ISLA DE LOS PINAS.

The Future Carsbad of the Western Hemisphere—Wonderful Healing Springs Which Will Soon Become the Mecca of Ailing Americans—A Balmy Cruise in Cuban Waters.

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Special Correspondence.

Most of Cuba are so numerous nowadays that you will have no difficulty in locating the isle of Pines, although a few not there in the present war and few soldiers have made it to the United States. But the world is not long to remain in ignorance of it. Now it never is realized and some lucky chap finding desirable or wonderful springs, it will hold the same relation as a sanatorium to our continent that the Paradise Valley of St. Michaels, in the Azores, does to Europe. It is one of the southern islands of Cuba, about 40 miles south of Havana city and equidistant from the western tip, and is the only islet of size and consequence among the thousands that encompass the Queen of the Antilles. I visited it early last spring, sailing from Cienfuegos. But the future day of travel will come from New York or Tampa to Havana; thence two or three hours by rail across the narrowest portion of Cuba into deep little southern port Batabano; thence by steamer, across 34 miles of transit across the Pine Island. A native source used to make the trip every Thursday from Batabano, until our blockade cut short the trade, and it will be resumed when the war is over. It is a more or less rough trip, but not similar to that among the keys of the Florida coast—sailing in and out among innumerable small islets and coasting close enough to see trees with green palms, over waters blue as the tropic sky, smooth and transparent, and so beautifully contrasted that one can bring on the silvery bottom and see shoals of fish, and the sea is so much more transparent than the air it is difficult to tell which is the air and which the water. Yet there are occasionally heavy seas in the open stretches, and some of the passengers are frightened at the sight of the vessel's bow rising and falling, and the stern following the same motion, and the vessel rolling from side to side. Although I have made many ocean trips, I was quite seasick, and I was not the only one. Yet I would not miss the experience for much, for it is a novel experience, and I was well repaid for it by the sight of the Cuban coast, and the beautiful islets and shoals of the southern coast of the Pine Island, and the entrance into the Cienfuegos harbor, which is one of the finest in the world. The harbor is a long narrow inlet, with a little island in the middle, and the city is on the shore of the island, and the ships are moored to the island, and the city is on the island, and the ships are moored to the island, and the city is on the island, and the ships are moored to the island, and the city is on