

CUBA.

Some of the Sights and Some of the Needs of the Island of Cuba.

Atlanta Journal.

Many stories have lately been printed concerning the social and commercial conditions of the Island of Cuba, but none are more interesting than the one told by Mr. Samuel C. Dobbs, of Atlanta.

Mr. Dobbs has just returned home after a ten days' stay on the island, and what he has to say of the things he saw and his impressions of the needs of Cuba form not only a highly interesting story, but one intensely important and instructive.

Mr. Dobbs is the manager of the coca cola company, of this city, and while his trip to Uncle Sam's new possessions was made in the interest of business, still he spent a greater portion of his time in sight-seeing. Being a close observer his talk will prove exceedingly bright and interesting just at this time. He has brought back to Atlanta, in addition to his store of knowledge regarding the little island, many valuable souvenirs of his trip, chief among which are several snap-shots of more than passing interest.

A reporter called on Mr. Dobbs after his return, and in answer to an inquiry about his trip, he said:

"Our party left Atlanta on Tuesday night, January 23, and reached Miami, Fla., on Wednesday night. There we boarded the Prince Edward, a magnificent English steamer. On Thursday afternoon we were at anchorage in Havana harbor. Going in we had a magnificent view of Morro and Cabanos Castles on the left. On the right were Santa Clara and Vedado batteries. When I saw these fortifications I then realized what an impossible task it was to have taken Havana by sea.

"The view of Havana as we entered the harbor was one of indescribable beauty. Prominent among the buildings is the Presidio, which is the Cuban penitentiary and one of the largest buildings in Havana. The Havana postoffice, now under control of the American government, stands at the foot of Caballeria wharf, and is a handsome building.

"The arrangement for landing passengers in Havana harbor is outrageous. Our steamer did not go to the wharf, but anchored out in the harbor, which is now the custom there, and passengers are compelled to pay exorbitant prices to boatmen in order to get ashore. This is a great inconvenience. I don't know why such a custom should exist, as it is a great nuisance and not in keeping with up-to-date American methods. The steamers anchor about 200 yards from the wharf, and the spectacle of women and children clamoring to get aboard the little boats is disgusting and inexcusable. I had to pay one dollar to get ashore.

"Havana is a quaint city of 200,000 people. It is dotted with small but well kept and beautiful parks, which at this season of the year are radiant with roses and many other flowers in full bloom. Under the vigorous laws and discipline of Generals Brooke and Wood the city is a model of cleanliness. The streets are very narrow, barely wide enough for the small coaches which are used in Havana to pass one another. Under police regulations these little carriages are allowed to go only one way and to return by another. This is done to avoid passing each other. The sidewalks are practically useless, being only wide enough for one person to walk upon, the people generally walking in the streets."

"What did you notice as the condition of the people of Havana regarding their poverty or wealth?" asked the reporter.

"Well, there is very little evidence of poverty on the streets," answered Mr. Dobbs. "The poor people are apparently well fed, and on account of the very delightful climate need but little clothing. There are many evidences on all sides of wealth. Standing in front of the Tacom theatre, which, by the way, is one of the handsomest theatres on the western continent, I witnessed the assembling of one of the most brilliant audiences I ever saw. Practically all the people were Cubans and Spaniards. The women, as a rule, were very handsome, and nicely dressed in full evening costume of the latest Parisian fashions. Diamonds glittered under the bright lights like a million dewdrops in the morning sun. I never saw the like before. Some of the diamonds were as large as hazel nuts and their brilliancy was simply blinding. The ladies wore no hats, but I do not know whether this was because there is a law similar to the one we have in Atlanta. They invariably wore, in a most fascinating manner, the beautiful and graceful mantilla, and I was told by a gentleman that many of

these mantillas were worth as much as \$500."

"How is the hotel service in Havana?" he was asked.

"The buildings are handsome structures, but my, the service and the price—and the food is as bad as the price is high. The rates are from \$3.00 to \$8.00 a day, and none of them will compare at all to our average \$2 a day American hotels. These hotels are run by a rich class of Spaniards. I had to climb up three flights of stairs with my baggage at one of the best hotels simply because the elevator only runs two hours in the morning and two hours in the evening, and I struck it at the wrong time."

"Did you see much drunkenness on the island?"

