

CUBA'S VAST RESOURCES.

A NATURAL WEALTH THAT SPAIN CANNOT DISSIPATE.

Her Contribution to the Government of the Mother Country Have Left Her Hidden Treasures Untouched—Her Virgin Soil and Her Minerals.

Most recent discussions of affairs in Cuba says the N. Y. Sun, have been about the progress of the war that the Cuban patriots have been waging for their independence. It has been asserted frequently by almost every public speaker that the war has made the island a howling wilderness, and that should Spain win she would have gained nothing but the continued right to rule and tax a people already ground down to the point of starvation by unjust taxation, and because of these statements the questions most frequently asked have been: 'Why should Spain want to hold Cuba? Why should she, in her bankrupt state, spend about \$100,000,000 in a single year to subdue a people who hate her rule, who never have submitted willingly to it, who never can be made to do so?'

In the interest of the heroic struggle of the patriots for freedom has aroused, sight has been lost of the wonderful natural resources of the island itself, of the wonderful fertility of its soil, of the millions of hidden wealth that taxation, almost to the point of confiscation, has made it unprofitable to secure from its hiding place. The Spaniards know these things, and in them they see the possibility of further plunder almost endless and almost limitless.

Raimundo Cabrera, in his book, 'Cuba and the Cubans,' says:

'Oh, we are truly rich! From 1821 to 1826 Cuba, with her own resources, covered the expenditures of the Treasury. Our opulence dates from that period. We had already sufficient negro slaves to cut down our virgin forests and ample authority to force them to work.

'By means of our vices and our luxury, and in spite of the hatred of everything Spanish which Moreno attributed to us, we sent in 1827 the first little million of hard cash to the Treasury of the nation. From that time until 1864 we continued to send yearly to the mother country two and half millions of the same stuff. According to several Spanish statisticians these sums amounted in 1864 to \$89,107,236. We were very rich, don't you see; tremendously rich. We contributed more than \$5,000,000 toward the requirements of the peninsula war—\$5,372,205. We paid in great part the cost of the war in Africa. The individual donations alone amounted to fabulous sums.

'But, of course, we never voted for our own interests; they have been forced upon us because we are so rich. In 1865 we had in a state of production the following estates: Two thousand seven hundred and twelve stock farms, 1,521 sugar plantations, 782 coffee plantations, 6,175 cattle ranches, 18 cocoa plantations, 35 cotton plantations, 22,748 produce farms, 11,738 truck farms, 11,541 tobacco plantations, 1,731 apiaries, 153 country resorts, 243 distilleries, 468 tile works, 504 lime kilns, 63 charcoal furnaces, 54 casava bread factories, and 61 tanneries. Today I do not know what we possess, because there are no statistics, and because the recently organized assessment is a hodge-podge and a new burden; but we have more than at that time, surely we must have a great deal more.

'For a long time we have borne the expenses of the convict settlement at Fernando Po. We paid for the ill-starred Mexican expedition, the costs of the wars in San Domingo and with the republics of the Pacific. How can we possibly be poor? While England, France and Holland pay sums for the requirements of their colonies, Spain does not contribute a single cent for hers. We do not need it. We are wading deep in rivers of gold. If the fertility of our soil did not come to our rescue, we must perforce have become enriched by the system of protection to the commerce of the mother country. The four columns of the tariff are indeed sublime invention. Our agricultural industries require foreign machinery, tools and utensils which Spain does not supply, but as she know that we have gold to spare, she may make us pay for them very high, and since our sugar is to be sold in the United States, never mind what they cost. When there are earthquakes in Andalusia and inundations in Murcia, hatred does not prevent our sending to our afflicted brethren large sums. We are opulent? Let us see if we are. From the earliest times down to the present the officials who come to Cuba amass in the briefest space of time fortunes to be dissipated in Madrid, and which appear never to disturb their consciences. This country is very rich, incalculably rich. In 1830 we contributed \$6,120,034; in 1840, \$9,505,877; in 1850, \$30,074,677; in 1860, \$29,610,779. During the war we did not merely contribute, we bled. We had to carry the budget of \$82,000,000.

'We count 1,500,000 inhabitants; that is to say, one million and a half of vicious, voluptuous, pompous spendthrifts, full of hatred and low passion, who contribute to the public charges and never receive a cent in exchange; who have given as much as \$92 per capita, and who at the present moment pay to the state what no other

taxpayers the world over have ever contributed. Does any one say we are not prodigiously, enviably rich?'

