IN SANTIAGO DE CUBA WITH A CAMERA

Recent Rainless Around One of the Oldest Cities on the Western Hemisphere.

Small Columbus and his companions in arms on a shortly vision and the cause they saw over that fair cultured sea, they would have to ride by in imagining the old city of St. Jago—such as another and never now his it remained in the hill. Rather is one assured that Ar- gonne is an old town, in some sense it was growing a little gray and weary when the Pilgrim Fathers first dotted Plymouth Rock. What a wonderful sense it has had since that vision in 1492, when Don Diego de Velazquez established the house of Santa Maria de Loreto, and Pedro de Lima built before it over to begin north- ward the Spanish of United Youth- Cuba, which from this year to the present of Havana. Just to realize what it has been of surprise when, in 1511, he started for the conquest of Cuba, Narvez received the be- gun here for the first time, at Cuba—all of which was lost in the circus session of the 1492 of prog- ress and business and how Dr. Bow's chronicle proved true to his time in Bonnaze to the old and relic- ing of Cuba was first raised for the conquest of the Los Ancrosaie it seem- to "the circular house of Bonaze" that here the Bonaze saved battle should be fought which will never launch the banner of Castile and gold from the top of the world.

I visited Santiago a few weeks ago—not good with sole-book and camera. In a previous letter I told you where the natural attaching charmed which made from the open sea into the harbor, providing a stately course, just the Morro and other fortifications of modern construction, behind which the Spanish, Americans, prowed and hiding Bonaze—all the time so close to shore on either side that you would fill to navigating an inland river. All of a sudden you take a sharp angle of the hills and enter the broad and shel- tered bay which old seamen tell me of the most magnificent in the world. It is not so fair as the bay of Rio de Janeiro, and not so beautiful in some respects but like the Brazilian bay, it is so sheltered and so broad that you see a vessel a mile away. The ex- cursion steamer anchored in the roads to be in shelter for large vessels to approach by charter, and steamers which sail on the bay. The weather bureau quartermaster in the favorable spoke the coming to be some thunderstorms, and lightning, and the little steamer is navigated by a score of boatmen in good uniform, officers and crew and passengers all dressed in white. Our baggage, for unlike other West Indian ports, there is nobody bothering to the custom- house officers, and we are allowed to take our valises, and we are allowed to drive to town. The hotels in Tol- ed stacks—big, homey ones, at the Bonaventure Terrace. You have sound dozens of times from the deck of the vessel, especially at night, the ex- tremely phosphorescent in the water, that when the wind blows, every ripple makes little sparks of fire in the darkness. A fish swimming through it has the same effect as the wind, leaving a trail of fire behind him like the trail of a comet. Every big, lou- dmouth part of a fish you see, and you see it caused by a shark, lazily moving his fins as he lies in wait for a meal. They are the tigers of the ocean—the terror of the local boat- men. However good a swimmer a man may be, he has no chance for his life in those waters. To fall overboard is simply to be torn to pieces on the deck, without taking once to the water.

Leaving at the wharf you are im- mediately hailed by the drivers of hair a three cornered and victorious, whose antiquated exterior conceals the ex- ploits which triumph of Spaniards and the fell and wicked Cuban. It is not so unusually verdant "Gringo," because the drivers drivers are so politely passed that everybody who does not ride a horse is made to feel that he was born in the bush. The hills which surround Santiago in three drive, rising in green terraces from the water's edge to the further mountains, are beautiful to look upon and afford excellent drainage to the city, but are no end of a nuisance for daily exhaus- tion, starting at the end from the drivers and drivers and many of them, of feet or more, and appear to have never been repaired since the days of Columbus. Tropical rains have washed great gullies down them, so that horses sometimes slip and fall, the traffic of wagons from carriages, has expanded and original cobble-stones and more dangerous pitfalls and mud- holes. The steep hills are peopled thick in time of the yellowed, there- sanitary is not common at all for Spaniards, for Spaniards after dark, quite very dangerous to go out alone, it should of the rich of our sock. Brooklyn the narrow streets are lined with cement sidewalks, from five to fif- teen inches wide, but other streets have no sidewalks at all and the pedestrians are forced to make the road. Adobe houses, carts and naked children. The latter are always to be seen— Spaniards is fond of children, and it is nothing to the streams of dirty water that percolate through the Indian shoes. It is no wonder that Cuba is a hotbed of yellow fever and other filth diseases. Decaying and wrecked cars in their days and there set up and stations of all sorts lie in the city, regardless of the public, and the city engineer and with all its filth diseases in the tropic sun, and in spite chances for the cartop Birds- is marvelous is not that yellow fever takes an annual toll and carries off their victims, but that it does not re- ach the year round. A more favor- able fact for the study of sanitary science could be found than Santiago de Cuba, where "Yellow Jack" present in the thoroughfares frequent- ly any not for fear and gets of the Spaniards, and yet for years or de- cades Santiago enjoyed exemption. What it owes to these engineers and how it does yellow fever, and how it escaped one of the Bible plagues, I leave to the medical men. Suffice it to say that evidence of health were wanted. These narrow streets above green River with two rows of such hospitals stand amongst the one from the Spanish and Cuban hos- pital. At each block stand sentries, and they are no ornament to the hospitals and "Spitals." The sentries stand in their shoulder- ing, and the sentries might have as well stuffed dummy of cotton cloth. It is then, you understand, the Spaniards among the people to come it to be brought to view from the neighborhood hospitals. Though there has always been suffering and death within these walls, look of the place, quietly observed, never have been to Santiago.

A system of trolleycars, the first ever seen here in Cuba, is operated in Santiago. It is of the most beautiful choices of lines from the deck of the vessel, especially at night. The ex- tremely phosphorescent in the water, this