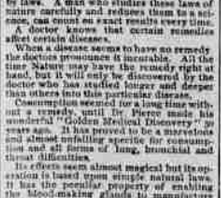
"No, senora," said another. "Eliandrinda, she is dying."

Quickly getting out of the coach we stoped beside her. She was black and old, and shrivelled, with thin gray hair carefully brushed and tied with ribbon bandage. Whether she was a reconcentrado or one of the city beggars whose name is legion, whether she had met death by violence, or from want and the weight of years, none knew, or cared to inquire. It is not that the people are heartless, but to see the poor dying in the streets is too common an occurrence, to excite comment. While we gazed, some bayonoted soldier policeman came up, ordered us on with an imperious gesture and hailed a passing cart to carry the poor creature away.

The Jacoba retreat is almost a facsimile of Los Fosos, only larger, more numerously occupied and perhaps better appointed. This too-long letter leaves space for the narration of but one case in it, that of a girl of 14, who is a raving maniac, alternately wailing and screaming and tearing her long, black hair. She was one of the family who failed to move when ordered, and father, mother and three sisters were murdered with the machete. She alone escaped as by a miracle.

Hidden behind a cactus hedge she saw the dreadful slaughter of all her relatives, and was afterwards found wandering about the place and brought to the city.

FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.



The Astronomy of Life.

When an astronomer foretells the exact minute at which two planets will cross each other, we know there is no magic about it. The whole universe is governed by laws. A man who studies these laws of nature carefully and relates them to a cause, can count on exact results every time.

A doctor knows that certain remedies affect certain diseases.

When a disease seems to have no remedy the doctors pronounce it incurable. All the time Nature may have the remedy at hand, but it will only be discovered by the doctor who has studied longer and deeper than others into the particular disease.

Consumption seemed for a long time without a remedy, until Dr. Pierce made his wonderful "Golden Medical Discovery" for years ago. It has proved to be a marvelous and almost unfailing specific for consumption and all forms of lung, bronchial and throat difficulties.

Its effects seem almost magical but its operation is based upon simple natural laws. It has the peculiar property of enabling the blood-making glands to manufacture healthy, rich blood and pour it abundantly into the circulation. This nourishing, vitalizing effect is rapidly manifested in the lungs and bronchial tubes where it stops the wasting process and builds up healthy tissue.

It is readily assimilated by stomachs which are too weak to digest cod liver oil, and it is far superior to malt-extracts as a permanent and scientific flesh-builder in all wasting diseases.

"Twenty-five years ago eight different doctors told me that I would live but a short time, that I had consumption and must die," writes Geo. R. Shaw, Esq., of Myers Valley, Pottawatomie Co., Kan. "I finally commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and I am still on the land and among the living. I have faith to believe that it has lengthened my life for the last twenty-five years, and I have so much faith in all of your medicines that I want one of your 'Common Sense Medical Advisers.'"

Dr. Pierce's medicines are recognized as standard remedies throughout the world. His "Pleasant Pellets" cure constipation.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY

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The bacteria known now number 500 species, according to a London institution lecture by Prof. W. R. Bettinder, and practically our entire knowledge of these has been worked out since 1880 through the influence of Pasteur. Of the harmful species there are only about forty. Bacteria are found everywhere in the air and in our houses, they are so minute that 250,000,000 could be accommodated on a penny postage stamp, and they multiply with incredible rapidity. It is estimated that a human being takes in by respiration 30,000 germs each day, or 10 millions a year. Not only are most of them harmless, but they give flavor to butter, cheese, grains, etc., and they are the scavengers of nature. They are absolutely necessary for the "round of life."

Eggs treated in various ways were kept by Director Stocks, of the Kansas Agricultural school, from June 2 to February. The best then proved to be those preserved in a solution of water glass. Those coated with cases line and those kept in lime-water were also good; but those that had been wrapped in paper, rubbed with salt, packed in bran, coated with varnish or paraffine, buried in wood ashes, etc., were in considerable part spoiled.

Republican civilization is tending to destroy itself, in the view of M. Arsene Dumont, a clever French writer, by exalting the individual at the expense of the race. It leads to greater and greater personal development, and the natural increase of the race is in inverse ratio to such development. This explains the steadily decreasing birth rate of Massachusetts and other parts of New England. The saturation of the Americans, as foreseen by the author, cripples upon the high intellectual that will govern itself by scientific teachings.

Cereole, a new product extracted from the stem rising on sugar-cane fields, is claimed by a Mr. Bennevary to have the properties of ordinary beeswax, which it resembles in appearance.

