The Evening paper is the paper of Today, the morning paper is the paper of Yesterday.

DESERET EVENING NEWS.

5 O'clock ~EDITION.~

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

NO. 138. MONDAY, MAY 4, 1896, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. VOL. XXIX.

SPANISH OUTRAGES.

Cisneros, a Cuban, Tells His Story of Suffering.

HIS ESTATE RAIDED BY SOLDIERS.

Servants Killed and Their Bodies Mutilated—A Battle in Pinar del Rio.

NEW YORK, May 4.—A dispatch to the Herald from Havana says:

Your correspondent has had an interview with Pedro Cisneros, a Cuban, who was driven from his plantation by San Miguel de Jarnes by the Spanish soldiers. Cisneros's family consists of his wife, three children, the oldest a girl of five, the youngest a babe in arms, and a nephew, Julio Vidal, a young man and a native born American. Cisneros's story is as follows: "I have suffered great outrages at the hands of the Spanish soldiers. The soldiers recently came to the ranch and my wife and children fled to the fields, from where they had broken into the various houses where valuable property was stored and were pulling things to pieces. Just then I saw two officers coming toward the house. I went out to meet them and invited them to enter the house and refresh themselves. They accepted and said they liked coffee. While they were drinking one of more soldiers came and spoke to the captain, who said to me: "Who are the men in the other house?" "My employes," I replied. "Including now Wagner. They are engaged to repair the captain said: "I heard rebels are in the house." I asked the captain to have the men called for examination; the major himself will be here tomorrow." After he left I found the door of the house in the hill broken open. A quantity of bottled beer had been taken, also my saddles and bridles and many other things. Silver and other articles of women's apparel were missed in the raid. I went to the station. The drug store looked as if it had been visited by a mad bull. All the shelves and drawers were thrown out and smashed. An empty store opposite was in the same condition. The soldiers threw down and the dog pounded bottles of medicine. The large coffee mill was broken and all was in disorder.

"An account of this work was what the soldiers had whispered to the captain. The officer had remarked to me with a sneer, 'The insurgents are very kind to you, as no harm has been done here.' I was surprised on the following Wednesday morning to hear shots as of several volleys of musketry. About noon I saw a mounted infantryman, who was not yet, having surrendered my house. Soon my son appeared, and under command of Captain Hernia Martinez, in great brutal and vulgar terms he ordered all in the house to go outside. The soldiers rushed in and dragged me out by the coat collar. My wife, with her baby, was taken out, the rifle being pointed at her breast. Eustile Zanetra, a negro servant, who was badly frightened tried to hide. He was pulled to the front and before my eyes a soldier struck him a heavy blow with his hatchet, cutting him deep in the head and arm, saving, 'Get up!' and he fell on the floor. An order was then given to take into custody all men in the estate. We were brought to the house and lined up in front of the house. I stepped about forty paces from the others to talk to the captain who had been at the house the week before. At that moment the negro named Manuel Fabala made a dash to escape. Some cavalrymen turned after him, firing. He fell and they mutilated his body with machetes. The officer, enraged at the negro's flight, pulled out his sabre and shouted to the others of his party, 'Get down on your knees.' They obeyed and he had them bound and kept in that position a quarter of an hour. While I was talking to the captain my wife and five-year-old child were begging for mercy for me. The cavalrymen helped themselves to corn for their horses and finally started. The officer told me that my nephew's fate and my own were only spared because we were Americans and they did not want to get into trouble with Uncle Sam. The officer ordered me to San Miguel without waiting a moment. Their explanation of the raid was that the rebels had fired upon the troops and that they saw the man you see he fled into my house and that under the major's instructions the whole family should have been killed. My wife and children were in agony while I was away. My employes were all taken by the troops. Their names are Manuel Fabala, Antonio Linares, Eustacio Zanetra, Pedro Cardenas, Juan Darie and Florencio Rodriguez. An officer of high rank in the insurgent army