

that fall in battle. Many of them are wives and mothers—women of dignity and education—not coarse and shameless Amazons such as the Spanish authorities have described. As a race, the Cuban women are most true-hearted, simple and domestic in the civilized world, devoted to their homes and adoring their husbands and children. They are ardent patriots too, and have shown themselves stronger than their lords in adversity, and more serene in martyrdom. But their cheeks grow pale at the thought of innumerable crimes committed upon their sex in this and other Cuban wars. The first went to the field with their husbands and fathers for the sake of protection. While misrule prevailed through the island—Spanish soldiers and murderous banditti infesting the highways, looting plantations and perpetrating all manner of atrocities—no woman was safe at home without her natural protector. In some cases gentle ladies were transformed into avenging furies, seeing their loved ones butchered. Afterwards they fought shoulder to shoulder with their husbands, led daring raids and applied the torch in a thousand places; and some of them now sleep in unmarked graves. Many women, not "trained" or Red Cross nurses, and caring for the sick and wounded in insurgent camps. Children have been born upon the battle-field, whose mothers did not fear death so much as the horrors that might await them at home.

Mrs. Kate Masterson—who, by the way, has written some most graphic pictures of life in Cuba, speaks of Cuban women in the war as follows:

"From this beautiful summer land one cry goes up which is heard over the din of battle and the clash of arms. It is the wail of the desolate women. They are mourning for their loved ones and their tears are falling upon new-made graves all over the island. Their soft eyes have looked upon gasty bonfires in which the bodies of their babies have been the fuel which fed the flames. Their cry is more eloquent than all the ruin and desolation in this fair land of graves. Like the Easter lilies, bent and stained with patriot blood—like the roses, trampled in the earth and drenched with mire, are the hearts of these poor women. Many of them have lost all they possess through this war—not only husbands, sons and daughters, relatives and friends, but their plantations have been burned and their fortunes swept away. They are willing to give everything to Cuba—glad to see their sugar-cane go up in smoke since thereby its revenue will be lost to Spain. Some of them sold their jewels when all their money was gone, in order to send medicine and lint to the rebels. In every Cuban home, a sum is set aside out of each day's household money to send to the field."

There have been traitors in Cuba—but they were never women. As a rule they are better conspirators than their fathers and brothers, because they know the value of silence. They are tireless and successful in their efforts to get food and medicine to the rebels, and word from one scattered band to another. Delicate señoritas, reared in Southern seclusion, dressed in boy's clothes, steal out at night to the nearby haunts of lovers or brothers, in the "Long Grass," as the insurgent camps are called. They secrete food in false pockets, hide letters, whose envelopes have been dipped in ink, in their abundant black hair; carry medicine in their cloth for clothes or bandages in the lining of their garments. One girl, the only daughter of a once wealthy family, has many times carried dynamite to the woods, in egg-shells deftly put together. Disguised as a vendor, she has had many thrilling experiences. Her narrowest escape was when a Spanish soldier stole the basket of supposed eggs and prepared to cook them by

the wayside. Nothing saved her then but the sudden call from headquarters which the soldier dare not disobey.

There is no end to the well authenticated stories that are told in this line. Here are a few of them. The very first insurgent band of the present war had its romance. It started in Matanzas province and its chief was Antonio Lopez Coloma. In February of '95, while his party were hiding in the woods near the Ignacia sugar mill his fiancée—Señorita Ampara Obre, ran away from home and joined him, determined to share his fortunes, whatever they might be. The party were soon captured and the lovers shut up in the old San Severino castle, at Matanzas—but at opposite ends of the fortress. The girl was soon released; but Coloma remained some months in durance vile, and was then transferred to the Morro in Havana. Miss Obre followed, and they were married in prison.

Before Veguetas village was garrisoned, some arms belonging to a local company of volunteers were gathered in a certain house. The rebel chief, Esteban Tomayo, hearing of this, went with fifty followers to the residence of the captain of the Spanish volunteers, and demanded that the arms be given up to him. No resistance was made, and Tomayo and his men were soon provided with guns and cartridges—only to discover that they had been rendered useless. Disappointment made the rebels furious. The Spanish captain was quickly court-martialed, ordered to be shot forthwith, and the customary number of men were detailed to carry out the sentence. At the critical moment, when the victim stood looking into the muzzles of the rifles aimed at his breast, a young woman sprang between and facing the rebels cried, "He will not die before you have killed a Cuban woman." This brave act of devotion so pleased the executioners that they lowered their guns and left without carrying out the sentence.

