

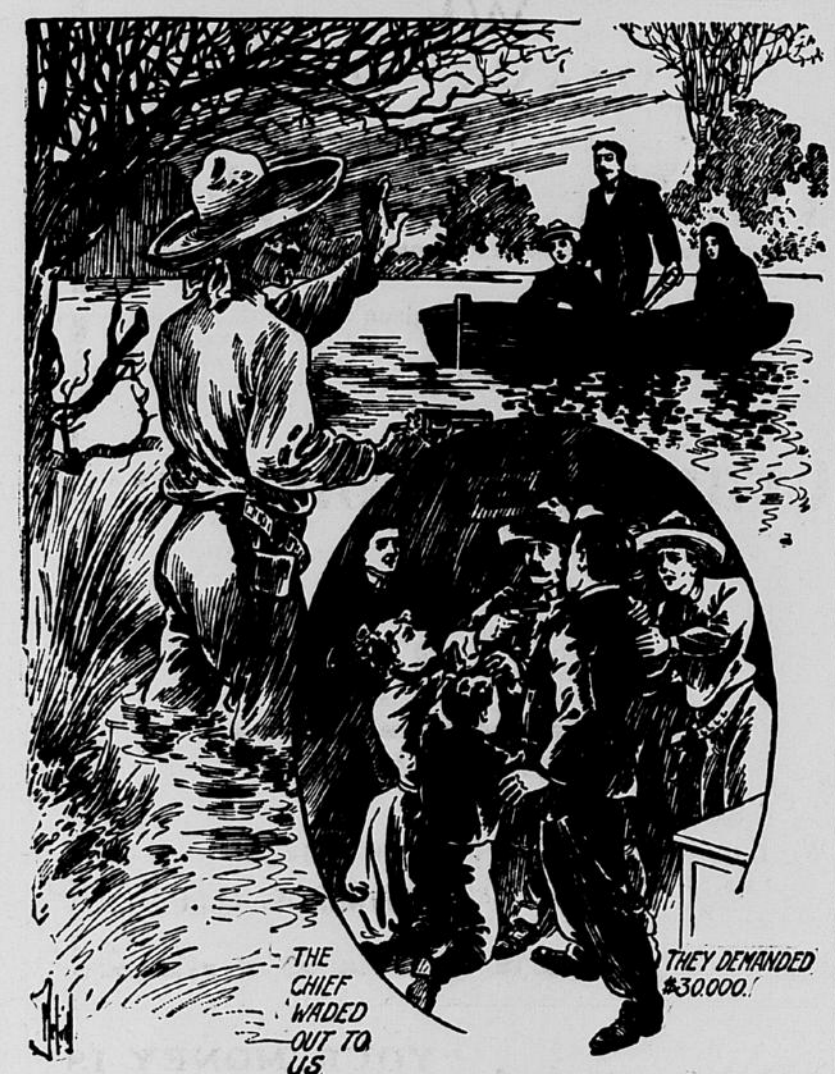
# CUBAN BRIGANDS RAID HOME OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN

## COMPEL HIM AT POINT OF GUNS TO PAY RANSOM TO AVOID CAPTURE AND POSSIBLE DEATH.

# OLD SPIRIT OF SPANISH BUCCANEER DAYS.

### Daring Outrage Perpetrated at Santiago—Desperate Gang Demand \$30,000 of Mr. Julian Cendoya, a Prosperous Merchant, But Finally Accept \$2,000—Leader Captured Later.