The bit of irony from the pen of a Cuban while intended to show the poverty that Spain has forced on Cuba, gives a deal of truth that goes to show the wonderful resources of the island and its people. They have been mulcted, as the writer says, and in spite of it they are still able to carry on a war like the present one. That in its infancy has cost Spain more than \$5 to every acre on the island. It can be valued in acres it the present destruction keeps up for there may be nothing left but the land to fight for.

A Sun reporter talked a day or so ago with a celebrated man, a resident of this city, who has large interests in Cuba and has travelled in all parts of the island, who knows its people and knows more about the possibility of their development under a proper government than does any other man in this city.

'The people of this country,' he said, 'have no idea at all of the natural resources, of the beautiful island. As it stands today it is worth \$500,000,000, not counting its value as a naval station, which in itself is almost incalculable, for it commands the Gulf of Mexico. The nation that controls Cuba controls the mouth of the Mississippi River. There is no denying that fact. But I don't care to speak of that feature. It is of the wealth of the island and its recuperative powers after such wars as have been waged there that you want to hear. The island contains about the same number of square miles as the State of Virginia. There are about 28,000,000 acres, and not five per cent, of the available land has ever been cultivated. Think of it. They have been growing and cutting sugar cane there for 300 years. By available land I mean land with a richness of soil exceeded nowhere in the world and equalled in but few lands, a soil in which almost anything will grow.

'Of the 28,000,000 acres, in round numbers, 17,000,000 are today virgin forests untouched by man. They are forests, too, of great richness. There are thousands up on thousands of acres of the finest woods that grow. Mahogany grown there has been sold in New York city as high as \$850 a thousand feet. There are forty kinds of the very hard and cabinet wood. The forests alone are worth a mint of money. But it is not here that her great wealth is. It is in her mines and in the fertility of her soil. Her mines are in no higher state of development than her soil. The chief reason for that is the tremendous tax that the Government of Spain has put upon mining. Of every mineral taken out of the earth Spain has claimed 50 per cent, as her own. This practically prohibited mining, for the company that undertook it had to pay for the land and pay for all the labor, besides the expense of marketing the ore, out of the 50 per cent. that the Government would let it take. Just recently, however, there have been concessions made to American companies, and iron ore is being mined, the Government taking only five per cent. There are mountains of iron ore there. The supply of it is inexhaustible and the richness of it is unequalled. It is of the quality that is used in the manufacture of Bessemer steel. The recently discovered deposits equal or exceed those on Lake Superior, and are of equal quality.

'The geology and mineralogy of the island are yet but imperfectly known however. The Government has never paid any attention to such matters. Besides the vast iron deposits there are known to be great deposits of copper. Before the last war there were two great copper mines operated profitably even though the Government took half of all the product as its share and paid nothing for it. During that war these mines were flooded and they have never been pumped out. There are gold and silver, but in what quantities I cannot say. On many of my trips through the island I have been invited by Cubans to go with them and they would show me where there was gold. They have brought samples of both ore to me, but something has always happened preventing my accepting the invitations.

In the province of Santiago there are great deposits of manganese ore. The little investigation that has been made warrants the belief that there are millions of tons of it, and the ore is rich and of superior quality. There are great quantities of salt, too, but that is Government monopoly. Of agriculture, as I said, the soil will produce almost anything that is planted except wheat. Wheat has not been successfully grown so far. Sugar cane and tobacco are the two great staples that grow there as they grow nowhere else on earth. You can plant sugar cane there and cut it for thirty or forty or fifty successive seasons without replanting, and I have heard of that anywhere else in the world. I have sugar growing there, and the oldest inhabitants in the neighborhood of the plantation cannot remember by whom it was planted. I have myself cut crops from it for more than thirty years. It costs about \$30 an acre in Cuba to plant sugar. That is, the first year's expense from the time of planting to the time of cutting is \$30 and the average yield will be almost \$70 an acre. There are fields that will yield two or three times that much. That is that the

average for the whole island. And after the first year the cost is but \$10 an acre, and may be a shade under that. In Louisiana and in other sugar-growing regions no crop is looked for the first year. In Cuba you plant and cut in one year. The soil is everywhere peculiarly adapted to sugar. It is also peculiarly adapted to tobacco. So with coffee. I have drunk coffee in Cuba equal to the finest in the world.