"I never saw but one drunken man during my ten days' stay on the island. I venture to say that Havana is as well policed as any city in the United States. The police force there is composed of native Cubans, but is directly under the control of American army officers. The people as a class are a pleasure loving people. In the evenings they assemble in large numbers in the parks, prados and cafes. In cafes they sit and enjoy light refreshments and the delightful cigarettes and cigars for which the island is noted.

"It is a very rare thing, however, to see a lady smoking in Havana. I was told that some of them did smoke, but if they do it is in the privacy of their homes. It is the custom, however, to smoke in Cuba wherever you choose, and in the very best cafes, it is not an unusual thing to see gentlemen at tables with ladies smoking during the course of a meal."

"How do people succeed who go from the States to Cuba with little or no money?"

"In answer to that I want to say that the idea that a man can go from the States without capital and without a knowledge of the language or customs of the people over there and succeed is a very fallacious one, and my advice to any young man who contemplates going to Cuba is to stay away unless he has a good position assured him, or has ample means to maintain himself until he is able to learn the language and establish himself with the people there.

A great many adventurous Americans have gone to Cuba in the vain hope of getting something. In many instances they have lost what little they did have, and on account of frequent unfortunate experiences with such people the native merchant looks upon the average American with suspicion. A prominent man—a Spaniard—stated to me that he did not care to do business with Americans who had come to the island to engage in business.

"This does not apply, of course, to every one who goes there from the States, but indicates in a general way the feeling of the business people there."

"What kind of business men do the natives make, Mr. Dobbs?"

"Splendid. The business training of the native merchants has been good. They pay their bills, and transactions as a rule are cash. I was reliably informed that during the long and depressing business experience during the war there was not a single failure in Havana. The merchants owned their stock, owed nothing, and were able to close their doors and suspend business at their pleasure.

"Very little banking is done in Havana. Merchants carry their surplus money in their own safes and do not, as a rule, use a bank for deposit purposes."

"How about the manufactories over there?" was asked.

"Well, some things in the line surprised me. For instance—and this may be of interest to many—one concern in Havana manufactures a line of fine soaps and perfumes equal to any made in France or Germany. Some of the soap manufactured by this concern retails as high as 75 cents per cake. The style and appearance of these goods compare favorably with any I have ever seen. The art and bric-a-brac stores are beautiful. They carry large stocks of costly paintings, exquisite china and glassware, imported from every section of the globe, and they are liberally patronized by the wealthy people of Havana."

"Did you spend any time out of Havana?"

"Oh, yes; I visited Mantanzas and several other cities, and spent a few days in the country, where I noted the conditions of the poorer Cubans."

"How did you find them?"

"Well, the poor native Cubans in the country districts are but little if any above the negro in habits and in-

tellect, and there the color line disappears. The climate and soil of Cuba encourages indolence among the natives. They are ignorant and dirty. Their homes are floorless, with a thatched roof of palm leaves, the sides of the little hut being composed of boxes, patent medicine signs or any scraps of lumber they can pick up. Lumber there is very high.

"This class of people have to work but little. If they can squat on an acre of ground, get half a dozen banana trees, a little sugar cane, a cow or a goat, they are happy. They can raise three crops of vegetables in a year without scarcely any work at all. The mass from a couple of royal palm trees will fatten a pig. These, augmented with what he can purloin from a nearby sugar plantation, keeps him in luxury."

"What, in your judgment, are the most urgent needs of Cuba to-day?"

"She must have peace and abundant capital. I interviewed a number of the most prominent Cubans, representing various business and professions. The freely expressed sentiment of the educated Cuban is that they are not ready for Cuba Libre. They say: 'We want the United States to maintain a protectorate over us for some time to come.' They are delighted with the present conditions, and look forward hopefully to an era of great prosperity.

"General Ludlow has done a great work in Havana. While his austere military methods has made him enemies, he has the support of the majority of the thinking people of the island. During my stay there I did not hear one unkind expression made against the Americans. On the contrary, I was shown marked courtesy by all with whom I came in contact. I was driven over the city by some of the prominent Cubans, and they took an especial delight in showing me every attention possible.

"A prominent official of the presidio (the Cuban penitentiary) conducted Mr. Howard Patilla and myself through the building. It is a model in cleanliness and arrangement. The prisoners are happy over the changed condition of affairs. I talked with a number of them. They freely expressed themselves in regard to the difference in their treatment under American rule and Spanish rule. They now have beds to sleep on and an ample supply of wholesome food, which has not heretofore been the case.

