

SAN SEBASTIAN AND SANTANDER.

Two Characteristic Cities of Northern Spain.

Special Correspondence.

November 20th.—One of the most picturesque and interesting spots in Spain is San Sebastian, standing boldly out in Biscay bay, its rugged cone of rocks, surmounted by a citadel, rising five hundred feet above the ever restless waves. This northern Gibraltar is only a few hours' ride from Bilbao, and about four hundred miles from Madrid, by the great "North of Spain" railway. The city itself, which is also the capital of the Basque province of Guipuzcoa, is built on a long, sandy peninsula, close to the foot of the rock, and is known as Monte Orgullo, surrounded by ramparts and now ruined fortifications. Though its glory as a military post has long since departed, it has of late years sprung into even greater prominence as a fashionable sea-bathing resort. A narrow lathum joins rock and city to the main land, and on the west side of this hyphen of land the river Urumea, emptying into the bay from a delightful bathing harbor, celebrated all over Europe as La Perla del Oceano—"The Pearl of the Ocean." Here is the new summer palace, in which the queen regent and her children reside every year from June to October. The firm, smooth sand and gentle surf form an ideal bathing beach, and during the season, especially throughout August, from thirty to forty thousand pleasure-seekers are some how accommodated in the little city, and in temporary tent-like huts that swarm around the circuit of the harbor. San Sebastian was the favorite abiding place of the late Queen Isabella, during her happier days. It was no drawback to her royal pleasure that in taking her ablutions she was exposed to the curious gaze of her more or less faithful subjects. To tell the truth, the least of Isabella's troubles was "the dazzling light of publicity," and she was always more than ready to exhibit herself, at all times and places. An old Spanish lady who often saw her here has told me of the public manner in which the late queen chose to take her baths. Every morning at a certain hour, she rode in state to the shore, where a vast crowd was always assembled to see her. She was very corpulent, tipping the beam at considerably more than two hundred, and when her attendants had squeezed her into a bathing suit, she looked decidedly more like

A COLOSSAL SKIN-STUFFED SAUSAGE

than the regulation sea-nymph. Undismayed by her hideous appearance, she tripped as blithely into the surf as surplus avoidances would allow. Her physician—who happened to be an unusually small man, trotting gravely beside her, to feel her pulse before she took the first dip and at frequent intervals throughout the performance. Meanwhile the throng of many thousands stood respectfully aside, it not being consistent with court etiquette for her palud to pollute the same water in which royalty was disporting. Isabella was a good swimmer, and probably her enormous size enabled her to float more easily. At any rate, the antics she was wont to

perform for half an hour, flopping about like a mammoth marmoset, would certainly have elicited forth hilarious cheers if not a shower of volitive vegetables from the jolly crowds that frequent our Coney Island. Beyond doubt, these exhibitions delighted the gentle spectator as much as they did the spectators. A queen—at least such a queen—must forever pose as a peep-show in the water and out of it; and Isabella would have been much chagrined had she been compelled to take her daily bath in private. After all, she was only bringing down to modern times what was considered quite the proper thing only two centuries ago, when Louis XIV. Versailles, not only ate his breakfast, but took his pills in public, in the presence of his wondering if not always admiring people. Poor Isabella! I think it was in 1808 that San Sebastian, in the course of its checkered military history, saw the end of a revolution while the queen was taking her usual pleasure at this gay resort. Coming out of the surf one morning, with the dapper physician trotting alongside, she was met by a messenger from Madrid, who bore the tidings that she must not return to her capital, being no longer the nominal ruler of Spain. Even the far from Partisaned queen, out of her kingdom, was not to be deterred by the news of her imperial life, and justly incensed because she habitually abandoned the reins of government to the worst of ministers.

