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BAKING POWDER.

All leading teachers of cookery use it.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

"Kickers"—who loudest bewail scant army rations and lack of home comforts—are those who have been least accustomed to luxury. Miss Wheeler, the child of wealth and ornament of society, whose Washington winters are spent in the luxurious Arlington, has never uttered one word of complaint. She is a prayerful girl, who begins and ends each day on her knees beside her army cot—and only Heaven knows how many times during the long, hard days her "soul is on its knees," in the language of Hugo. The loved father and brother have been ordered to the north and she alone, of all "the fighting Wheelers," remains in Cuba. But she will not desert the work, wherein she was never more needed than today; and as for protection, there is not a soldier in our army who would not lay down his life for her if need be.

The hospital of which I write, though created only a few weeks ago by the necessities of war, is by far the best in Cuba. It is the boat house of the well American club, loaned for the temporary purpose. It is built directly over the bay, some rods from shore and is reached by a long pier. Its great banquet hall, whose latticed walls can be raised to admit every fragrant breeze, is now closely set with army cots and double rows of the same are ranged along the encircling verandas. The smaller apartments have all their special uses, and in a little ante-room several oil stoves are set, over which beef tea, malted milk and gruel are prepared. Not an inch of space is unfilled, and were the commodious building ten times as big, it would be equally crowded.

When I first saw this hospital, two weeks ago, the sick were lying on the bare floor, but now, thanks to the Red Cross, they are amply supplied with cots and bedding. Considerable army red-tape is squandered in getting patients into this haven of refuge, so that sometimes a half-conscious man, brought on a mule cart, or a stretcher, lies in the sun at the street end of the pier, before an order can be obtained from the palace—a mile up town—for his admission to the hospital. But when once inside, a man's chances of recovery are wonderfully increased. For example, there have been but three deaths in this hospital in a fortnight, while in the fever hospital at Siboney they are dying by hundreds, and in the various field hospitals at an average rate of 30 per day. Out in the camps the sick men are yet lying on the ground, under dog tents, alternately soaked with rain, scorched in the noonday sun, chilled to the marrow at night, unattended except by their comrades, and with nothing to eat but beans, bacon and hard-tack, even for those dying of dysentery. No wonder that fever is daily increasing among them, and yesterday, out of a whole regiment, only two men were able to report for duty.

I spend a few hours every day in the water side hospital, where mine is the unofficial and inglorious part of cheering the convalescents—chatting a while with this man, reading to that one, feeding another, writing home letters for others, doing comparatively unimportant things for which the busy nurses have no time, but which—so Miss Wheeler says—are sometimes more useful than medicine. Most of the men are very considerate, realizing that the nurses are constantly on their feet, doing their best to meet a thousand demands. Of course, there are querulous ones, who send the tired sister on some trifling errand from one end of the big building to the other and who are never suited with anything that is done, but they are few, and never once have any of the ladies met with the slightest rudeness or insult. Officers and private soldiers, rich men's sons and their servants, lie side by side—all clad in Red Cross pajamas, which, I regret to add, are not plentiful enough to be changed as often as they should be. In nearly every case the mil-

lionsaires have borne suffering and hardship far better than their hostlers and valets. Almost without exception, the rich young society swells have been unexpected revelations of heroism, giving up their own few comforts to needier men, brave and uncompromising to the last. As the United States is now so largely un-American, her army was recruited from all the nations of the earth. Hence in the hospital we see the unmistakable Irish lip and eyes of Irish blue, besides the German physique on the next pillow, and the blonde Saxon in contrast to the swarthy Latin. Some are gray-haired, middle-aged men, others boys in their teens, and all are so bronzed by exposure and unkempt as to hair and beard that I doubt if their own mothers would know them. Every case is sad enough, Heaven knows—of strong men brought to the gates of death, not on the field of battle, but by unnecessary exposure afterwards and the criminal carelessness of their superiors—and some are positively heartrending.

For example: A young Hercules, whose name nobody knew, raved five days and nights in the delirium of typhoid, until death ended his sufferings. He lies in an unmarked grave, his identity not yet discovered. Another mother's boy—a sweet-faced, gentle fellow, under 20, died of lung fever, from sleeping on the wet ground in his rain soaked clothes. Many of the men have the local calenture—a swift, sharp fever which runs its course in a week or two—induced from lying in the trenches, with insufficient food, during that dreadful first week in July.

