

keep'; and I dinna answer her by word or look, for I ken weel women's tongues canna be stopped."

Never had Christina felt so happy as on this night. Jamie had been so tender, so full of anticipation, so proud of his love and his future, and Andrew had chosen her for his confidante. But some divine necessity of life ever joins joy and sorrow together, and while her heart was bounding with gladness she heard footsteps that gave it a shock. They were Jamie's footsteps, and even while Andrew was speaking he entered the cottage. Andrew looked at him with a quick suspicion and said, dourly: "You said you would tak' my place. I see you canna be trusted."

"I have earned a reproof, Andrew, but I'll no lie about the matter. I met a friend, and he was poor and thirsty, and I took him to the tavern and gave him a bite and a sup. Then we set a-talking, and I forgot the fishing and the boats went awa' without me."

"A nice lad you'll be to trust in a big ship full o' men and women. A glass o' whisky and a crack in the 'public' set afore your word and your duty! How will I trust Christina wi' you? When you mak' Andrew Binnie a promise he expects you to keep it. Dinna forget that. It may be o' consequence to you." With these words he went into his own room and bolted the door, and Jamie sat down by Christina and waited for her to speak. But she could not be as friendly as she wished. It was love out of time and place and season. She would rather he had been with the boats, and her mind was also full of Andrew's revelation; she wanted to be alone to realize all that it meant. So the interview was cold and constrained, and Jamie was offended and finally went away quite out of temper. He kicked the stones in the path out of his way, muttering angrily:

"I'm no caring! I'm no caring! The moral pride o' thae Binnies is ridic'lus. O'ne would require to be a vera saint to come within sight o' them."

This cloud was, however, but a passing one, and the next few weeks went by, as time does go when love and hope brighten every hour. The fishing season was unusually good, the men were making money, and the women had Christina's marriage and wedding presents to talk about. Every now and then some relative sent her a piece of homespun linen, or a quilt, or some china, and each article was examined and discussed by all the wives and maids in Pittencraigie. Christina and her mother had no objections to this kind of popularity; nor was Jamie averse to the good-natured freedom.

Andrew's love affairs were not as promising. Sophy came less and less to the village; she said her "aunt was gone to Perth for a bit of holiday and the shop couldna be left to tak' care o' itsel'," and the excuse seemed to be a good one. At any rate, it satisfied Andrew. He made a deal of money during the fishing season, and was evidently, to Christina, preparing for some great change. He went frequently to Edinburgh, and on his return always gave her a glance full of the assurance of success. And for some weeks he appeared to be very happy with Sophy; then there was a sudden change, and Christina noticed that he often came back from Largo with a heavy step and a grave face. Occasionally he admitted he had been "sairly disappointed;" Sophy had gone away for a week's rest, or she had a headache and couldna see him; or there was a bride's dress making and she couldna spare a moment. The excuses were numerous and varied, and finally they began to cause a sad and fearing wonder, even in Andrew's trusting heart.

(To be concluded in next number.)

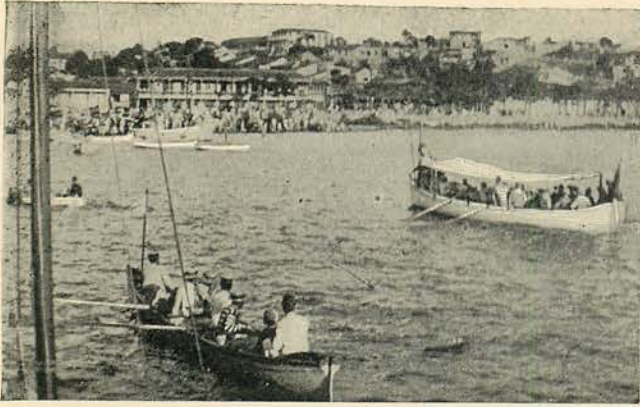
CUBA'S STRUGGLES FOR INDEPENDENCE.