Santiago, Cuba.—The old spirit of Spanish buccaneer days, once the terror of the Spanish main, is not dead. Descendants still live of those hardy old pirates who once held the fastnesses of the many islands on the northern and southern coasts of the Pearl of the Antilles, and who because of their raids against the shipping of the world made the seafaring trade of two continents a very dangerous occupation. True, the descendants of the old outlaws who are living in Cuba to-day do not strike the terror that their



forefathers did upon the sea, for they are mere bunglers compared with them. The advance of civilization has made the pirate's trade upon the sea unpopular. This has reduced those in whom the old spirit still lives to work in the mines of the island as day laborers, just as the haughty old Castilian used to oppress the poor native West Indian. That the old spirit still lives in Cuba was shown most forcibly to Mr. Julian Cendoya on Sunday, July 9, when he was seated at his table with his family and two cousins enjoying his evening meal. The party was interrupted by the entrance of eight armed men who demanded that Cendoya deliver to them \$30,000, or go with them as their captive. Mr. Cendoya is Spanish born, but is a naturalized American, and is married to an American lady, who was Miss Julia Lane, of Brooklyn, N. Y. He is the agent for the Ward Line steamship company, and is a well-to-do merchant in the eastern capital of Cuba. The story of the way the bandits conducted themselves is best told by Mr. Cendoya, who was sufficiently collected during the trying interval in which the bandits' guns were pointed at him and his family to study the faces of each one with the idea of being able to identify them later. His presence of mind has already stood

who had sat throughout the trying scene up to that time as if they had been petrified, suddenly found their voices at seeing me about to be taken away from them, and they fell on their knees crying to the bandits not to take me away, and for me to satisfy their demand with what money I could. You can imagine how desperate I felt at being myself so powerless to allay the grief of my family. "We were on the point of leaving when the chief hesitated a moment and gave a signal with a whistle which he had tied about his neck. At the signal three more men appeared, and all withdrew to one side, where they exchanged some sentences, the import of which I could not make out. "When the bandits had finished talking the pleadings and tears of my wife and children determined me to make some effort to satisfy the villains, for I feared they might attempt violence to my family. I perceived that they were men who would stoop to anything, and the possibilities to my family if I did not satisfy their thirst for money filled me with dread. I offered the chief \$2,000, which I told him was all the money I could possibly obtain in cash. One of the bandits exclaimed: "Such a sum means only trouble for eight men to bother themselves with." "The chief then said: "Give us a little more, and we will leave you in peace." "Impossible," I replied; "this is the last cent I can get, and if it does not satisfy you I will have to go with you." "Very well," replied the chief; "we will take the money, but you must give us some guarantee that you will deliver the money." "At this my 15-year-old boy spoke up and said: "My father's word is sacred." "The bandits held another conference, and then it was that I recognized one of them as a drunken Spaniard named Pineiro, whom I had seen around for years. Finally the chief returned to me and said that they had decided to accept the \$2,000, and I was instructed to go in a boat with my wife and oldest son the next day at 11 o'clock in the morning to a swamp called Coljimar, where they would be awaiting me. Death was threatened the family if I mentioned the matter to the police or brought anyone armed with me when I delivered the money. "Then the men backed out of the house and quickly disappeared. I immediately went out on the porch to see where they had gone. I then called my servants, and found that the bandits had locked them up in the kitchen. "The next day I took my entire family and went from my pretty little summer home across the bay from Santiago to the city. It is needless to tell you of the sleepless night we spent while waiting for the dawn. But with the coming of the day our spirits rose, and we went to the city with lighter hearts. I secured the money, and with my wife and oldest son we took a small launch and went to the Coljimar swamp. As we neared the shore we saw some one signaling to us and approached as near as possible. The man whom I recognized as the chief of the night before waded out to us, and to him I delivered the money. As he took the money my wife exclaimed: "Now you have money. Don't come back." To this the chief replied: "No tenga cuidado, senora." "Don't worry, senora." Mr. Cendoya on returning to the city notified the police. He had recognized the man Pineiro, and the police lost no time in hunting for him. They finally found him. A search of his clothes revealed but a few cents, but a search of the place where he was stopping uncovered a little over \$200. Under the severe cross-examination of the police he broke down and admitted that he was one of the robbers, and that he was with the man who waded out and received the money from Mr. Cendoya. No amount of persuasion or threats could, however, induce him to tell who his accomplices were or where they could be found. He says he does not know who the other parties with him were. He also claims that he had no gun when he called on Mr. Cendoya, although a revolver was found on his person when he was arrested. The gun he says he bought after the robbery. The police believe that the confession of the man will be followed by the rest of the band weakening, and that the rest of the band will be secured soon. A Spaniard was arrested on the 15th just as he was about to embark for New York, and Julian Cendoya, Jr., declared that he was one of the bandits, but the senior Cendoya and another brother disagreed, and the man was released. Pineiro was positively identified by the three male Cendoyas, each picking him out of a row of six Spaniards. This was the cause of Pineiro's breakdown. Pineiro formerly sold brass and copper to Mr. Cendoya's business house, he having secured the metal from the wrecked Spanish warships outside the harbor of Santiago. During the hold-up he appeared partly intoxicated, as he flourished his revolver wildly about his head, and took particular delight in terrifying nearly to death Thompson, the negro American butler of Mr. Cendoya. All of the bandits are believed to be workers in the copper mines of El Cobre, near Santiago. The question was asked of James E. Ward & Co. if the firm would pay any part of money thus obtained from their Santiago agent. The answer was: "No; there is no reason why we should. It was a personal matter between the agent and the robbers. We have nothing to do with it, and do not figure in the affair in any way."