ISABELLA'S LAST NIGHT IN SPAIN

was spent in the great house that now does duty as the principal hotel of San Sebastian, and next morning, weeping bitterly at the sad fate that had so unexpectedly overtaken her, she was positively escorted down the main streets to the railway station and shipped, like a bale of damaged goods, out of her kingdom. It is only two or three hours' ride to the frontier; and there the once haughty queen was delivered over to the well known hospitality of the French authorities.

Since the almost total destruction of San Sebastian during the Peninsula War, the town has been rebuilt in more modern fashion, on what may be called an irregular rectangular plan. The streets are necessarily narrow, so circumscribed being the space between rock and shore, but they are bordered by handsome houses, three and four stories high, having curtained balconies in front. The ancient ramparts are mostly demolished and their sites occupied by well-tended streets and pretty plazas. There are two big churches, an opera house, museum, hospital and other buildings of consequence—none of which we visited. Instead, we preferred to climb the five-hundred-foot high rock, by a zig-zag road winding round and round, to the old castle, "La Motta," that crowns the summit. The view from the castle top is simply glorious—not only of bay and city and surrounding heights, but of the rugged, brigand-infested Pyrenees. Looking black against the sky, and affording even a glimpse into French territory through a glass on a clear day. The whole line of the horizon is taken up by mountains, with here and there a mighty gap through which travel has passed since time was young. Lying so near the frontier of France, San Sebastian comes in the track of contending armies, forcing their way northward and southward. No Englishman can pass the spot without mingled feelings of pride and sorrow. Readers of Napoleon's "Peninsula War" will re-

member how desperately the French maintained their last position here, and with what dash and daring the British soldiers advanced from French to French, and foot by foot, until its final overthrow, amid blood and carnage, brought to the bay the peace of the victors. What a pity that the glory won by Wellington's soldiers on that memorable day (in 1813) should have been tarnished by their conduct in the hour of victory. But the fact remains that they became so intoxicated with glory, but with rum, that they wantonly burned the town and murdered many citizens. It is said that this was such a mortification to the proud commander-in-chief, as to take away much of the satisfaction which he would otherwise have derived from his great military achievement. Behind the castle, facing the bay, are the

GRAVES OF MANY BRITISH OFFICERS

who fell in the siege; and lower down lie a thousand and more of the vanquished.

San Sebastian's commerce has wonderfully increased during the last ten years. It has a magnificent roadstead, protected by the Isle of Santa Clara and a series of lofty rocks. Several hundred vessels regularly enter and clear the port; and the north of Spain railway places the town in direct commun-

The CRY of the CENTURY

A New-Year's Poem

By ARTHUR STRINGER

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The Angel of Time gave forth no sign,
But watched by the glimmering bars,
Where Heaven is held and walled from earth
By space and the sentinel stars.

The hourglass, hung at his side, did run
With the centuries for sand;
And Day and Night as a bird did nest
In the hollow of his hand.

And he, of the coursing suns and stars,
Held the reins, as a charioteer:
Once more, he saw, the cycle was run,
And the end of the course was near.

Then up from the dusk of the dying Age
The spirit of man did speak:
"O thou, who out of the dust broughtst life,
And strength from the toils of the weak—

"But now, shall the mortal annex the stars
And the paths of the planets unfold?
O Spirit of Time, what conquerings new
What fate, shall the future hold?"

A voice came down from the sentinel stars—
It seemed of the wind's part:
"Twere better, this age, than conquering worlds,
To conquer and know your heart!"