Among the early dramatic incidents of the war was a marriage ceremony performed at dawn in the mountains of Puerto Principe. Don Robeau, a handsome, well educated young man, heir to a large estate, was one of the first to enlist with Gomez, as a private. He has fought bravely and been advanced step by step, till he is now major of a regiment recruited by himself from his own neighborhood, composed entirely of his personal friends, who are all finely bred young men. Robeau was in love with a young girl who lived in a small village near his father's estate. She was in humbler circumstances than he, and the rigid rules of Cuban etiquette kept them apart. But when the young major first marched through the town with his splendid company of men, their horses' bridles were braided with ribbons and they wore palm wreaths twined around their hats in her honor. They passed the girl's home and saluted her as she stood on the balcony with her mother. Robeau went in and asked the parents if he might marry their daughter, and take her with him, as he feared some harm might befall her in his absence. But the old folks would not consent, and finally the young lover yielded to their wishes and marched sadly away. Two days later, when he had gone many miles, the girl dashed to his side, mounted on a horse. She had run away from home to join her sweetheart. That night Robeau sent a guard of two men, with an extra horse and empty saddle, to the house of the nearest priest. The terrified padre, expecting to be killed despite the assurance of his escort, mounted and rode with them, muttering Ave Marias all the way. They reached the hills where the regiment was halted just before daylight; and as dawn broke from

the east, the young people were married. They are now at Santa Clara, where Major Robeau has command of 400 men, operating with Seraphine Sanchez and his band of 4,000.

When Damian Hernandez was sent, a political exile, to the Isle of Pines, his wife accompanied him, that she might liberate him at the first opportunity. One day, when he was working with the other prisoners cutting wood, she engaged the guard, with whom she had previously made herself familiar, in friendly conversation. Taking his gun, on pretense of examining it, she suddenly leaped backwards and, pointing it at his head, threatened him with instant death if he moved. Then her husband and his comrades tied the unfortunate man and fled to the coast. There they compelled the captain of the schooner Margrita to sail for Zapata, which they reached in safety, and later they made their way to the revolutionary forces, where Mrs. Hernandez acts as nurse.

Another notable woman is the wife of Dr. Hernandez, of San Christobal. She is young and beautiful, and now in the field with her husband taking an active part in the fighting. She had only been married a year when her husband was called upon to organize a band of men. He came to his young wife, who was about to become a mother, and told her that he would do just as she willed, for he felt that his life belonged to her. She answered that she wished him to go to the war. In a week he had raised a band of 500 men and as they marched out of town they saluted Mrs. Hernandez, passing her house and shouting "Viva the queen of Cuba!" When the baby was a few weeks old the Spaniards took possession of the town. One of the lieutenants rode into the Hernandez parlor on horseback and subjected the young mother to threats and insults. That night she got a horse and with the child in her arms went to join her husband, riding many miles through the Cuban hills until she found him.

Perhaps the women of San Juan Martinez bear off the palm for courage. When the Spanish troops, under Cornell, made their way to the city, the people met and took a vote as to what course they should pursue, women casting ballots with the men. Almost without a dissenting vote, they decided to burn their city, rather than have the hated Spanish soldiers destroy it. The men mounted all the horses and went to join the Cuban army while the women set their homes on fire, took their children in their arms and began the weary march to Guane, a town several leagues away. The Spaniards, reaching San Juan Martinez at nightfall, found the deserted city in flames. The footsore women had hardly arrived at Guane before they learned that the baffled soldiers were on their tracks; so they burned that city as they had their own, and again took to the road. Afterwards they burned Monlezula and several other villages, effectually cutting off the Spaniards until they reached the protection of the Cuban army.

Among the women of Gomez's forces, all of whom are the wives of his officers, one is an American. They dress in masculine attire, as a pair of bloomers has not yet arrived in Cuba. They ride on fine horses, with Gomez's staff and carry Mauser rifles and ammunition; and though they have taken part in several engagements, have never yet been wounded.

FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

New York, May 25.—A special from Key West says that the man arrested yesterday on board the steamer Panama on suspicion of being a Spanish spy is Lieut. Sobral, formerly naval attaché of the Spanish legation at Washington.