The most peculiar case that has come under my observation is that of a tall, bronzed cavalryman, who for six days and nights has lain most of the time in an unconscious state. Nobody knows who he is. He came rushing into the hospital one hot midday, a week ago, delirious with fever, having walked from some distant camp in the broiling sun. He spoke of himself as "Guy" and is now known by that name, though whether it really belongs to him, as familiars or "given" name, none can say. He spent the first night alternately stalking up and down the hospital, imagining that he was commanding a regiment, and struggling with the attendants in efforts to leap over the veranda rail into the bay. Toward morning he lapsed into unconsciousness, and lay for three days like one dead—jaw dropped, eyes rolled far back into his head, the only sign of life a faint fluttering of the pulse. Though death was momentarily expected, the faithful steward injected medicine down his throat; and still he lingered hour by hour—no fever now, no weakening of the pulse, no change in the rolled-up eyes and fixed expression. It seemed such a pity—a strong-looking man to die and give no sign. On the fourth day I sat beside him, holding his two warm, limp hands between both my own, praying within myself that Heaven would send the poor soul back from the borderland of shadows, if only long enough to send some message to the waiting wife or mother—when suddenly a change flashed over the countenance, first an expression of agony, quickly followed by a smile, and then the eyes unclosed and looked with intelligence into mine. Holding fast the hands, as if by that means to stay the fluttering soul, I bent over him and said, "Guy, tell me where you lived. I will write to your people." He understood, and made a desperate effort to speak. The lips moved, but no words came; then the eyes turned upward again till nothing but the whites were visible and the strange, half-unconscious state returned. But he was not altogether insensible. He moved himself to the edge of the cot, as close to me as possible and as long as I held his hands, remained quiet, but the instant I laid his hands upon his breast and tried to move away, his arms beat the air like windmills and a fearful expression came to his face. So there I sat till dark—and still he made no sign. Then it was impossible to stay longer, because imperative duties awaited

me elsewhere. I went reluctantly, and all night long was worried by the fear that he might revive for the last time when nobody was at hand to learn his name, and that some poor woman waiting at home would never know what became of her loved one.

Next morning they told me that toward midnight he opened his eyes and almost shouted, "Where is she? Where is she? Tell her to write to my father." And then the poor soul was off again, into the shadowy land. It is needless to say that since then I have spent a good deal of time by the tall cavalryman's cot. And yet we have learned nothing. A dozen times he has looked at me with full intelligence in his eyes and several times has called me "Rose"—doubtless the name of someone he loves. He knows when I am with him, takes the beef tea or spoonful of brandy obediently, snuggles up closely as possible and goes contentedly to sleep. But all efforts to get his home address have so far failed. He only smiles happily and says, "Yes, Rosa, write; please write." It is barely possible that some one who reads this may have an idea who he is. I judge that he is not a city-bred man, but from the rural districts of the middle west.

He is apparently about 40 years old, eyes pale blue, black hair, slightly sprinkled with gray, heavy beard and tawny mustache. This is his sixth day of semi-consciousness now, and there is no change except that his body is growing weaker and his lucid intervals more frequent. The doctor says there is some hope of his life—and that if he does recover it is a miracle, wrought by a woman's care. Pardon this too long story of an individual case. I give it to you as an example of hospital experience.