A VESSEL sailing due south from Key West will come into view, after a journey of a hundred miles, of breakers rolling upon a white beach, and green hills beyond; and the vessel may sail to the east or the west for days, and still the beach and the hills, which now loom up to noble heights and now sink to mere undulations, will seem

to stretch out indefinitely. The sun shines down upon them unceasingly during the day. The waves sparkle as they break monotonously upon the shore. It is a smiling and a peaceful front that Cuba, in her seven hundred miles of coast, presents to the traveler from the North. During the days of the tropical summer she seems to be placidly and



LANDING OF SPANISH TROOPS AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



GENERAL CAMPOS DISEMBARKING AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



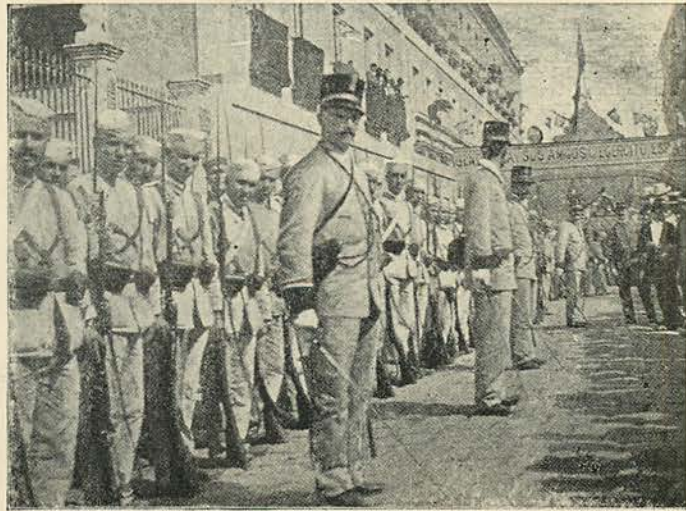
JAIL IN WHICH TWO AMERICANS, SINCE RELEASED, WERE CONFINED WITHOUT TRIAL.



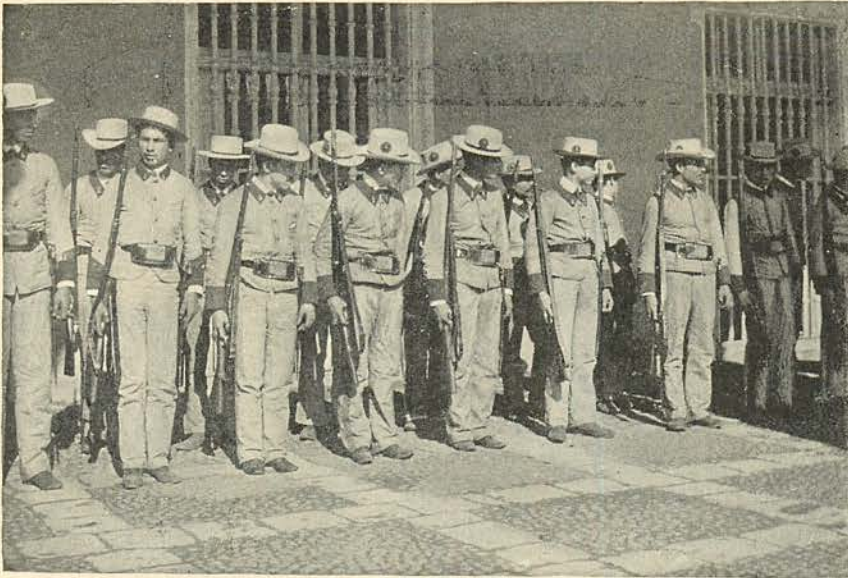
CROWDS ON BARGES WATCHING THE LANDING OF GENERAL CAMPOS AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



INSURGENT SCOUTS.



SPANISH TROOPS AT HAVANA.



