

was already starting a compliment when—no, I do not know if I must say such a thing, but her breath was so vile from the smell of garlic that I was almost tempted to run away. Some one here to whom I have confided my astonishment has suggested that in France everyone eats garlic and it is probably for that reason the people do not incommode each other, because they are so accustomed to that odor that they detect it no longer. I have been told that I soon would not notice it and this may be possible, but I am sure it will be a very long time.

The French people do not eat as we do. They eat much more slowly and remain about one hour at the table, which is certainly good for the health; and it is for that reason that "bad stomachs" are unknown. In the United States, business has accustomed us to eat as quickly as possible, but the life of affairs not being at all alike here, the French people have accustomed themselves to fulfil this important function with slowness and precision. They like food to be varied and very rich, and their meals are served in courses, which is very pleasant, but it is not so nice when you go in a restaurant on a busy day and you are obliged to wait for the next course for fifteen or twenty minutes. That style of serving has its defects, and it would be impossible in America, but in a country as France it is quite convenient and brings the people to a certain refinement in compelling them to eat slowly and not like animals. I need not say, of course, that at each meal the French people drink wine—one bottle about, per person—and although that quantity may seem excessive, it is to be remembered that French table wines contain as a general rule, only from 8 to 10 per cent of alcohol. It is very light and is generally regarded as a tonic. The Americans who come to Paris, the American ladies especially, are almost shocked, when taking their place in the dining room the next day after their arrival, they perceive in front of them a huge bottle of wine. But generally the embarrassment promptly disappears.

In this country coffee is never drunk at meals, but only after; and then it is merely "cofe noir"—"black coffee," that is used. Nevertheless, the style in which the French people drink their coffee is worthy of attention, and I am sure that you will be quite astonished when I say that ladies sip their coffee with cognac in it. Of course some times it is chartreuse, anisette, or other such liquors. When you order "un cofe" in a coffee house, they never serve it in a cup—the "garcon," or waiter, after having filled your glass, generally places before you several bottles—generally three—which contain cognac, kirchwasser or rum; and you can drink all of it if you please, it costs only 10 cents! It ought, however, to be understood that this style is practiced only in first-class establishments, when the proprietor of the cafe, having only first-class gentlemen to deal with, can trust them and, so to say, put them on their honor not to use the entire three bottles, but only such a quantity as a gentleman is supposed to need.

There is one other thing here also that is noticeable. People go to the "cafes" not for the purpose of drinking, solely, but to read papers, and I can truthfully say that here the "cafes" are more like clubs than anything else. The poor people are thus enabled for a small sum of money to read all the principal papers of the country and form for themselves a good opinion of the conduct of the government; and in French drinking establishments we never can see that constant "treating one another" which leads so many young

men to drunkenness and compels numerous men of serious principles to get intoxicated when by chance they are thrown in some crowd in which the "treating habit" prevails.

Of course I am now only speaking of the good manners of real gentlemen, because this is the only class I consider worth dealing with, no matter in what country I travel.

Next week I shall leave Paris on a short trip to Africa. I wish to visit Algiers, Tunis, and as these places are very interesting even archeologically speaking, I shall let you hear from me and as I wish to study closer the customs of the Arabs to see their usages compared with those of our Indians, I will send you a description of what I have seen. There is going to be in a few days an execution of an Arab by the guillotine, and I am anxious to ascertain whether or not that "humane instrument"—as Dr. Guillotine called it during the French Revolution—works as speedily as I have heard it did. I hope therefore that I shall arrive in time.

Yours forever,  
JULES CAMBON.