leader called out: 'Quietos todos' (Every one keep quiet). "The leader of the party advanced toward me, pointing two revolvers at my breast, while the rest of the party covered with their weapons the rest of the family. The chief, who wore smoked glasses, and whose face I was trying to study, as I was sure I had seen him before, ordered that I deliver to him all the arms I had in the house. I gave him a shotgun, a target rifle, a Mauser and another rifle. "On delivering all of my arms the chief gave me a letter, which he snatched from me as soon as I had read it. To the best of my memory the letter read as follows: "Eight men tired of life ask of you \$30,000. (Signed) "ONE-EYED MAN OF SANABRIA." "With all the calmness that I could summon I answered: 'You men do not know what \$30,000 is, and undoubtedly you do not know that I am but a modest merchant when you ask such a large amount of money. I absolutely haven't that amount, and you can do what you please. I am at your service.' "At these words from me the chief appeared to be reflecting, but finally he said: 'Pues vcsa con nosotros' (Then come with us). "On seeing me reach for my hat, my wife and children and cousins,

him in good stead, because he has since picked out the leader of the band, who has confessed to the crime. "The outrage was perpetrated upon me," said Mr. Cendoya, "about seven o'clock Sunday evening. I was seated at the table with my wife and three children and two cousins. The meal was just about completed, and my servant, Thompson, was bringing in the tea, when as he came in the door there entered behind him five men armed with machetes, revolvers and rifles. Before I could exclaim the

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# OLD TOWER CLOCKS.

## FIRST INTRODUCED BY ARABIAN IN GERMANY.

First One in Europe Named After Great Swedish Chemist—Specimens of Early Horological Art. "At what time may tower clocks for the use of the public at large have been introduced?" This is a question which has often been asked by many horologists, among them Hainaut of Rouen in France, but has never been satisfactorily answered, says the Revue Internationale d'Horlogerie. This much, however, seems to be admitted, that public clocks were first introduced by the Arabs in Germany. And the first clock of this kind was set up in Paris, in the town hall, or court of Justice, at the instance of Charles V., who had ordered it to be made by a German artist named Henri de Vic, who completed it in the year 1370. But it was only a few years later when a Norman, Jehan de Felains, made another clock of this kind, which was set up at Rouen, and this one was remarkable owing to the fact that it struck quarters. It may be mentioned in this connection that the clock made by Jehan de Felains must have been a superior one, because it continued to render service for a century after the one made by Henri de Vic had disappeared. Still we have an accurate and detailed description of the latter furnished by Moinet in the first chapter of his horological treatise, as stated by Julien Leroy in his memoranda. From this description we learn that from the earliest time this style of clock has hardly undergone any radical change in its elementary construction, except in so far as the trains, both going and striking, were placed in their frames vertically, i. e., one wheel above the other, while at the present time the placing of the trains is done on a horizontal frame, which means side by side. The escapement, which was placed above the frame, is said to have been a foliot; hence one may infer that it was the former verge escapement which was later superseded by the pin escapement, which was more simple and handy and more adapted to a good timekeeper. All the parts of these early clocks were made of iron, instead of which modern clock-makers use bronze, brass, steel and castings, when such can be employed with advantage. From the standpoint of the employment of general mechanical principles very few innovations are noticeable.