GUARD RELIEF IN FRONT OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S PALACE, HAVANA.

pline is not that of well-drilled soldiers, and they are most inadequately supplied with arms and ammunition. Their principal weapon is the *machete*, a long knife which is used for cutting sugarcane in times of peace. In consequence they are forced to carry on a sort of guerrilla warfare, consisting principally of sudden attacks and ambushes. The peculiar character of the country and the insurgents' knowledge of safe retreats in dense forests and mountain fastnesses have been advantages which they have not been slow to utilize.

The story of a "Cuban battle" is usually that of a handful of insurgents, or at most not more than a few hundred, rising suddenly out of a tropical jungle and attacking fiercely the unsuspecting Spanish

lazily basking in the sun. There is no intimation that among the hills, that become blue and dim as they retreat inland, the dogs of war are loose. She gives no outward sign that her breast is torn and bleeding from desperate conflicts by her people.

The close of the first year of the Cuban rebellion finds the patriots as strong, or stronger, than at the outset of their present struggle for political liberty, and they are very confident of the realization, before many seasons have passed, of their dream of Cuba free. In many respects their contest with the Spaniards is an unequal one. They are inferior in numbers. Their disci-



SPANISH CAVALRYMEN AT THE FRONT, SANTIAGO.

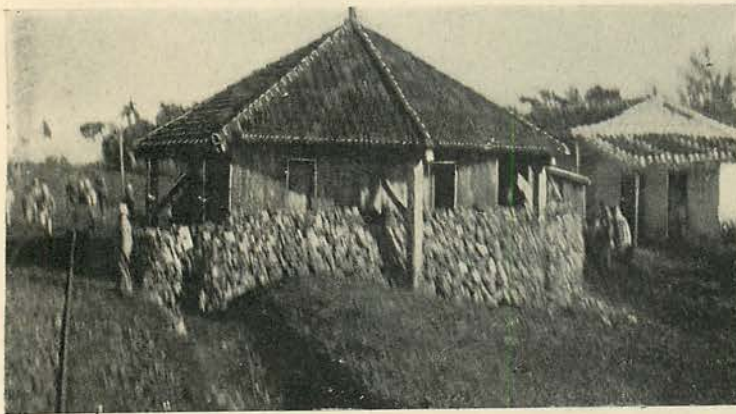


HAVANA VOLUNTEERS IN DRESS UNIFORM.

columns. The Spaniards, at a disadvantage through their ignorance of their surroundings, are bewildered by the sudden appearance and impetuosity of the enemy, and before they have recovered themselves the insurgents have vanished into the forests and their retreats in the mountains, to which the Spanish soldiers cannot follow them. Meanwhile they devastate the agricultural regions in general, and burn the immense sugar-cane fields from which Spain derives her chief revenue from Cuba. This policy of depredation is born of the urgency and necessity of the case. Besides depriving Spain of the money which she would use in carrying on the war, the destruction of the sugar plantations takes the means of livelihood from thou-



SANTIAGO DILIGENCE HELD UP BY REVOLUTIONISTS NEAR HAVANA.



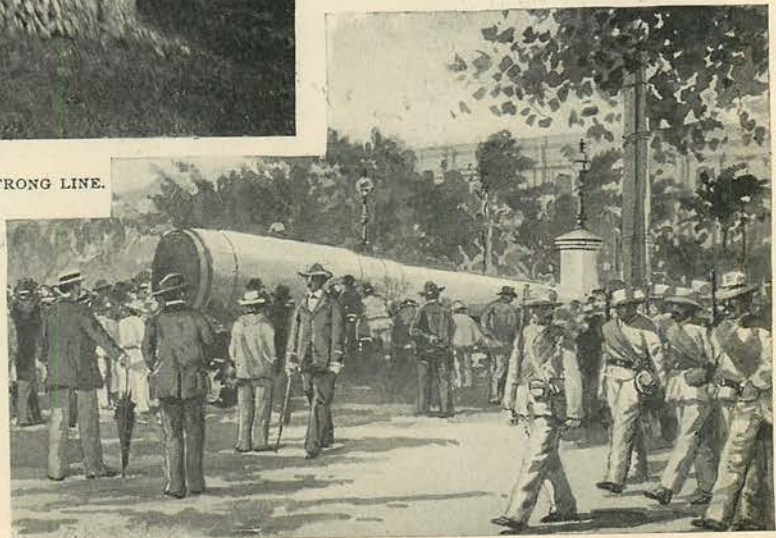
STONE FORT ON HAVANA STRONG LINE.

