

ON THE ROUTE TO CUBA.

SIGHTS AND SCENES DESCRIBED
BY ST. JOHN MAN.Continuation of a Paper previously Published
—St. Augustine and Its Many Attractions—
Reminiscences of the History of Past
Times.

In an elegant passenger train we swiftly sped through the long stretch of pines between Palatka and St. Augustine. The quiet darkness of the pine groves, the stately trunks topped by the spreading branches of needle-like leaves, and the broad open views of St. Augustine. As far as one could see lay stretches of marsh land such as delight the sportsman's eye. At a short distance from the picturesque depot, lay the little city itself, still bearing the quaint and time honored name. Those Spanish devotees of the old Roman Saint, when first they laid the foundation of this town, never dreamed that it would in the 19th century, be the admiration and wonder of a continent. Old Augustinus himself, if he could start from his grave and look upon this Spanish American city, transformed as it is, would be so astonished that, he would say it was the work of Beelzebub, or of some tribe of Moors, who, after having conquered Europe had gone across and conquered America.

The broad street by which we drove from the depot was asphalted, and the horses hoofs rang out upon its surface. The beauty of this city is almost entirely the outcome of two things, the money made by the oil wells, and the finding of shell quarries at Anastasia Island. Part of the street was flooded two inches deep with a clear, greenish water the overflow of an artesian well in a vacant lot near by. Already it had descended 900ft. but the wealthy oil merchant of New York had decided to go still further and see it piercing the bowels of the earth he could not get warm water enough to save him heating it in his numerous hotels. The man who has done so much for this city is Mr.—the oil millionaire. Determined to make St. Augustine a rival to Jacksonville he has spent millions in beautifying it.

We passed the large Methodist church which cost at least \$200,000; wonderful structure, even more beautiful than "Trinity" in Boston; built entirely of a mixture of shells and cement which makes the wall look like one solid block and gives it a lovely grey tint that softens and glows in almost any light, but more especially towards sunset when its lines are brought out, and the great church stands before you in all its beauty.

To our left lies the enormous hotel "Ponce de Leon," properly pronounced "Ponthay not Pons." On the right, with a broad square in front of it, in which there are several fountains, is the Alcazar with its swimming bath and wonderful vista of fountains through its hallway and open court.

These two buildings are in perfect imitation of the best Spanish architecture. Before me as we turn the corner of the square rises the Cordova. This is another large hotel and is a copy of the finest Moorish style. Its high battlements and wonderful towers lift themselves so proudly that you cannot realize this is really intended for your residence, and that here you have the right, for money, to see those graceful forms of architecture which so delighted the Moors from the tenth to the fifteenth century. A room here is \$5.00 a day (some are \$10 and \$15) but these are small items compared with the beauty that meets you at every turn, and when you consider that has all come from the fact that somebody struck oil a few years ago, you feel quite glad that the man was so fortunate. This "Castle-Hotel" is situated on the corner of two main streets of the town. On one side are the beautiful gardens and fountains which lead to the Alcazar; on the other the Ponce de Leon stretches its arches and red tiled roofs over an area of two acres. On the other street is the entrance to the old Spanish square, where visions of the 16th century still linger. Here stands the Cordova, a beautiful specimen of modern thought shaped into medieval forms. One can see here the heavy arched doorway through which the last of the Moorish kings left Granada and bade good bye to his country forever. On one side rise the balconies, one, two and three rows with railings, all solid stone and of that pearly ashen tint, mixed here and there with the tiny white shells that are found in the quarry. On the other side which commands as I said the old market place of the ancient city, rise towers with battlements at the top, and small balconies where one can easily imagine the Spanish or Moorish maiden sat as she saw the Knights passing by, to or from the wars. The heavy door beneath the archway, thick and strong with iron bolts, shows the massiveness of Moorish architecture. Within are marvels of beauty. The open court, the fountain in the middle and flowers around. To the left the large parlor, the small arched door going in to the smaller room which is within the massive tower. Through room after room we wandered and saw the skill of the present time telling us the wonders of the past. The parlor was a marvel. The books were all Moorish and Spanish. As the sun went down, giving a last glow to the pearl tint of the walls, setting out the balconies with their red tiled roofs, we looked over the fading scene and thought of the "battles,

sieges, fortunes," that had swept over the old town. The next day we strolled down the long street that led to the front of the harbour. There was the old wall, 4 ft. wide running the whole length of the town, and the water of the Atlantic at our feet.