"The building looks out over the bay. Our escort told us that when the American warships sailed out of Havana harbor the prisoners thought that Spain had retaken the island. He said that as the ships sailed away and the ignorant prisoners watched them and thought again of having to return to the old regime, that pandemonium ruled the prison. In their despair it was almost impossible to make them believe that their suspicions were not correct. Some of them, he said, openly declared they much preferred death to a return of Spanish rule. Before leaving the building we were treated to a concert by a good band of fifty pieces composed entirely of inmates of the prison."

"Are there many merchants from the States in business in Cuba?"

"No, I think not. Merchants from the States are almost shut out from doing business on the island by exorbitant duties. The receipts at the Havana custom house are averaging about a million and a half dollars per month. I spent a portion of several days trying to obtain a proper classification of our product, but without any tangible results. There is great complaint from all sources against the conditions now prevailing in the custom house.

"The American business man has been paying since July, 1898, an exorbitant war tax, and is now unable to reap any benefits from the result of the war. Some concerns are doing business on the island at a dead loss, hoping the present Congress will give them some relief. Others have gone to Cuba, investigated the conditions, and seeing no hope of profitable business, have declined to make further efforts for the present.

"The conditions in a nutshell are that the American manufacturer, under the Republican tariff laws, is paying a high duty on imported materials, thereby greatly increasing the cost of manufactured goods here, and he is further compelled to pay a high duty in order to dispose of his goods in Cuba, which practically puts him out of competition with the European manufacturer."

"How about the sugar industry in Cuba?"

"Well, I'll tell you. The soil of Cuba is rich beyond description, though only a very small percentage is now under cultivation. The sugar mills have nearly all been burned down and the planters have had their crops destroyed from time to time during the past four years until many of them are bankrupt. With confidence restored and with sufficient capital to develop the now dormant resources of Cuba, in five years' time that little island would become the paradise of the western hemisphere."

"Talking with a Cuban planter, he

told me that the sugar crop for 1899 and for 1900 would amount to 350,000 tons each year. This with less than 10 per cent of the plantations under cultivation. This man owns a plantation of 1,000 acres. On this he expects to make this year 4,500,000 pounds of crude sugar. It will cost him 40 per cent to get his cane ground and his sugar made. He will receive at the mill about two cents per pound for his product in a very crude state.

"There is not a single sugar mill in the island of Cuba which is able to make a fair article of refined sugar, and refined sugar in Havana to-day is worth 2 cents per pound more than it is in Atlanta. The great need of Cuba at the present time is sugar mills fitted with the latest and best machinery. To do this it will take large investments, but the returns will be almost fabulous."

"The tobacco industry there is a profitable one, is it not?"

"Yes. The tobacco industry of Cuba is a large one. In the Pinar del Rio district, about 100 miles southwest from Havana, the finest tobacco in the world is grown. I was reliably informed that as much as \$10,000 worth of tobacco was gathered from a small farm of less than thirty five acres in one season. This crop, however, is a very precarious one.

There is great attention now being paid to orange culture in Cuba. Heretofore oranges have not been cultivated, the crop simply being from natural growth, and naturally of an inferior quality. But large orchards are now being planted with the very finest varieties of India River Florida stock, and will no doubt prove a rich investment."

"The future outlook for Cuba, then, under certain conditions, you think, is bright?"

"Yes, I think so. It is safely predicted that immense fortunes will be made in Cuba in the next ten years, and no section of the globe offers to-day richer returns to the large investors than western and middle Cuba."

"Cuba should belong to us, and the present Congress should wipe out the iniquitous tariff laws that now exist. We have paid the price of the war, and American products should find an open door in Cuba. The merchants there are anxious to do business with us. They are grateful to us for what we have done for them, and are willing to show it in a substantial way."

An Editor's Life Saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

During the early part of October, 1896, I contracted a bad cold which settled on my lungs and was neglected until I feared that consumption had appeared in an incipient state. I was constantly coughing and trying to expel something which I could not. I became alarmed and after giving the local doctor a trial bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the result was immediate improvement, and after I had used three bottles my lungs were restored to their healthy state.—B. S. Edwards, publisher of The Review, Wyant, Ill. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

His Opinion of the Sick Man.

A certain Memphian and his wife are in the habit occasionally of going out at night to entertainments and social affairs, and at such times they make themselves solid with their little boy by saying that they are going out to see a sick man.