sands of men, who thus have the spur of need to induce them to join the insurgents.

The Cuban army might be described as the Irishman described the flea: You put your finger on it and it isn't there. But by this method of fighting, the patriots engage the constant attention of a large and expensive army, which, however, cannot crush them. Through their ability to carry on an intermittent war for a long time they hope to wear Spain out financially, and the ground for

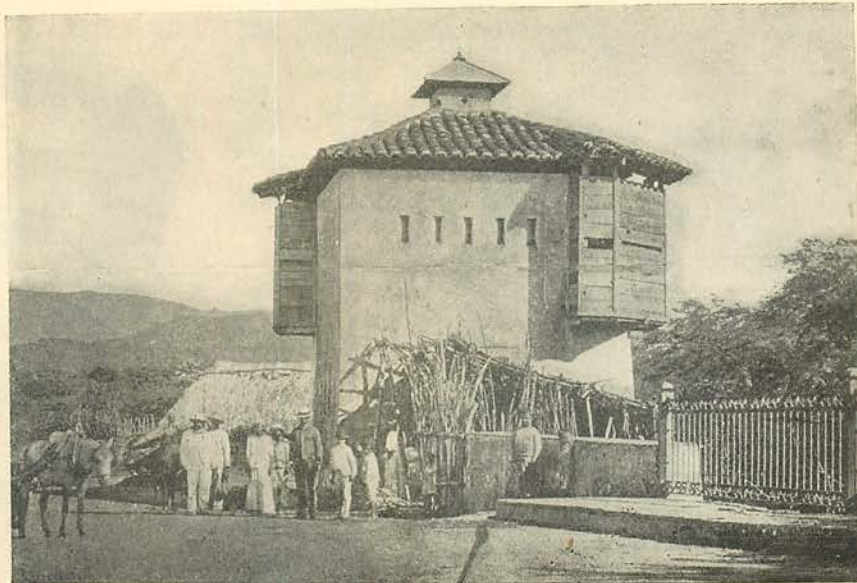
this hope is the well-known fact that the Spanish Government is in financial straits. Cuba has been one of her chief sources of income heretofore; now the island is costing her immense sums instead of bringing revenue into her treasury.

But Spain will not give up Cuba without a desperate struggle, for it is the sole remaining colony of all the immense tracts of territory she once owned on the western



MOVING A GREAT GUN THROUGH HAVANA TO A SEACOAST BATTERY.

hemisphere, and under proper conditions it is one of the richest and most productive islands in the world. So greatly does Spain fear to lose this jewel that a few months ago the Government recalled the able military leader and humane man Martinez Campos from the command of the forces in Cuba because he was dealing too leniently with the insurrectionists, and replaced him with Captain-General Weyler, whose barbarous methods of waging war have earned him the sobriquet "the butcher." Weyler has set about crushing the rebellion with an iron hand. His most recent proclamations show, however, that he has been forced by the pressure of opinion of the civilized world, and particularly of the United States, to modify his original policy of



FORT JARAYO, AT THE ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



CAPTURE OF THE STEAMSHIP "BERMUDA" IN NEW YORK BAY.