Civilization is transforming nature in surprising ways. The dehorning of cattle is an example, as this practice is gaining favor so rapidly that hornless cattle may be expected to become the rule rather than the exception. The first objections were that it is cruel and unnatural. The early method of dehorning with a saw was undoubtedly slow and painful, but specially constructed clippers are now used that often remove a horn in a second, and with so little suffering that the operation is really humane, the frequent injures in herds from goring being prevented. The horns have become utterly useless, being no longer needed as protection against natural enemies. In calves less than three weeks old the embryo horns can be removed with one stroke of a sharp knife, or they can be treated with a caustic sufficiently powerful to destroy them. For four years the Maine Experiment station has dehorned calves by rubbing the horns first on five days with caustic potash. In every case but one the operation has been successful, the calf in the exception having reached the age of thirty-five days before treatment with the result that dwarfed horns an inch or an inch and a half long were subsequently developed.

Spiral growth is one of the mysteries yet to be worked out by naturalists. In describing some of the puzzling things about it to an English medical society, Mr. George Wherry mentioned the shells of the whelk, which in the fossil form are usually left handed, but in the present generation are always right handed. Plant spirals offer like perplexities. The hop and honeysuckle take the form of a left handed screw, while the majority of twining vines follow the course of a right handed screw. Some spirals, however, are less mystifying. The left horn of the bison, for example, is a right handed spiral and the right horn is a left handed spiral, and it is easy to see that these twists give the horns a wedge-like action in forcing back the bushes through which the animal runs.

The action of castor oil, supposed by some experimenters to depend upon a body from the castor seeds suspended in the oil, has been found by Meyer to be due to the active acid of the oil itself. The pure acid and its salts are as effective purgatives as the oil, and are practically tasteless, while they operate in small doses.

Some physiologists suppose that electric shocks produce death by asphyxia, others that the heart is suddenly paralyzed. The subject has been experimentally investigated by Prof. T. Lauder Brunton, R. A. Bolam, who, using an alternating current, have found that the heart appears to be affected before the respiratory center. Only with currents of much higher intensity was necessary to kill, did both heart and respiration fail at the same moment. Stoppage of the heart is undoubtedly the usual primary effect, the symptom in apparent death from electric shock more closely resembling that in that from drowning, which effects first the respiration.

An artificial serum of common salt and coagulated egg albumin chloride and sodium carbonate is found by an Italian specialist, Dr. Tomassoli, for the treatment of severe burns. Injections of this serum daily for three weeks brought recovery to a young man who had been burned over the entire right side of his chest and back and the right arm and shoulder, and successful experiments have been made on animals. Injections of serum from a scalded dog were found to kill a well one, while an artificial serum prevented this fatal result.

A valuable water-proof and transparent cement for glass has been found by a German chemist, Prof. H. H. Schwartz, to be a mixture of five parts of a moderately thick gelatine solution with one part of potassium chromate, to be prepared by mixing the mixture, which becomes hard and insoluble on exposure to light. Not even hot water will affect the hardened cement. Fabrics in which some stiffness is not objectionable can be waterproofed by saturating with the bichromate gelatine and afterward exposing to light.

An inexpensive process of producing alcohol from ethylene has been discovered in Germany. The action of sulphuric and on calcium carbide in the presence of small pieces of zinc, yields ethylene gas, and when this is taken up by concentrated acid at 30 degrees C. the result is ethyl-sulphuric acid. This, when further treated, turns up into sulphuric acid and chemically pure alcohol.

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A Woman Saved.

A CASE OF INTEREST TO EVERY WOMAN.

Mrs. Henry Younghans Tells a Story of Suffering and How She Was Cured.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Henry Younghans, of Detroit, Mich., who resides at 1003 Grand River Avenue, said: "Ever since our last little one came I was an invalid. For years I have had the most terrible experiences and would have to lie down most of the time. After the last baby was born I was unable to attend to my housework. I could hardly stand up, had dizzy spells. I wanted to sleep all the time and was urged by several of the best physicians. I would have the cold Dartel cramp, for which but applications were used. I used them but applications small. I feared myself severely.

"Before our child was born I had been a strong, healthy woman and was remarkably active. After he was born I grew weak and thin, and received scarcely any help from the medicine left by the doctors. I felt that I was not properly cared for and that the baby was too strong for me. My back seemed to be breaking and I was scarcely ever without a severe headache. Could not tell you how many different medicines I have taken, but every dose had a different plan of treating my case. I were suppers and had for years who had been burned over the entire right side of his chest and back and the right arm and shoulder, and successful experiments have been made on animals. Injections of serum from a scalded dog were found to kill a well one, while an artificial serum prevented this fatal result.

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and asked me to give them a trial. I started taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People that day and put my other medicine away, thinking it would please him if I tried the pills. Before I had taken one box I felt better. My husband noticed the improvement and bought two more boxes. I kept on using them until I had taken four boxes, and I was entirely cured.

"I keep them in the house now and use them occasionally, as they are a great help to all women. You would not have known me two years ago. What I am today is owing to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

(Signed) MRS. H. YOUNGHANS.

Mrs. H. Younghans being duly sworn, states that she has read the above and that it is true in every particular.

EDGAR E. HUTZ, Jr., Notary Public.

Wayne County, Michigan.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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