Today I talked with a yellow fever convalescent, fresh from Siboney. He said that of the 700 patients in that hospital, only about 200 have yellow fever, and the proportion of deaths among them is 30 per cent. He told of a man who was sent from Washington to Santiago as postal clerk, whose name he could not remember. Two days ago he was brought to the Siboney hospital and died the same evening. It is estimated that a daily average of twenty yellow fever cases are scattered about Santiago, exclusive of the army. In this part of Cuba the dread disease is at its worst between the middle of August and the last of September. Yesterday a man was brought into Miss Wheeler's hospital, shaking like a leaf with the dread chill, who sank into insensibility before they could get him into bed. Half an hour later the doctor came, pronounced it a case of yellow fever and ordered the victim to be instantly removed—for the sake of the hundred others. The poor fellow was laid on a stretcher, put aboard a boat and rowed to Siboney, and was dead when he reached there. This morning two young fellows were brought to the hospital door with an order from the palace for admission. Each was assisted by two comrades who held him up under the arm-pits, and sank into a pitiful heap on the floor when the helping hands were withdrawn. Just then the steward came along. "In God's name," said he, "what are these yellow fever men doing here? Out with them, quick as you can." Pity them as we did, there was no help for it. Some of the immune nurses hurried the fainting fellows back over the long pier, down the street and across another pier to the "suspect" building, another and smaller boat house, a few rods from our hospital. There the poor fellows waited, more dead than alive, until the boat came, then, with two "suspects" and a yellow fever corpse lashed on a board, they were taken to Siboney, 16 miles distant. A sadder sight I hope never to see than that boat load of the sick and the dead—the outstretched corpse in its sheet the most conspicuous object, and the living men in their mud-stained uniforms and gray slouch hats, trying to keep up a brave front on their way to almost certain death. The same thing may happen to any of us, tomorrow—today. A half-forgotten poem runs in my mind:

"The wind howls heavy with death and sorrow,
Today it is thee, maybe me tomorrow."

Yesterday a dark-haired Irishman lay on a cot so close beside me that with one sweep of my fan I could keep the flies off both him and "Guy." This morning the cot was empty. "What has become of the man who was here?" I asked the nearest male attendant. "Ask me an easier one; he's dead," replied the immune, with a ghastly attempt at wit. "Yellow Jack got hold of him in the night. We started him off for Siboney, but he didn't live to get there."

Another sad, sad case is that of Captain Feederle, of Akron, Ohio. A handsome and gallant young officer, the picture of robust health and beloved by everybody. He came into the hospital the other day suffering from headache. He said he was not a bit sick, but thought he would like to lie down and rest awhile. He was given a cot, his head bandaged with cold water, and presently he seemed to feel very comfortable. Happening to recognize me, as I sat by Guy at the other end of the room, he sent to ask if I would come and talk to awhile. I went, and for half an hour we chatted of Ohio friends and of long-ago camping experiences among the small lakes of the Western Reserve. When I left him he was in a most cheerful mood, saying that he expected to be sent home with his regiment in a day or two. What was my horror on going next morning to the hospital, to be told that his was a pronounced case of yellow fever, and that the boat had already been sent for to take him to Siboney. Hurrying to his side I said, "Captain, I hope you are not worried. I have had yellow fever, and you can see how well and strong I am." He replied, "Mrs. Ward, I am not worried. I shall pull through, please God. But I would like to write to my wife and children." Quickly procuring pencil and paper, I awaited his dictation. He closed his eyes a moment, so that none should see if there were tears in them, and waited to get full command of himself; then in a voice that never faltered, he dictated, "To my loved ones." It was a sensible, manly letter, calculated to relieve the anxious hearts at home, yet fully realizing that it might be

his last words to them in this troubled world.

Then he wrapped himself in his blanket, for the chilly stage of the fever was already upon him, and resigned himself to his fate, like the true, brave soldier that he is. If courage and good sense can carry a man through, Captain Feederle will outlive the fever. God grant that the bright, promising young life may be spared to his family.

FANNIE B. WARD.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Terre Haute business men look for a great revival of business this fall, and indications of it may already be seen. J. A. Marshall, manager for D. H. Baldwin & Co., reports that their business for the month of August was the largest for the company since June, 1893. One of their salesmen, John G. Hyneman, sold twelve pianos during the month of August, a remarkable record, as the month of August, ordinarily, is one of the worst in the year with them, as with most other businesses. Mr. Marshall feels very much encouraged at the prospect of business during the fall months.

Rev. Arthur Tipton, son of George W. Tipton, of the postoffice, and at one time a compositor on the Tribune, will preach a special sermon to the members of Typographical union, No. 76, at the Baptist Tabernacle Sunday evening. He has just returned from school where he has been studying for the ministry. He has invited the printers to hear his sermon, and no doubt a great many will attend.

When the 150th Indiana comes home to be mustered out the friends of Co. B., of this city, will give them a big reception and banquet. The regiment is to be ordered home from Camp Meade, Pennsylvania, the coming week.

