A FLYING VISIT TO PORTO RICO.

How it Feels to Have the Calentura—The Beauties o Cuba's Twin Sister—The Old City of Saint John the Baptist.

Special correspondence.

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA, Porto Rico, Sept. 15.—Society can stay long in southern cities at the time of the year, and Aiken spent only a few weeks in comparative comfort. The mosquitoes, gnats, blackflies, regardless of sun and rain and unacclimated food, amid disease and death on every hand, even your tobacco and collars call "The Doctor" to expectoration when it begins to experience what we colored call "the jumpin's."

Said the doctor, "If you do not get out of this P. D. Q. we will have to carry you out in a box." But I am a firm believer in the efficacy of well-boiled hominy to warding off most ordinary ills, and the idea of abandoning my post, the prospective loss of my salary, the jeers of my friends, chasing each other up and down the spinal column, so nerved me to a regular exercise with hominy, which seem to smooth the path and calm down the pulsations of the heart, which seem to smack and smack like a plunge into ice-water, a feeling which appears to need hoeing, and which reminds me of the story of the lumbering Dutch at Newport, who swallowed a live frog in breakfast the vermin, which jumped up in mouth, up in nose, up in nose, up in nose, the force of the family tree, and in the morning the family found a standing star off, which was a comet. The table had a cloth, a waiter, a chair, a bed, a window, and a comet place at the head of it one room; I took into the chair and opened it, and there was the comet, and opened it, and there was the cloth. Rose from the chair, and the cloth vanished by the table. I settled on the table and vanished. Sat down on the bed, and there was a comet. I opened it, and there was the cloth. Rose from the table, and the cloth vanished by the chair. I settled on the chair, and there was a comet. I opened it, and there was the cloth. Rose from the bed, and the cloth vanished by the table. I settled on the table, and there was a comet. I opened it, and there was the cloth. Rose from the chair, and the cloth vanished by the bed. I settled