The question has often been mooted whether this specimen of the horological art is the original clock of Sorbonne of Richelieu's time, or as has been claimed by Lepante, who might have been the maker of a more modern substitute. The clock frame and the parts composing the clock of the polytechnic school, obsolete, was christened Berzelius. This great Swedish chemist, who taught at the school, had the habit of repeating each year the classic demonstration of asphyxiating some live bird under the globe of the pneumatic machine. During the appointed day a sparrow condemned to show the effects of an air vacuum had been placed on the fatal disk of the instrument, when a cry of pity was raised by the scholars in the bird's favor. At their solicitations Berzelius suspended the experiment and restored the bird to liberty, and it soon revived and took flight. The next day after this memorable one the sparrow, or more likely one of its kind, perched upon one of the hands of the clock and remained there. This occurrence happened during recess, which was prolonged until some one noticed the stoppage of the clock. It was universally asserted by credulous persons that this extraordinary phenomenon was a positive manifestation of the gratitude of the little sparrow. But as he neither left his perch nor his name, it was decided that the professor should lend him for the occasion, and it was appropriated without his consent. It was in this manner that the illustrious Swede was compelled, without knowing it, to lend his name for commemorating a tower clock.

Lightning and Cities. "Lightning never kills people in cities," said an insurance agent. "My company's statistics show that in cities there is practically no danger of death from lightning stroke. Look back and ask yourself if you ever heard of anyone being killed by lightning on Broadway, or in front of the Auditorium, or on Beacon street, or on Chestnut street, or on Nicolet avenue? No. It is in the country or in little villages that the all-dreaded thunderstorm does its deadly work. Why are cities in this way immune? Some say it is because they have no trees to attract the lightning. Some say it is because the cloud of factory smoke above their roofs is a protection. At any rate, stay in town this summer if you want to be safe from thunderstorms."

American Idea Abroad. The American millionaire's charming idea of asking people to meet a baby elephant also opens up a wide field to the imaginative. We are all very tired of being asked to meet elderly lions and big guns. Sporting people can now be asked to meet a colt by a distinguished sire; theatrical people, a monkey; "cultured" people, a parrot carefully taught a few words in Ruskin, the meaning of which it does not begin to understand; humanitarians, a crocodile guaranteed to weep at any moment, and so on through all the professions.—London World.

Letters in Irish Alphabet. The Irish language has only 18 letters. Sometimes each letter is written separately and not joined together. The chief difficulty in learning the Irish language is that there are innumerable abbreviations for words and phrases. The Irish language is non-phonetic, the words rarely being a key to the correct pronunciation.

Reminiscences. Visitor—Your daughter, dear madam, is really charming. If I were 30 years younger, I should be madly in love with her. Coy Widow—Oh, baron, 30 years ago I looked just as she does now!—Flegende Blätter.