#### TRAVELING THROUGH CUBA.

Letter to the London Sketch: I found much excitement in Havana among the Spaniards, pressed, as they are, by the insurgents from within and Americans with out. There are also many, even in Havana city, who openly sympathize with the rebels. Though, in Weyler's time, these were very guarded in their declarations—and it is not long since any group of three or more persons speaking in the streets was liable to be dispersed by the authorities—yet so mild is the rule of General Blanco that their feelings are now freely given voice to by those who favor the Cuban cause. Havana is full of soldiers. The men are mostly lodged in dwelling houses, which have been rented for them, the barracks being altogether inadequate for such numbers. In Cuba altogether Spain has now 100,000 soldiers. Havana is strongly fortified. In addition to the famous Morro Castle and Cabanas fortress, which are on the outside of the harbor, the coast is protected for some miles by strong batteries and earthworks. Some of the churches and public buildings have been turned into military hospitals. Conspicuous among these is the Foundling Hospital. This is a gigantic building and somewhat unique in its system. Anyone may leave a child there by placing it in the basket at the door and turning a handle which deposits the child inside the building, without the least fear of their identity being known. The sister in charge then takes a note of the date, articles of clothing worn and any marks or peculiarities of the little one, and if in later years, the depositor wishes to reclaim the child, there is no difficulty in doing so, provided correct particulars are given. General Weyler turned the foundling out and the building is now used as a hospital for soldiers. The authorities, however, found the children a temporary lodging elsewhere, and it is said that General Blanco intends shortly to reinstate them in their proper building. Weyler has not left a pleasant reputation behind him in Havana. His name was given to one of the streets, but people seem to prefer to use the old term, Calle de Obispo (the street of the Bishop). In this street there are many very fine shops, and here the ladies of quality may be seen walking with their duennas in the early morning before 9 o'clock when the heat of the day begins.

I went with some friends one Sunday to San Antonio de los Banos (St. An-

thony of the Baths), a town twenty-seven miles from Havana. As explosions are frequent on all the railways each train is preceded at a distance of 400 yards by a pilot engine. Attached to each train is a battle car made of solid iron with a strong force of soldiers inside. Should the train be attacked by insurgents the passengers would all crowd into this and it is quite closed up, except for a narrow aperture all around to shoot through.

From San Antonio we visited on mule back the tobacco plantations. Each tobacco field has a well built fort and all the workers are armed with guns and machetes. After visiting several plantations we rode back to town. We saw a regiment starting on a prolonged march through the country in search of insurgents. Many of them were mere boys; they looked worn and ill, and were badly dressed. About a hundred invalid soldiers went back with us in the same train, bound for Havana hospitals. They eagerly scrambled for a few dollars' worth of half-penny cakes which we bought and doled out to them. Wounded and fever-stricken, many of these poor fellows, I fear, had not long to live.

The following Sunday we started for a few days' visit to the western province of the island. We took train for the terminus, Pinar del Rio, (122 miles from Havana). The last explosion on this line had been only three weeks before we went. Again we had the battle-car, the pilot engine and a strong force of soldiers, as there a good many rebels in this province. Most of the villages we passed consisted of mere huts. The train was besieged at every station by crowds of miserable looking women and children. These were the reconcentrados, so called from being ordered by Weyler to leave their occupation in the country and concentrate in the towns, where many thousands have died of starvation. We passed across the trocha, an elevated road, or broad—with forts a short distance apart—built right across the island, by which means Spain hoped to effectually divide the eastern and western part of the insurgent army. We saw in abundance the marvelous palm trees, the product of which provides for nearly a dozen different needs. We got safely into Pinar Hotel Recado, hired mules and a guide and rode off for San Luis, a little village across the country. We rode through the most beautiful country, well watered with pretty rivers, but being midday we found the heat very trying.

We had letters to friends in San Luis, and spent a pleasant evening there. It is a straggling little place of one street, but well fortified against attack. The one church of the place has been turned into a hospital and barracks. After dark no one is permitted to go beyond the limits of the town, and I could hear shooting in the distance, away towards the mountains. Next morning we started early and rode over the neighboring tobacco plantations. We found each farm well fortified, but that the insurgents were near at hand was proved by charred remains of a hut, which had been burned down a few nights before. The forts, or the outlying fields, are sometimes attacked during the night time, but are generally able to hold out. If a farmer pays the tax imposed upon him by the insurgents he will be left in peace, but as it is a comparatively heavy amount, many refuse to pay. Their tobacco houses are then liable to be burned unless they are carefully guarded, and when the time comes for getting their tobacco through to Havana, their only chance to do so safely is to get a very strong escort of Spanish troops to accompany the wagons through to Pinar del Rio. After breakfast at San Luis we rode back to