THE VILLAGE OF SONGO, SUBURBS OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, HEADQUARTERS OF SPANISH TROOPS.

crushing the insurrectionists to the point of extermination, if necessary. His position is hardly an enviable one, for, despite his efforts, the rebellion is growing apace. Gomez and Maceo, the insurgent leaders, are making frequent expeditions out of their mountain strongholds in the central and eastern sections of the island, and are gradually growing bolder and approaching closer to Havana. If they could take that city, Cuba would be free.

The patriots are eagerly awaiting aid from the outside. They would long ago have received it if the plans of Cubans in New York City had been successful. It will be



JOSEPH A. SPRINGER, UNITED STATES VICE-CONSUL, HAVANA.



GENERAL MARTINEZ CAMPOS, LATE COMMANDER OF SPANISH FORCES IN CUBA.



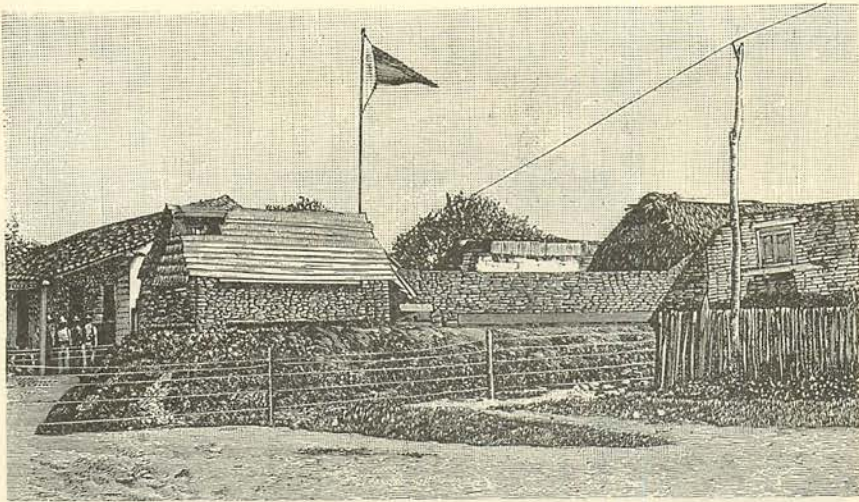
GENERAL D. VALERIANO WEYLER, CAPTAIN-GENERAL AND SPANISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN CUBA.



RAMON O. WILLIAMS, UNITED STATES EX-CONSUL, HAVANA.



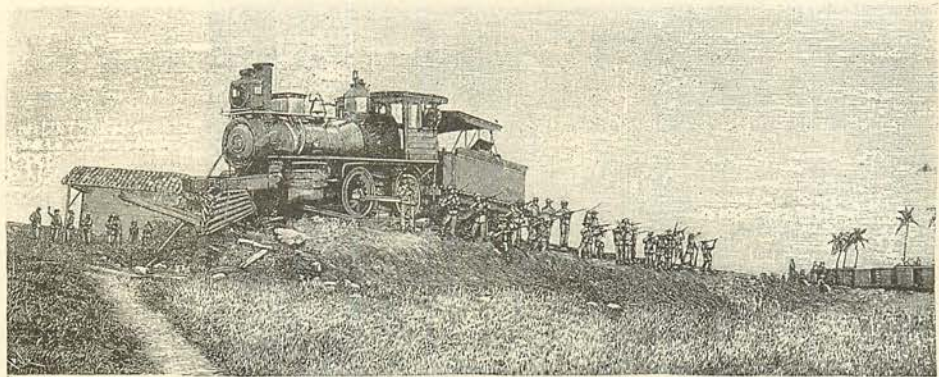
GENERAL CALIXTO GARCIA.