'There is no gain-saying the richness and fertility of the soil of the wonderful island. Everywhere, from end to end and from side to side, it is rich in everything. Talk about the cattle of a thousand hills, there are a thousand cattle to a hill in Cuba. There are the ideal pasture lands of the world. We in the States talk of the climate of the island and fear the fevers and the diseases. Why, the climate is ideal. In the hottest summer the temperature is never so high as it is in New York and there is no severe winter. There are two seasons, the rainy and the dry. There are no extremes in temperature at all. As for the healthiness of the island, those fevers and those diseases that we fear have not penetrated the island at all. You seldom hear of yellow fever inland, and when you do, it is not so bad a disease as typhoid is here. It is certainly not so frequent. It is in the coast towns like Havana that fever is a scourge. It abounds there because of the filth that proper sanitary measures would prevent.

'Cuba is prodigiously rich in everything. She is rich in flowers, in fruits, in birds, in woods. She is rich in mines. She is rich in agriculture and in her riches lie her power of recuperation, her power to wage war against her unnatural mother, even though she is made a barren wilderness. It is this natural richness that will enable her to recover quickly and become a power when she succeeds in shaking off the shackles with which Spain has bound her.'

A YOUNG LADY'S ESCAPE.

FRIENDS THOUGHT THAT THE SPANISH INFLUENCE WOULD BE SHORT.

At Last With But a Grain of Faith Her Mother Hadon stered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and she is Now Cured.

From the Montreal Herald.

This world is full of change. There are changes that affect the constitution of the individual, changes that will come, we cannot avert their coming, but we may parry the unsalutary character of their influence. Womanhood in its inception is susceptible of changes that demand the most judicious attention and prudent care to ensure perfect development and happy maturity. These changes are so vital and so subtle in their character that unless the utmost vigilance and discrimination is exercised in the choice and application of reputed remedies the worst results may accrue. The constitution may be undermined and the germs of disease fostered. Vigorous life is at the basis of all enjoyment and success. To be weak is to be miserable. It is therefore fundamental to every interest of humanity that life's red, red stream be kept pure and healthy. Owing to neglect of these particulars many young women have allowed life to become a burden and a wearisome round of duties. Faint and weak very aptly describes their condition after venturing to perform some ordinary household duty. What can be done to accomplish the rejuvenation of these unfortunate ones? There is a remedy widely known and loudly applauded, whose virtues are proclaimed on the house tops and whispered on the streets. Ten thousand mothers have recommended it and twice ten thousand daughters praise it. Read what one of them has to say. In the village of Lancaster there lives Mrs. A. J. Macpherson, widow of the late A. J. Macpherson. She is well and favorably known in the community. Some four or five years ago Mrs. Macpherson sent her eldest daughter to New York. While there she resided with her uncle, and attended school being only about sixteen years of age. The social life of her temporary home made rather severe demands upon her time, and being ambitious, she was anxious to make rapid progress in her studies. In each particular she enjoyed a covetable measure of success, but at no small cost. Many remarked her paleness and loss of color. She began to feel tired and weak after a little exercise, such as a short walk. Miss Macpherson's stay in New York lasted about two years. All this time she ate and slept fairly well. In the spring of 1893 she came home, and her mother could not but remark how changed her daughter was—pale and languid instead of being bright and ruddy. Thinking that nourishing food and perfect quiet, with judicious exercise, would restore the lost vigor and ruddy glow, it was participated in to the fullest extent. For a month this was tried, but still Miss Macpherson was as pale as before, liable to turns of weakness and with an unsatiable desire for sleep. At this juncture the family doctor was consulted. Iron pills were prescribed and a trip to the Thousand Islands taken, the stay lasting about six weeks, during which time everything was done to help her recovery. The friends with whom she stayed came to regard her recovery as extremely doubtful, and when she returned home her mother saw no improvement. One day while making purchases from a dealer in vegetables he (the dealer) took the liberty of making some remarks about the health of Miss Macpherson, which was obviously not promising. He strongly urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Macpherson was not over credulous of the qualities of the Pink Pills, but they were purchased and used to the best advantage. Soon after beginning the use of the pills says Mrs. Macpherson, I thought I saw a reddish tinge upon her cheek and in the

course of a week or so my daughter felt better. The tired feeling began to vanish and the abnormal sleepiness began to yield to the influence of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Continuing the use of the pills the progress of her restoration was continuous and complete, and her improved looks were the subject of favorable comment for some time. Today her health is all that could be desired, and both the young lady and her mother are firm believers in the medicinal virtues of Pink Pills and often recommend them.

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