# THE WAITER WAS CURIOUS.

## Poked His Hand Into a Bag of "Crab-Apples" with Disastrous Result.

Four men, two of them carrying a big potato sack between them, walked into the Hotel Vendig cafe, at Twelfth and Market streets, shortly before closing time the other night, and sat down at one of the tables. The bag was carefully deposited in a corner, relates the Philadelphia Press. A German waiter took the order with one eye on the sack. Finally his curiosity got the better of his duty. "Dot is a big bag, ain't it?" he said. "Vot is in him?" "Apples, Fritz," said one of the men. "Take some home to the children." The waiter accepted the invitation and plunged his hand into the sack. He was making himself in a hurry, with a hard-shell crab clinging to one of his fingers. Two hundred brothers and sisters of the first crab promptly took advantage of the open mouth of the bag to crawl to liberty. They backed out of the sack with a rush and took possession of the cafe, tripping the waiter in the process. Several seized trouser legs and shoestrings and held fast. Waiters made a sortie with brooms and swept the crustaceans back into the bag and tied it up securely. "Say, please," demanded the German waiter, "vot kind of apples do you call those?" "Crab-apples," said the four men, in chorus.

Ambiguous. "I must compliment you on the remarkable lightness of your bread," said the woman customer. "Thank you," rejoined the baker. "It is my aim to turn out the lightest bread in the city." "Yes," continued the woman customer, "and if you get it much lighter it will take two of your pound loaves to weigh 10 ounces."—Stray Stories.

Perjury. Mrs. Bacon—Do you think your husband is getting better? Mrs. Egbert—No, worse. When he goes fishing he doesn't get satisfied to tell what he caught, but he makes an affidavit to it.—Youkers Statesman.

Desired Effect. "Try to look a little pleasanter," said the photographer Mr. Tye Plant. "Remember, I am making these pictures at half my usual rates." There, that will do nicely.—Chicago Tribune.

Defined. "Papa, what is the Panama canal?" "My son, it's a long line of politics extending across the Isthmus of Panama."—Life.

When a pretty girl asks to look at a man's watch it is safe to bet that she doesn't want to know the time, but to see if there is a woman's picture in the case.—Boston Globe.

# HOW TO TELL A STATESMAN

## Not Only a Man Who Makes Speeches, But a Man Who Makes Good Ones.

The late Horatio G. Herrick, of Lawrence, for many years high sheriff of Essex county, always took a keen interest in the Lawrence schools, and was for a long time chairman of the school committee. Visiting the Saunders school soon after the death of Garrison, relates the Boston Herald, Sheriff Herrick pointed to the pupils of the life of the late distinguished statesman, and thus asked, generally: "Now, can any of you tell me what a statesman is?" A little hand went up, and a little girl replied: "A statesman is a man who makes speeches." "Hardly that," answered Mr. Herrick, who loved to tell this story. "For instance, I sometimes make speeches, and yet I am not a statesman." The little hand again went up, and the answer came, triumphantly: "I know; a statesman is a man who makes good speeches!"

Severe Surgery. The following conversation recently took place in India: Physician (with his ear to the patient's breast)—There is a curious swelling over the region of your heart, sir, which must be relieved at once. Patient (anxiously)—That "swelling" is my pocketbook, doctor. Please don't reduce it too much.—Medical Record.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION A Simple Home Treatment for Blackheads, Red, Rough and Oily Skin and Disfiguring Humors. If you are afflicted with pimples, blackheads, red, rough or oily skin, or disfiguring humors, you will find this simple home treatment most agreeable, speedily effective and economical. Gently smear the face with the great emollient skin cure, Cuticura Ointment, but do not rub. Wash off the ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water, and bathe freely. Repeat this morning and evening and you will soon be rewarmed with a skin soft, white and clear. Cuticura Soap, the best toilet and complexion soap in the world, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, will preserve, purify and beautify the complexion and keep the skin in a healthy condition, preventing blackheads, pimples, eruptions or the return of eczema and other skin troubles. Used as a shampoo it cleanses the scalp of crusts and scales, removing dandruff and promoting the growth of the hair. For red, rough hands, itching palms and painful finger ends, Cuticura Soap and Ointment achieves marvelous results, often in a single night.