STYLE OF INTRENCHMENTS THROWN UP BY THE SPANISH TROOPS IN CUBA.

remembered that the vessel *Hawkins*, laden with arms and ammunition, was sunk just out of Long Island Sound *en route* for Cuba, and the *Bermuda*, with a like cargo, was captured when leaving the port of New York. The United States authorities were vigilant in preventing these expeditions, because they were violating our laws of neutrality. General Gomez has naturally expected aid from New York because the city has a large and wealthy Cuban population, and here the preliminary plans for the rebellion were arranged. Both Gomez and Marti, indeed, were residents of New York until they embarked for Cuba, about a year ago, to lead the fight for freedom. They landed on the island in March, 1895, a little over a month after the fires of the rebellion had been lighted simultaneously in Matanzas and Guantanamo.

with Morocco; and in 1878 had succeeded in persuading the Cubans to sign the treaty of Zanjón, and had thus ended the hostilities which had continued for ten years. His advent in Cuba was heralded as the close of the in-



A TRAIN DERAILED BY A BAND OF INSURGENTS.

urrection, which was then confined to Santiago de Cuba, the eastern province of the island.

Campos' plan was to confine it to that territory and crush



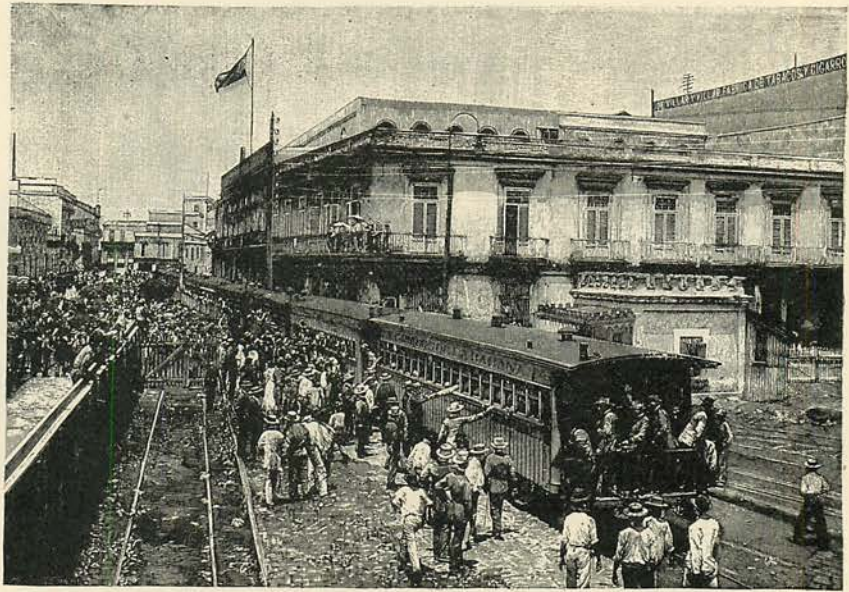
SPANISH TROOPS FALLING INTO AN AMBUSCADE.



A TYPICAL GOVERNMENT VOLUNTEER IN CUBA.

it before it could spread. He came with re-enforcements and unlimited power, but his efforts were unavailing. The rebellion did spread, and Campos was recalled to Madrid, where he returned defeated and discouraged; he was received with hisses and hoots by the people who had cheered him with enthusiastic admiration when he had departed.

During this time the Cuban leaders Gomez, Marti, and the brothers Antonio and José Maceo, were gaining thousands of recruits. But while Gomez and Marti were marching to the central province they met, on the right bank of the Cano River, a force of Spaniards, and Marti was killed in the encounter which followed. This was a serious blow to the Cuban cause, for Marti



SCENE AT THE VILLANUEVA RAILWAY-STATION, HAVANA, ON THE DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FOR THE FRONT.



GUERRILLAS LYING IN WAIT.