Jesse Levering and Sons, who had contemplated taking the room to be vacated by the Kleemans, have given up that idea and have leased the room in the Marble block at present temporarily occupied by the Golden Rule, and will open a dry goods store there, as soon as Mrs. Hemlinway, owner of the building, can remodel it. A new front is to be put in and the room modernized. The Messrs. Levering were formerly connected with the Havens & Geddes Co., and have a wide acquaintance in this part of the country. They have the best wishes of many friends in their new enterprise in which they are sure to be successful.

Tony Frisz, the popular deputy sheriff, has resigned his position, to take effect to-day, and will go into business at Brazil, where he and his brother-in-law, Ernest Meissel, have purchased one of the leading grocery stores of that city. He has made an efficient deputy under Sheriff Seeburger, and the latter loses him with regret. No appointment to fill the vacancy will be made for the present.

Fred Smith, who has the reputation of being one of the very best distillery men in the entire country, together with Geo. E. Emmett, has organized a new distilling company and this week broke ground for a new distillery on South First street, with a capacity exceeding that of any of the other distilleries here. August Fromme, who built the new opera house, has the contract for the work.

The three K. of P. lodges tendered a reception at Castle Hall last evening, to the two companies of the Uniform Rank, in token of their appreciation of the showing made for Terre Haute at Indianapolis last week. A large crowd was in attendance and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

A Deadly Gas.

Millers and the owners of grain elevators look upon the bisulphide of carbon as one of their most useful agents. When a mill, an elevator or a granary becomes infested with weevil, bisulphide of carbon is the cheapest and most effective thing to exterminate the pest. So deadly is the gas, however, and so rapidly does it act that the utmost care must be taken in applying the bisulphide. It is usually sprinkled over the grain from watering pots. The liquid is rapidly converted into a gas, and the latter sinks through the grain, carrying death to the weevil and even to the unhatched eggs.

So long as the persons applying the liquid stand above the point of application they are pretty safe from the fumes, but occasionally the workmen breathe a little of the gas and have to be removed at once to the open air, as the heart is quickly paralyzed by the action of the bisulphide. It is usual to treat the lower floors of a granary first, so that those employed in the work may keep constantly above the gas. Any animal, as a cat or a dog, shut up in an apartment where the bisulphide is doing its work is found dead when the place is opened.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Cuban Milkman.

"How many cows there are about the streets!" somebody exclaims, and when he is calmly informed that the morning's milk is simply being delivered. A bunch of cattle and their driver stop before a house, and the portero comes out with a cup for the morning's supply. It is seen then that the cows are being milked from door to door by the dairymen, for this is the way the acute Cuban housewives have taken to assure for their tables a lacteal supply which is entirely fresh and absolutely pure.

Even with the cows milked before the door one must continue to watch the milkman, for I have even heard of their having a rubber bag of water concealed under their loose frocks and connected with a rubber tube running down inside of the sleeve, its tip being concealed in the hollow of the milking hand. Only a gentle pressure upon the bag of water within is needed to thus cause both milk and water to flow into the cup at the same time. The milk venders of Italy and India have also learned their trade to perfection, for they practice this identical trick.—Edward Page Gaston in Woman's Home Companion.

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Linens for the Careful Housekeepers...

There is nothing so economical for every day wear as a good colored Table Damask. We have the right things at the right price.

52-inch Colored Table Damask, 18c.

60-inch Red Damask, 22½c.

60-inch fancy colors, Melville Damask, 25c.

60-inch fancy colored Scotch Damask, 50c grade, 38c.

A fine line of German Silver Bleached Linens in this sale, 45c.

72-inch Bleached Damask in this sale, 65c.

A BIG BARGAIN

Fringed and Huck German Damask Towels, 19x44, while they last, 19c.

A 24x48 fine German Towel, sale price 30c.

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We will make during September Special Sale Prices on new and trade-in Pianos and Organs to clear our salesrooms for fall stock. You can secure some exceptional bargains by calling early.

Pianos \$35, \$50, \$75, \$125, \$150 and up.
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Tickets on sale Sept. 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th. Good for return trip leaving Cincinnati not earlier than Sept. 5th and not later than Sept. 13th, '98.

An extension of time limit to Oct. 2d may be obtained on payment of 25 cents and depositing ticket with the Joint Agent of the terminal lines at 119 E. 5th St., Cincinnati.

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