No indication of the restlessness that was just outside Anastasia Island which lay its long narrow length between this and the main sea. Across this narrow inlet we could go in fifteen or twenty minutes in the little steamer that plies between St. Augustine and the island; at its further end lay Mantanzas, eight miles away. It was there that the cruelty of the 16th century was rolled up and united in the form of Menendez, the commander of St. Augustine. There it was that 300 Frenchmen were cruelly murdered ten by ten: they seeking shelter from the storm, found a refuge, but it was given by the knife of the Spaniard. On a board nailed to a tree the cruel Menendez wrote the words "This is not done as to Frenchmen, but as to heretics." They call the place Matanzas (murder).

The street along the harbor front has many low set houses, most of them boarding houses, to accommodate the New York and Boston people escaping the cold days of January. We came to the end of the wall at last and had before us the old fort. We clambered up the incline of its massive wall. This is fort St. Augustine or San Marco. It was near here that in 1564 the Indian Chief or Paracoussy, appeared in his paint and feathers and received with joy the Frenchmen who first touched at this place, and then made their fort further up the coast. And when in 1565 Menendez in all his royal state planted the yellow banner of Spain before the little village of Seloy, the simple natives and their chief thought this second advent of white strangers would be as friendly as the first and knew not that it meant their extinction. The thunder of the cannon from the Admiral's great ship "San Pelayo" responded to the thunder of the surf along the north beach. The folds of the yellow silken banner spread out over the bent heads of Conquistador and Monk, Chevalier and Friar. The negroes, already a part of the Spanish system, mute in reverence at the ceremony: the simple Indians and their Paracoussy gazing on in wonder at these new people. Thus the village of Seloy passed over to the Spanish throne. On its ashes soon rose Fort San Marco and the Spanish town. The pride of the Spaniard is humbled in the dust. Spain that laid the foundation of Empires now owns a corner in Europe and sees all of its possessions in America changed to republics.

The Fort is a curious old structure. On the two seaward angles stood small watch towers from which the sentry could see the walls of the fort, the draw-bridge and the broad entrance. The heavy door is gone, but one sees what it was like. Inside, the walls rise high above you. A broad stone slope goes up by which horses could go from the inside square to the wall above.

Off somewhat to the left, through the narrow gap that makes to the Atlantic, one sees a long line of white foam continually lifting and moving in the glisten of the sun. That is the North Beach four miles away. In the moat lies the old stove in which they heated their shot. We descend the long slope to visit the cells. Here is a true oubliette,—a place where one could easily be forgotten. The heavy door with its small, narrow wicket is pulled open and we enter, but can hardly see. The arch of the cell cut into the massive wall of the fort, makes us bend our heads. In the further corner is a low arch that leads to the oubliette. Here is where they put the worst persons, says the old soldier guide. We had to bend down to get in through the narrow arch which runs from the main cell in to the blacker, dark one. Utter darkness, utter loneliness. How could one live more than a week in such a place? Before me flashed all the tales of Spanish cruelty. It was a relief to get to light again. We did not believe the story about the skeleton,—a well devised scheme to sell a guide book. On the other side of the square we stepped into the chapel capable of holding about 25. Here the old Friar used to deliver his sermon, calling his hearers to confession, and reminding them of their sins and of time to come. Just before you come to the gate going out you see to the right two small rooms. Here it was that the great chief Coacoochee was imprisoned so long, but one night escaped through an opening in the ceiling, about 6 inches wide by 12 inches long. Feigning sickness, and taking medicine, he reduced his body to such a degree that he actually slid through this narrow aperture.

We took the ferry to Anastasia Island. Here we saw the Light House or rather a part of it which was erected years ago by the first Spaniards, and alongside of it stands the long white and black striped specimen of American architecture. It was from this point, just where the heap of stone marks the old Spanish Light House, that the Spaniard watched in fear lest the Buccaneer should search out the new colony. It was not 2 miles from this light that the "San Pelayo" lay and sent ashore her crew of knights, negroes and monks in 1565. This is the Island where the quarries are. They consist of great layers of shells which have been accumulated from

time immemorial, and have gradually become solid. They are easily quarried. They were used in the 17th century to build the old fort which is entirely made of this shell rock. All of the finer hotels are built of composition made from these shells. They lay two boards down, end up, and the composition being in a fluid state, is poured in between the boards, which are made exactly the width of the wall. In a short time it hardens and so they have six inches of wall, and thus on and on until the wall is the height wanted. The building when finished is one solid stone wall. All the balconies and pillars are made of this composition.