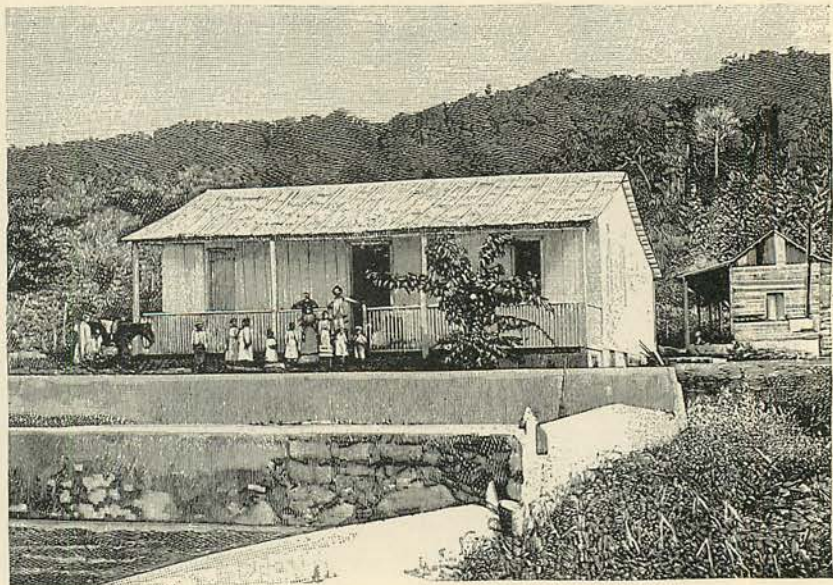
was its leading spirit and was to have been the president of the republic of Cuba.

The administration at Madrid sent General Weyler to take the command left vacant by the withdrawal of Campos. Weyler, as has already been stated, is the most remorseless and relentless of Spanish generals, having made a record of butchery for himself in the last insurrection that causes the Cubans to hate him with all the fierceness of their impetuous natures. They say that his presence on Cuban soil does not frighten them but vastly increases their irritation, and will give rise to greater effort and self-sacrifice for their cause.

One of the important factors in the struggle at present is the rainy season. It is very near

now, and it means death to thousands of the Spanish soldiers, because with it will begin the ravages of yellow fever, which is very fatal to the unacclimated Spaniards. "Yellow Jack" has been given the title of "General," so efficient is he to the Cubans. It is probable that the arrival of the rainy season will result in a temporary suspension of active warfare on the part of the Spaniards. The patriots are sanguine that the campaign that will then begin will be Spain's last upon this continent; but if not, they are willing to continue the fight until their beloved island is forever free from Spanish maladministration.

That the Spanish rule is misrule there can be little doubt. The taxation in Cuba is excessively heavy, and is not expended for the public good of Cuba, but of Spain. The Madrid government, moreover, curbs and hampers the commercial activity of the island



A WAYSIDE INN NEAR SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

by attempting to make Spain the only market for Cuban products and Cuba a market for only Spanish products. Aside from this disastrous policy, the administration of affairs on the island is reported to be extremely corrupt. The result is that Cubans see their commerce languishing where it might be great, and civic depression where there might be prosperity. Nature has been kind to Cuba; sugar, coffee, tobacco, and other agricultural products of the tropics grow luxuriantly in her soil. Her possibilities are great, but their realization is small. Like a Cinderella, the fair island of the Caribbean has been abused and kept from her proper position in the world.

Thinking of what their island is and what it might be, it is not surprising that patriotic Cubans should feel in their hearts a great rage against Spain, and should be willing to go to any length to throw off her yoke. At the end of the Ten Years' War, in 1878, she promised Cuba home rule and a constitution. But these were only promises, they were never fulfilled; and Marti and Gomez, observing that the Spanish government had difficulty in sending even a small army of twenty thousand men to Morocco in 1894, and that it was financially embarrassed, thought, a year ago, that the time was ripe for another and a decisive uprising. There was no special irritation; the causes for rebellion have remained about the same for nearly a century. In 1820 they led to a desire on the part of Simon Bolivar to free Cuba, as he had freed the five Spanish colonies in South America; and he might have accomplished this had not the United States given evidence that she disapproved of such efforts. The same causes excited the Cubans to rebellion in 1847. They received substantial aid from our Southern States, which were desirous of having Cuba admitted into the Union so that her senators and representatives in Congress might