Sebastian on the east and Oviedo on the west—now bears the enviable reputation of being the most prosperous city in Northern Spain. Its magnificent bay—three miles long by four or five wide, unobstructed by any bar or accessible to largest vessels at all times of the tide, is an inlet of the Bay of Biscay. The town, of perhaps 45,000 inhabitants, occupies a headland, protected by a higher hill. Its population has almost doubled within the last decade, and its trade increased in proportion. A good many important improvements have recently been made in the way of extensive warehouses and commercial establishments of various kinds. There are foundries, breweries, tanneries, cotton factories and silk-curing works, besides manufacturing of refined sugar, candies, candles, wax, vermicelli and other commodities. Half the province of Santander is impregnated with iron, copper, zinc, quicksilver, cobalt and other ores. I had the curiosity to look up the shipping records, and learned, to my astonishment, that in one year alone 12,625 tons of iron and copper went from this port to the north of England. Wheat is another important element in the trade of Santander. Last year's total exports from this port amounted to something over 7,500,000 dollars, of which three-quarters was in wheat and flour. Nowadays the busy "Muelle" (quay), cov-

ered with cotton-bales, sugar hogsheads, flour barrels and wine tierces, presents a remarkable contrast to dismal war-times, when all the resources of the country were drained in a fruitless effort to cope with Uncle Samuel. The mole is a beautiful construction, 750 yards long, with equally extensive docks. A line of steamships regularly piles between Santander and Cadiz, Malaga, Havre, Liverpool, London and Hamburg; and a railway line, running south, taps the "North of Spain" road and so connects with Madrid and Paris. In the middle of this branch railway, within the short stretch of twenty miles, are no fewer than twenty-two tunnels; and when the train emerges from the last smoky hole in the mountain, there is little apparent distinction of color or "previous condition" among the passengers.

Owing to its many modern houses, Santander has a French rather than a Spanish aspect. Few traces of the historic walls that once surrounded it can now be found, the city having spread far beyond their original circuit. In the more ancient quarter, the streets are narrow and the houses very lofty; while in the modern portion, the former are much wider and the latter like those of New York and Paris. One of its former convents now

GAVE LIFE FOR A CHILD'S

Wife of a Chinese Emperor Saved Royal Heir, at Terrible Cost.

The moral and intellectual standards of the Chinese are so different from ours that their popular characters are as likely to appear ridiculous in our own eyes as to loom sublime. When for instance, they accorded memorial honors to a young woman who cut slices from her arm and added them to the medicine of an aged parent in the hope of imparting to him some of her own youthful vigor, our sentiment of admiration is not unmixed with other feelings.

Still there are Chinese characters whose heroism we can admire. One of them—a great favorite with Chinese historians and poets—le Queen Mi, wife of the Emperor Liu.

During the rebellion of Tiao a great battle was fought, the chroniclers relate, in which the forces of the emperor became scattered and his household dispersed. While the cohort still ragged, Queen Mi found herself alone, abandoned, cruelly wounded by an arrow and tottering feebly through the bloody grass on her "three-inch gold lilies" (compressed feet), leaning in her arms the little Atou, heir to the line.

She was not his own mother, but her maternal devotion was none the less perfect. Dragging herself painfully to a half-ruined hut, she couched against the wall with the baby wrapped in her robe. Presently a horseman rode up and discovered her. He proved to be Chao Tzu Lung, a faithful general of the emperor. Prostrating himself at her feet he begged her to mount his horse and follow him to safety.

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Then, indeed, the general took the baby as she had hidden him, and, charging the enemy in a fury of grief and rage, bore the heir in safety to his quarters. Lul, and told him and his guard the story of the queen's self-sacrifice. Youth's Companion.

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New arrival of Men's and Ladies' Slippers and Boys' Shoes were compelled to accept from manufacturers.

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BARGAINS

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"WE WILL MAKE THINGS HUM" THIS WEEK.

The gigantic proportions which this Great Liquidation Sale has assumed dwarfs by comparison all our past successes, (and they have been neither few nor small. There is no halt to its onward strides. Stocks on hand demand a continuance of this---The Greatest Bargain Feast of the age---So tomorrow and the balance of the week we shall resume the sale with an unbroken front of the world's greatest bargains in the very goods you are looking for and need right now. Every day will see the unfolding of incomparable bargains such as no man or woman living will again witness

GREATER

BARGAINS

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GREATER

BARGAINS

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