We returned early in the afternoon to the "Cordova," and before sundown went across the gardens to Alcazar. Here there were shops in all variety. These shops are set in the alcoves that run around the central court; you could walk around enjoying the gardens and fountains and examine the many Eastern goods displayed for sale. Directly back of the Alcazar is the swimming bath, a large building about 100 ft. long with galleries.

Jan. 7th back to Jacksonville: no letters. This is a time for exhibitions,—and so we went to one about two miles out of the city: looked in the deep reservoir and saw the alligators, one was about 16ft. long lying close to the sandy bottom not caring to look up or move his heavy tail as I tried to drop something into his eye. Exhibitions are all alike,—many people and many things. The next day we left Jacksonville bound to Cuba, and in the little steamer, "H. B. Plant" went up the St. Johns River to Sanford. It is a broad river a half a mile to a mile wide.

We caught our train for Tampa and arrived there late on the night of the 9th, and at 11 o'clock we were in our stateroom upon the little Str. "Mascotte" in the port of Tampa. The next morning Jan. 10th we were steaming away out into the wonderful Gulf of Mexico with the blue water and ever blue sky. It seemed as if it could not storm,—the sea and sky were so quiet. Dozens of steerage passengers but very few cabins. The latter were a mixed lot. You who have read the "Private Secretary" can imagine that we had his uncle with us. He was there, the same red faced East Indian. A Cuban family was aboard going to the west, a fine looking fellow, also his wife and two children. I asked the Capt. why it was that these people never came to dinner. He said they had the right to come, but being colored people he told them they had better not. This gentleman seemed to be much more a gentleman than was the uncle of the Private Secretary, who red nose and windy voice reached everywhere at meals. We arrived at Key West at half past eight, and by the aid of a search light wound our way in and out among the many little reefs, and finally got to harbor. The next day after running over Key West in the horse cars we started for Cuba. Lots of steerage passengers; I aired my Spanish once or twice and found I got along pretty well. They were an ugly looking lot, particularly the older women. One of the Cubans turned his little baby upside down, spanking it hard; my wife ran forward and snatched it out of his arms. It took all my Spanish and skill to prevent a scene, and I can just remember the angry glance with which the Cuban mother looked at us. We had a good state room and turned in about 10 o'clock. We could hear the tide rushing and surging against the port holes. It was well bolted as the approach to Cuba means rough water.

BELMONT.

Was Not Ready to Die.

A Methodist minister, when travelling in his carriage alone to keep an appointment, overtook a man walking with his carpet bag in hand. The roads were exceedingly muddy, especially at the spot over which they were then passing.

With characteristic good-nature the minister asked the pedestrian, to whom he was an evident stranger, if he would not take a seat in his carriage for at least that part of the journey they might be travelling together. The invitation was unhesitatingly accepted, and soon conversation became free about things in general.

The minister thought, however, that he should turn the occasion to good account, and abruptly changing the conversation, asked the stranger if he was ready to die.

Not knowing the sort of person who had asked him to ride with him, as he was buttoned to the chin, and misunderstanding his meaning, the stranger suspected foul play, and sprang from the trap immediately and ran for dear life through mud and water.

The minister wished to assure the stranger that he only desired his good, and called to him at the top of his voice to stop. But this only quickened his steps, and like a frightened deer he ran until far beyond hearing and sight.

In his ill-advised flight he left his bag, which the minister retains, being the richer for its earnestness by a flannel shirt, a pair of threadbare trousers, and an ounce of tobacco.—English Paper.

Queer Materials for Paper.

Paper can be manufactured out of almost anything that can be pounded into pulp. Over fifty kinds of bark are said to be used, and banana skins, beanstalks, pea vines, cocoanut fibre, clover and timothy hay, straw, sea and fresh-water weeds and many kinds of grass are all applicable. It has also been made from hair, fur and wool, from asbestos, which furnishes an article indestructible by fire: from hop plants, from husk of any and every kind of grain. Leaves make a good, strong paper, while the husks and stems of Indian corn have also been tried. In the United States there are about 2,000 patents covering the manufacture of paper.

HOW THEY ORIGINATED.

The Meaning of Certain Peculiarities in Things Worn Every Day.

What is the origin of the narrow band of ribbon which is around all our hats—whether tall or silk hat, hard-felt hat, "wide-awake," straw hat, etc.?