One week these social affairs came pretty frequently. On Monday night they went to the theatre and told the lad they had to sit up with a sick man. Tuesday night they went out to visit a neighbor and explained that they were going to give some medicine to the man that was sick. On Wednesday night they proposed to attend an entertainment and apologized to the youth chap by saying that they had to put a plaster on the sick man's back to draw out the pain.

"Papa," asked the youth, "is the sick man in much pain?"

"Very much, my son."

"And is he pretty near dead?"

"Yes; he's in a bad shape."

The lad thought deeply for a while and then remarked:

"Well, papa, he can't die any too soon to suit me!"—Memphis Scimitar.

No Two Faces About Him.

The homeliest man in congress is Mr. Eddy, of Minnesota, and he rather prides himself on this fact. Some of his political adversaries once accused him of deceitfulness and hypocrisy; but he rose to the occasion.

"They say I am two-faced," said Mr. Eddy. "Now, gentlemen," looking mournful and homier than usual, "do you believe that if I had two faces, I would be wearing this one?" This did up all his critics.

— Powdered charcoal, if laid thick on a burn, will cause the immediate abatement of the pain. A superficial burn can thus be healed in about half an hour.

"I had dyspepsia for years; no medicine was so effective as Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It gave immediate relief. Two bottles produced marvelous results," writes L. H. Warren, Albany, Wis. It digests what you eat and cannot fail to cure. Evans Pharmacy.

Sand as a Diet.

According to a French publication, "Science pour Tous," in many English houses, "on the table by the pepper box and the salt box is placed a sand box—a little receptacle filled with very fine sand, as fine as flour, which is sprinkled over all the food. A medical journal has advised dyspeptics to adopt this remedy. The sand, mingling with the alimentary mass, renders it less compact and makes digestion more easy. This has become the fashion, and since the English have begun to eat sand it is certain that French snobs who imitate their neighbors across the channel like monkeys will soon be devouring it. Besides, gravel for digestive purposes has been in use by ostriches for a long time." Discriminating readers will take this sand story with many grains of salt. Whatever else the English contribution may require it does not need sand. Everybody is supposed to eat a peck or so of dirt in the course of his or her life, and unsuccessful politicians frequently have to dine on crow, but sand as a daily diet is not likely to become popular among Anglo-Saxons until they develop chicken craws as well as chicken hearts, of which there seems just now little indication.—Baltimore Sun.

A French scientific journal calls attention to the fact that in many English homes on the table by the side of the pepper box is placed a sand box, a little receptacle filled with very fine sand which is sprinkled lightly over the food.

This French authority says that the sand, mingling with the alimentary mass, renders it less compact and digestion easier.

Several French and English medical journals advise dyspeptics to try this remedy.

There may be wisdom in this counsel, but if there is the journals which offer it are at least 10 years behind the original advocate of sand as a cure for dyspepsia. It has been fully long since Judge Logan E. Bleckley published the results of his experience with sand as an aid to digestion. He stated that he had found it, judiciously used, to be a perfect cure for indigestion and he prescribed very particular the manner in which it should be used.

Judge Bleckley, we believe, discovered the virtue of sand with food for himself, and he seems to have been 10 years in advance of the wise Englishmen and Frenchmen who have only recently added the sand box to their table appendages.

We will not see Judge Bleckley robbed of any credit that justly belongs to him.—Atlanta Journal.

Not a Good Anatomist.

The daughter of a Mississippian who has adopted Memphis as her home tells the following story on her father:

"Papa was relating to the family and some of his friends one day the experience he had gone through in having a tooth pulled. He said the dentist pulled so hard that he pulled him clear out of his chair. I was only a little girl at the time, but I mustered up courage to say, half-musically:

"Well, papa, that must have hurt mighty bad."

"Well, I guess it did," he replied.

"If you could have seen the two roots of that tooth that were wrapped around my backbone, you would know how it hurt without asking me."

"I suppose he meant jawbone, but the laugh that followed was too loud for me to hear the correction, and I do not know to this day where the roots of that tooth had taken hold."—Memphis Scimitar.

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Bridge Notice.

WILL let to the lowest responsible bidder at the bridge site, on Tuesday, Feb. 20th, 1900, at 11 o'clock a. m., the building or repairing of a bridge over Town Creek, on road leading from Pendleton to Passmore bridge in Gervin Township, near E. H. Shanklin's. Reserving right to accept or reject any or all bids. Successful bidder will be required to give bond for faithful performance of work. J. N. VANDIVER, Co. Supervisor A. C.

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