It is highly improbable that the world will ever again see a time when it will not consider itself on the threshold of a new era.—Puck.

Never hold anyone by the button or the hand, in order to be heard out; for, if you do, you will hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—Chesterfield.

A man is likely to get along very well in the world if he can make himself realize there are some people who know as much as he does.—N. Y. Press.

The conquest of peace may be made on the fields of Mars, but it is the jawbone of the diplomat that arranges the thrifty details.—Philadelphia Ledger.

# Doctor Druggist

## MANY PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The wonderful power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over the diseases of womanhood is not because it is a stimulant, not because it is a palliative, but simply because it is the most wonderful tonic and reconstructive ever discovered to act directly upon the generative organs, positively curing disease and restoring health and vigor. Marvellous cures are reported from all parts of the country by women who have been cured, trained nurses who have witnessed cures and physicians who have recognized the virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and are fair enough to give credit where it is due. If physicians dared to be frank and open, hundreds of them would acknowledge that they constantly prescribe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in severe cases of female ill, as they know by experience it can be relied upon to effect a cure. The following letter proves it.

Dr. S. C. Brigham, of 4 Brigham Park, Hingham, Mass., writes: "It gives me great pleasure to say that I have found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound very efficacious, and often prescribe it in my practice for female difficulties. My oldest daughter found it very beneficial for uterine trouble some time ago, and my youngest daughter is now taking it for a female weakness, and is surely gaining in health and strength. "I freely advocate it as a most reliable specific in all diseases to which women are subject, and give it honest endorsement." Women who are troubled with painful or irregular menstruation, bloating (or flatulence), leucorrhoea, falling inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, ovarian troubles, that bearing-down feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, nervous prostration or other ills, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences, and be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for further free advice. No living person has had the benefit of a wider experience in treating female ills. She has guided thousands to health. Every suffering woman should ask for and follow her advice if she wants to be strong and well.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price.

Let Your Grocer Bring Your Breakfast—A little fruit—a jar of cream—and Egg-O-See. Worry not about cooks or cooking—we've done all that for you—Egg-O-See is flaked whole wheat—cooked exactly right. Strong in its sweet simplicity. Pure in its natural flavor of perfect flaked whole wheat—Egg-O-See is nature's food. An Egg-O-See breakfast makes your dinner and supper taste better. Back to Nature—Eat Egg-O-See. Don't worry about meals, their cooks—or their cooking—Eat Egg-O-See—for nothing else by any other name is the same—or nearly as good—and try it now—for your grocer sells Egg-O-See.

The Price or Quality of Egg-O-See has never been changed. If you can find a grocer who does not sell EGG-O-SEE, send us his name and ten cents, mentioning this periodical, and we will send you a full-sized package prepaid. Address, THE EGG-O-SEE CO., Quincy, Ill. Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain territory, the price is 15 cents; two packages for 25 cents.

WET WEATHER WISDOM THE ORIGINAL TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER BLACK OR YELLOW WILL KEEP YOU DRY TAKING ELSE WILL TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES. SHOWING FULL LINE OF CARBETS AND HATS. IN TOWER'S CLOTHING STORE, U.S.A. TOWER CANADIAN CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA.

DAYNE TOILET ANTISEPTIC FOR WOMEN. Troubled with this peculiar it's their sex, used as a douche is immediately successful. Thoroughly disinfected, it dissolves, stops discharges, heals inflammation and local sores, cures leucorrhoea and nasal catarrh. Pasting is in powder form, it is dissolved in water, and is far more cleansing, healing, germicidal and economical than liquid antiseptics for use.

ANTI-GRIPINE IS GUARANTEED TO CURE GRIP, BAD COLIC, HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA. I won't sell Anti-Gripine to a dealer who won't guarantee it. Call for your MONEY BACK IF IT DOESN'T CURE. F. W. DeWey, R. D., Manufacturer, Springfield, Mo.

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