To answer this question we must go back to early days, and we shall see that representations of very ancient hats show them to have been made of some soft material. In order to make the hat fit the cranium, a cord was fastened around it, so as to admit of the hat being tied upon the head. This ancient device—useful in its time—has survived up to the present day, although it is now quite useless, except in the modified way of indicating, by specially coloured ribbon on a straw hat, membership in a certain club or society. In some hats which are badly made, the original use of the band has been entirely altered, and it now serves to hide a join between the crown and the brim of the hat. Perhaps the strings of a scotch cap show most plainly the now useless employment of a once useful device.

Again, why are cockades and similar ornaments worn on the left side of the hat? The reason is simple, but of very ancient date. These ornaments are descended from the larger ones, such as plumes, etc., which were also worn on the left side of the hat. Look, for example, at the cavalier's plume. Now, men who originally carried such ornaments in their hats, also carried a sword by their side, which had often to be used in the right hand; a large projection on the right side of the hat would have interfered with a free use of the sword—hence, the ornament was placed on the left of the hat, and this position is still adhered to, although it is no longer useful. The same reason also explains why hats are cocked, i.e. cocked at all, towards the left side of the head.

What is the meaning of the nick in the collar of our coats and in many of our waistcoats? In rougher times than our own, men were glad to turn up and button the collars of both coat and waistcoat: as we do now with certain coats—not, however, with our still-nicked waistcoats. Yet this nick is cut in our dress-coats, and in many other coats and waistcoats where its presence is of no use whatever—owing to its position—not to mention the fact that in these coats no buttons are provided underneath the collar.

We probably all know that the two now useless buttons at the back of coats were once of real service when men rode on horseback, or, of necessity, much more often than we do. These buttons then served to fasten back the tails of the coat, so as to give free play to the legs of a horseman. But all our tail-coats still show these buttons, which are quite useless to us.

Take the folds of cloth adjacent to the entrance to the tail pockets of a frock-coat, and of others. Years ago, these pleats or folds were richly embroidered flaps over deep vertical pockets, and could be buttoned for safety. Nowadays, these folds are no use to us; indeed, they serve to guide the hand of a pickpocket with ease, and only by the sense of touch. We may still see these ornamented flaps, with dummy buttons, on the tails of the coats worn by out Coldstream Guards.

Look at the braiding, with flapping "dog's ears" at each end of each braid, which we see across the breast of a military officer's undress tunic. Once upon a time these braids were cords which fastened the tunic. But they still exist upon tunics which are fastened down the centre by unseen hooks.

Nearly every coat we wear has either one or more seams stitched—quite uselessly—round the sleeves a few inches from the wrist. Some have a piece of braid instead of an imitation seam. This item of dress is a survival of the times when men habitually turned back and buttoned the cuffs of a coat sleeve. Many of the coats so used were made of very expensive material, and then the turning back of the cuff was of some use. Nowadays, with one or two exceptions, there remains only the useless ghost of a once useful detail of dress.

A Truly Wonderful Statement!

Investigate It, by Writing to the Mayor,
Postmaster, any Minister or Citizen of
Hartford City, Indiana.HARTFORD CITY, Blackford County,
Indiana, June 8th, 1898.

South American Medicine Co.

Gentlemen: I received a letter from you May 27th, stating that you had heard of my wonderful recovery from a spell of sickness of six years duration, through the use of SOUTH AMERICAN NERVEINE, and asking for my testimonial. I was near thirty-five years old when I took down with nervous prostration. Our family physician treated me, but without benefitting me in the least. My nervous system seemed to be entirely shattered, and I constantly had very severe shaking spells. In addition to this I would have vomiting spells. During the years I lay sick, my folks had an eminent physician from Dayton, Ohio, and two from Columbus, Ohio, to come and examine me. They all said I could not live. I got to having spells like spasms, and would lie cold and stiff for a time after each. At last I lost the use of my body—could not rise from my bed.

For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St.; E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St.; A. C. Smith & Co., 41 Charlotte St.

Will a remedy which can effect such a marvellous cure as the above,

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The Carriage of this Machine contains many practical improvements, the usefulness of which will at once be apparent. Among those specially worthy of mention are the following:

The new and improved Release Key, whereby the carriage can be released as well when raised as when lowered, and can be positively stopped at a given point without the allowance of a single space for momentum. This instantaneous stopping will undoubtedly be much appreciated by rapid operators.

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Besides the improvements, this Machine contains all the good points of our No. 1 and No. 2 Machines.

Second hand ribbon and shift key machines for sale cheap.

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