turn the tide of legislation in favor of slavery. This rebellion, however, was quelled in 1854. Impelled by the same wrongs the Cubans arose again in 1868 and waged war until their resources were exhausted. The conflict was ended in 1878 by the treaty of Zanjón. Spain, however, did not fulfill its treaty agreement, and in 1880 General Calixto Garcia, who had taken a leading part in the war, and had just been released from a long confinement in a Spanish military prison, headed another insurrection; but the patriots had not yet recovered from the previous long and bloody conflict, and in six months were again subdued.

The people of the United States have regarded the struggles of the Cubans with absorbing interest; the recent resolutions in Congress have left no doubt as to their sympathy for Cuba, whatever may be the principles of international law which prevent them from rendering aid to the Cuban cause. It is very natural that the people of this country should feel keen sympathy for the patriots, because their efforts for independence resemble strongly the struggles of our own nation in its infancy against the oppression of England. The Cubans, indeed, are fighting against greater odds than did Washington and his men. The Continental army consisted, at the most liberal estimate, of about twenty-five thousand men, and was not opposed by a much larger force of British. There are over fifty thousand Cubans under arms, but the Spanish troops in Cuba number one hundred and twenty-five thousand regular soldiers and fifty thousand volunteers. These seem to be overwhelming odds against the patriots, but they have much potential strength in the active sympathy of the people in all parts of the island outside of Havana and some other garrisoned towns.

J. W. HERBERT.

THE LEGEND OF THE GARDENER.

BY BEATRICE HARRADEN.

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THERE was once, in the ages gone by, a gardener of rare patience and discernment. He would go out into wild places, and stooping down would detect some tiny plant of no moment to careless eyes, and would bring it home to his garden, and tend it with such loving care that it would gain strength and beauty, surprising him and gratifying him with its generous response to his tender fostering.

People heard of his beautiful plants and came to his garden.

"Ah, you indeed have a rare plant here!" they would say, pointing to one of his treasures. "That must be priceless in its worth."

"No, indeed," he answered; "it is just a wild-flower, nothing more. There are thousands like it."

"But if we bring the wild-flowers home they will die," they answered. "How is that?"

"I cannot tell," he said, "unless it is that I care so much, and that I have put my very heart's desire into the tending which I give them day after day and week after week."

Now one day the gardener was in trouble; great sorrows had encompassed him, and the bright light had faded from his life. It was nothing to him that his garden was beautiful, and that the fame of it had traveled first to one land and then another, and that many strangers sought to learn the secret of his subtle skill.

All this was nothing to him. Heavy-hearted he went about his work, finding neither peace nor comfort, until one early morning, when he was wandering listlessly in the desert, weaving round his soul a network of sad thoughts, his eye chanced upon a tiny white flower. There was something in the whiteness of it which held him for a moment spellbound: it was as white as the surf of the fairy Pacific; as white as an untouched field of Alpine snow; as white as one's ideal of a pure mind.

He stooped down and deftly raised its roots, and, forgetful of all his sorrows, hastened home with his fragile burden.

But, alas! it was so fragile that at first he did not dare to hope that it would live. It drooped and drooped, and the gardener feared that he would lose his treasure.

"If only I could save it!" he thought. "I have never cared for any flower so much as for this one."

Well, he saved it. And when at last it raised its head and smiled to his care he felt a gladness unspeakable.

"Little friend," he whispered, "I found thee in an hour of sadness, and together with thee I found courage and consolation; and therefore I name thee Friendship."

It grew up strong and beautiful, white as the surf of the fairy Pacific, white as an untouched field of Alpine snow, white as one's ideal of a pure mind.

Of all the plants which the gardener cherished this one called Friendship far outshone them all. Strangers could