

An anecdote, said to have originated in the *N. O. Times*, was copied very generally by the newspapers some weeks ago. A patriotic, heroic, pathetic and tragic tale of a beautiful and wealthy Cuban lady, who while waving the American flag from her father's box in the theatre at Havana, during a demonstration of sympathy with the revolutionists, was shot dead by a Spanish volunteer, who immediately had the top of his head shot off by a gallant American, who happened to be standing beside the lady when the Spanish bullet pierced her heart. Nothing could be more complete and dramatic than this story, and as the name of the wealthy and hospitable as well as patriotic Cuban family to which the young lady (Senorita Almada) belongs was familiar to very many in this country, the publication of the story aroused great indignation among Americans. The story has had too wide a circulation now not to pass through some channel or other into history, and Senorita Almada will doubtless figure in the annals of Cuban revolution, when they come to be written, as a heroine and a martyr. But skepticism and image breaking are among the vices of our time. Champions of the truth of history have arisen who venture to attempt to overthrow from the pedestals they have occupied so long such popular heroes as William Tell, Joan of Arc, and even more ancient worthies. It is not strange, however lamentable, that the same passion for literal accuracy of statement, which, if it could succeed in finding general favor among mankind, would be fatal to so many great reputations, should have led a correspondent of the *New York Times* to deny the truth of this romantic story, and attempt to remove the Senorita, patriot and martyr, from her heroic elevation. This correspondent, who claims to have himself been in Havana at the time, and to know all about it, is rude enough to declare that on the night of the riot, Senorita Almada was not in her father's box at the theatre; that her father has no box at the theatre; that there are no boxes at the theatre where the riot occurred; that the Senorita was not in Havana on the night of the riot; that no woman was shot at the theatre aforesaid, nor any Spaniard shot by any American. If those who wept over the beauty, the patriotism and the tragic fate of the young lady, and felt their hearts glow with generous admiration of the prompt vengeance taken by the brave American, can allow so perfect a romance to be upset in this fashion, on the base assertion of an anonymous correspondent, signing himself "Quasimodo," they must be reduced to such desperate skepticism as to be ready to doubt whether there is any Senorita Almada, any theatre in Havana, any revolution in Cuba, or any Cuba at all.—*Worcester Spy*.